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THE RISING IRISH TIDE

By Kenneth L. Roberts

LARGE numbers of human beings are notoriously hard to grasp. If ten men leap out from a dark alleyway for the purpose of relieving a timid passer-by of his fat wallet and his new thin-model watch the timid passer-by, on recovering his equanimity, is quite likely to place the number of his assailants in the vicinity of one hundred. If one hundred men jumped out at him he would believe privately that there were really a thousand of them; but his common sense would lead him to cut his estimate from a thousand to five hundred. If he were unusually conservative he might even cut it down to four hundred.

When a man unskilled in the estimating of masses watches an army division of twenty-five thousand men march past him his mind becomes numbed by the ceaseless flow of humanity. His tongue becomes dry, his eyes become pink and weary, and he doesn't know whether he has seen a hundred thousand men or a million, though he rather inclines toward the latter.

If this man had to linger round while an army of one million men, or forty army divisions, marched rapidly past him in columns of four, he'd experience something unique in the lingering line; for it would be necessary for him to linger over a period of nine days if he did his lingering in twenty-four-hour shifts. None the less there are people who continue to speak loosely of a million. They refer to it as carelessly and disrespectfully as they would speak of eleven or seventeen or any other insignificant number. It is safe to say that when, nearly a year after the entry of the United States into the great war, one million American doughboys had been transported overseas, and the nation proudly applauded the stupendous feat, less than one brain in a thousand was able to grasp the significance of that tremendous number. It is so overwhelming that when one seizes pencil and paper and attempts to prove to himself how overwhelming it is one rapidly becomes drugged and comatose from the flux of figures which results.

All of this is preliminary to the statement that during each one of the ten years prior to the outbreak of the European war the average number of immigrants who arrived in the United States was more than one million. From June 30, 1913, to June 30, 1914, the number of immigrants who entered this country was 1,218,480. Kindly consider this, all you sterling patriots who were so astounded and thrilled when this nation succeeded in the marvelous task of shipping one million American soldiers across the Atlantic in the matter of one year. Consider, also, while your considerer is working in high gear, that in the United States at the present moment there are fourteen million persons who

Barnes Gap, County Donegal

are foreign-born. Fourteen millions of them, and all born in foreign lands; not descended from foreigners, but people who were actually born out of the United States. A person who wishes to meditate on the overwhelming grandeur of this figure will find it almost impossible to do it properly without taking a two weeks' vacation from all other activities.

Histories indulge in a deal of impressive talk concerning the vast numbers of people who surged hither and yon across the surface of Europe and Asia during the old days. These people were usually referred to as hordes. Most of the countries of the Old World appear to have spent most of their time in the old days in being overrun—to use the quaint language of the historians—by barbarian hordes. Whenever a horde got into a country it overran it. Whenever a crowd of people moved from one place to another it automatically became a horde; and all hordes were skilled overrunners. The Goths were adepts at overrunning; so were the Visigoths and the Franks and the Huns and the Vandals. The Vandals in particular made a great name for themselves as overrunners, and the Vandal hordes at one period held the long-distance overrunning record of Europe, Asia and Africa.

Being somewhat curious as to the manner in which the size of the most prominent hordes of the olden days compared with the plebeian mobs of the present time I looked into the matter at the British Museum. The rules of the British Museum require that any person who wishes to enter its reading room for any purpose should have two letters of recommendation from reputable citizens, and should make an application in writing, and should then wait round for a week or two for a ticket; which is a cruel rule when the prices of food and hotel rooms are at their present inflated positions. When I had finally satisfied the Museum's requirements, and had tremblingly entered the vast circular reading room, and had hunted up my book in a small British catalogue and verified it in a large British catalogue weighing about twenty pounds, and chosen a desk and written out a slip and asked eighteen attendants what to do with the slip—after I had done all this I waited half an hour and a young man appeared with a book five inches square containing seventy-two pages; and from this book I learned that the Vandals, master horders of all the barbarian hordes, holders of the all-Europe overrunning championship, were pitifully few in numbers.

Vandal Hordes Far Outnumbered

AFTER they had finished overrunning Gaul and Spain they received an invitation from a wealthy resident of Africa to come down and do some exhibition overrunning. They did this; and the records show that in May of the year 428, when they were doing some of their most enthusiastic and successful overrunning, their numbers, from graybeard to babe, were eighty thousand. The terrible Vandals, then, who obtained a deathless reputation as overrunners, and who completely swamped the residents of two large nations, did all their work with one-fifteenth the number of foreign-born persons who entered the United States in the year prior to the outbreak of the great war. In the year ending June 30, 1914, the number of immigrants to the United States from Southern Italy alone was more than a quarter of a million, or the equivalent of ten army divisions. If this assemblage had met up with the Vandal hordes they would have outnumbered the Vandals three to one; and it is safe to say that the extent to which the Vandals would have overrun them would have been negligible. I venture to say, indeed, that the Vandals would have lost their reputations as overrunners then and there.

If the Vandals had been sufficiently unfortunate to get in the path of the 1,218,480 immigrants who entered the United States in the year ending June 30, 1914, it is highly probable that they would have been an almost total loss. Letters and telegrams addressed to Vandal headquarters after the meeting would have unquestionably been sent to the dead-letter office bearing the inscription "Addressee Unknown."

During the war immigration slumped heavily. In 1915, the United States received only 326,700 immigrants—a sufficient number to make the Vandals look rather ill, but only about a quarter of what we might have received in normal times. In 1916, the number of immigrants dropped to slightly less than 300,000, as it did in 1917. In 1918, when the United States was rushing her own manhood to the battlefields of France, the number dropped to a trifle more than one hundred thousand. For the year ending June 30, 1919, during a large part of which time the Armistice was in force, the number rose slightly, to about one hundred and forty thousand. What our immigration will be during the next few years is problematical; and it is partly for the purpose of delving into this hazy problem that I am wandering through the highways and byways of Europe.

Gap Cottage, Killarney. Above—This Ancient Building, Erected by the Celebrated James Lynch Fitzstephen, After Whom Lynch Law is Named, Lies Idle

To attempt to give a general idea of immigration in a brief space is as ticklish a proceeding as attempting to condense the complete works of Charles Dickens into a single newspaper column or trying to write a comprehensive history of the great war on the back of a postage stamp with a soft-pointed pencil. Somebody is bound to burst out with ear-splitting shrieks of rage and condemn the whole attempt as superficial, misleading and reeking with half truths. To the people who so shriek I apologize in advance, with the heartfelt assurance that I realize that the subject deserves treatment in a book containing at least four thousand India-paper pages and smelling offensively of fish glue.

Generally speaking, immigration is divided into two classes—old immigration and new immigration. Old immigration is made up of immigrants from Western Europe—England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Holland, Norway and Switzerland. Prior to the year 1883 more than four-fifths of our immigration was from those countries. Practically all the immigrants could either read or write. They came to the United States with the idea of remaining permanently, and a large proportion of them took up land and became farmers. Generally speaking still, they were easily assimilated; and the common view of the United States as a great melting pot in which the peoples of the world were fused together into one people was justified. That was the old immigration.

Lumps in the Melting Pot

THE new immigration is made up of people from Eastern and Southern Europe—Austria, Hungary, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Greece, Italy, Jugo-Slavia, Poland, Portugal, Rumania, Russia, Spain and Turkey. Since 1883 nearly four-fifths of our immigration has come from these countries. In 1914, nine-tenths of our immigrants belonged to the new immigration. They came, to a great extent, with the intention of making as much money as they could in as short a time as they could, and of going back home to settle down when they had saved a sufficient quantity of money. More than a third of them have been unable to read or write; and generally speaking they have been very difficult to assimilate. They have lived by themselves in settlements in which they spoke their own language, preserved their own customs, and maintained the low standards of living that prevailed in the countries from which they came. They have supported foreign-language newspapers, which in many instances have been extremely anti-American. They have been hotbeds of discontent, unrest, sedition and anarchy. If the United States is the melting pot something is wrong with the heating system; for an inconveniently large portion of the new immigration floats round in unsightly indigestible lumps. Of recent years the contents of the melting pot have stood badly in need of straining, in order that the refuse might be removed and deposited in the customary receptacle for such things. Under our old immigration laws immigrants merely got aboard a steamer and came to the United States. If they were not mentally or physically diseased, were not coming for immoral purposes, and had enough money to keep from becoming public charges, they could romp into the country with the utmost freedom. Examination of immigrants was somewhat sketchy; for on occasions when several steamships arrived in New York on the same day the medical officials of the immigration service were frequently forced to examine one hundred and fifty persons every five minutes. This did not permit of a particularly exhaustive examination. Under the new immigration law, however, known as the Immigration Act of February 5, 1917, immigrants have more difficulty. Those over sixteen years of age must demonstrate their ability to read at least one language or dialect, unless seeking asylum from religious persecution or otherwise exempted. This new law is also very discouraging to those who are

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LOOK BEFORE YOU SLEEP

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

YOU remember the old small-time way to collect a city crowd, don't you? Stand on a street corner and look up. No equipment necessary except a husky neck. And pretty soon most of the floating population would be right with you and you could keep 'em there as long as your neck held out. And after you had quit looking up and commenced picking pockets other volunteer necks kept the crowd there for you.

But believe you me that's old stuff. There's a bunch of pickpockets loose now which has got that simple old-fashioned remedy for loose change backed off the map. And all the new gang does is to hang out a sign Apartments To Let.

What is even more, the victims comes to them of their own more or less free wills, the same as they go to a dentist, and I'll say the pain is about the same in either case, as a lot of both professions don't consider an anesthetic necessary.

"Hello, Mrs. Smith!" Says This Second-Run Vampette. "Hello, Mrs. Smith! Lookit! I Changed My Make-Up!"

I realize this great truth only too well on account of making my first acquaintance with both real estaters and dentists just recently, Goldringer, my manager, being really to blame for both casualties. And to this day that bird hasn't got the least idea of what he let me in for, though lookit the worry I had on account of him changing his mind! And he didn't give me no warning about changing his mind—if only he had of done so what a lot I would of been spared! I'll say one thing in favor of dentists and real-estate men as against theatrical managers—they do give you warning, though, of course, warning is a whole lot easier to give than to take, the same as a dose of oil or something.

Well, anyways, just as I and Jim had give up all hope of Goldringer's lawyer and our lawyer ever agreeing on the peace terms of our contract for a ten-part serial picture by the most famous couple in the motion-picture world to be entitled Gold and Blood, owing to them not being able to get together on the indemnity—why, all of a sudden they come to an agreement and ratified it and we signed it and then rushed off and bought tickets for Los Angeles as Pullmans was selling six weeks in advance and we was afraid the Railroad Administration would take off the train we was going to want if we didn't have them cinched by holding their own paper.

Well, anyways, we got tickets—one for me; one for Jim; one for Musette, my eighteen-k. French maid; and two for ma, not directly on account of her size, which is a snappy fifty-six, but to get the whole compartment, so the two fool dogs wouldn't be a burden on the congested baggage car but a burden on ma instead, which she always freely admits they are at any time, though recognizing that Peeks are part of the necessary overhead of a dancer of my well-known prominence.

Well, here we were booked to make this big double-header of a serial with Jim and I "working together for the first time since joining the galaxy of Goldringer stars" as the Motion Picture Gazette expressed it in their caption writer's terse original way; we had our booking for one solid year, our tickets to what would be the scene of our toil for at least three hours daily some days, at over two thousand dollars a week per each, and our minds all made up to endure the homemade morals and booze of Los Angeles for said period and salary. In other words we were all set when I got the big idea that nearly busted us.

I wish I could blame that idea onto ma or even Jim, but not a chance! You know how it is; anybody is liable to do a thing without a alibi once in a lifetime, and this was one of them cases.

"Ma!" I says, as her and Jim and I sat out in the kitchen, to which she had called us not entirely against our wills to have a little snack of coffee and pie and Roquefort cheeses and hot oyster stew—you know, the kind of supper made up out of the little snacks which the colored cook who goes home nights overlooks. "Ma!" I says. "I got a bird of a idea!"

"Clip its wings, little one, before you let it fly," says Jim. "I know it's a new way to spend money."

"What is it, deary?" says ma over the top of the drumstick that was left from the pair of turkeys we'd had that noon. "What's the big idea?"

"For once Jim is wrong," I says with wifely sarcasm, which failed to register, as per usual. "This is a saving idea," I says. "I think that as we are going away for a year we ought to let this flat go."

Ma dropped the bone she was gnawing and stared at me like a dog that's heard a noise.

"Let this flat go!" she says. "And me with a new carpet hardly cold on a hall that's as crooked as a ram's horn and certain not to fit anywheres else, not to mention the four hundred dollars' worth of Louie Katz drawing-room curtains," she says; "which you just had custom built!" she says.

"I know, ma," I says, "but I mean why couldn't we rent it furnished for a year? Why leave it for the janitor to entertain in when we might make it a asset instead of a liability?"

"That's so!" says Jim.

"You said it!" I replied earnestly. "Why lookit here," I says. "We pay seventy-five iron men a month in advance for this place, and I believe we could easily pull down an extra hundred for the furniture if one of the girls, say, was looking for a place—and everybody generally is in October."

"And so would we if we hadn't of signed a ten-year lease way back in Aunty Bellum's time," says ma. "Of course there is some sense in what you say, and I did hear Ruby Roselle was looking for a flat. But this ain't the first time in a long theatrical life that I've set out with a troop that thought they had a sixty-weeks tower ahead of them and been back to my Seventh Avenue rooming house inside of ten days!"

"Now Ma Gilligan!" I says. "We ain't going trooping, and this is no Seventh Avenue rooming house but an Al limestone front with a foyer as big as the flat itself and a janitor called a superintendent but smelling just as sweet, as the poet says, though I wouldn't rent this place to that Roselle woman, not for a thousand a month. Still, I think we should rent it."

"Well, it's home to me," says ma, "after living in it all this, for New York, long time," she says. "And I hate to think of any strange woman fussing round this kitchen!"

Which was a pretty raw remark from one which had had seven cooks in that kitchen in the last five weeks. But I passed it over.

"Our contract says Los Angeles for one year!" I says firmly. "And you know a Goldringer contract is something different from a ordinary theatrical tower. He says Los Angeles for one year, and that's what it'll be. It's all settled.

"We are working for him beginning a week from Thursday, and you know that Gold and Blood can't be made any place but out on the Coast. So what's the good talking about our being back here in ten days? And we ought to rent the place. It's a crime not to."

"Why, Mary Gilligan!" says ma, still protesting. "How you talk! Like you was some poor little seventy-five-dollar-a-week character part instead of the famous Marie La Tour! You talk like you was broke!"

"It ain't that, ma!" I says. "It's a matter of principle," I says. "You see one of the reasons for the high cost of living is undoubtedly due to we big earners."

"Whatter you mean—we're to blame?" says Jim. "Ain't we the big spenders too?"

"That's just it!" I says. "We are. We are careless spenders. Good taste is not a crime, but extravagant taste is! We got so much money we don't care what we pay out, and in doing that little thing we set a crazy standard that is ruining the country. Lookit here!" I went on, settling down to my subject like a lawyer on a contingency-fee case. "Lookit here, who is it sets the fashions in clothes? We do. Frail extravagant clothes that every person in the country has to imitate or be a back number! Who demands new lines in motor cars, sports skirts and interior decorations, so that anyone who hasn't got as extreme a one as we have feels out of date? We do! Who makes saving seem stupid and bargaining jay but us? Who spends fortunes for jewels and gets all the shopgirls throwing away their salary on imitations? We do! And as for food—who flocks any place the minute it starts the cheapest portions at a dollar; or to a place that keeps the prices off the menu and adds the check by ear. We do! We've done this until we've boosted prices just by demanding the most expensive only, as if nothing that was reasonable could be any good! Believe you me we got that idea in our heads all right, but we haven't many other ideas!

If a thing is cheap it's poor! If it's dear it's good. Who started all that bunk? We did! Who jazzes up the standard of living so that girls go wrong for it and good men become criminals for it? We do! Who fills our jails ——"

"We do!" says Jim. "That is, I mean to say we ought to, I guess. You said something, Mary."

"But if we don't spend our money somebody else will!" says ma. "I don't get your point, deary. Especially about this flat!"

"What I mean is this," says I—"that we spenders set the example. We get a big public merely through having money, and if also on the screen and stage like ourselves, why, we are just that much more of a example to the public. I don't know could we make it the style to save, because a fashion is only as strong as it is pleasant. But I do think we could cut out some of the willful waste we indulge in and nobody would think any less of us. And a good place to commence as far as we go is right with this flat. Nobody is going to think any more of James and Marie La Tour because of them having a flat on the Drive closed up tight for a year."

"That's a fact," ma admitted. "And since you say so, I'll make a inventory and get it ready to rent. I haven't counted over the spoons since the last two cooks went, but I'll bring everything right up to date."

"Well, you women do as you like," says Jim, "only I will say that we may as well have our rent money on the wheels of our car as not. The garage man can use it as good as the landlord man."

"I'm going to the dentist to-morrow morning," I says, "to get that tooth fixed that I hurt over to the Goldringers' and I'll put it in the hands of a real-estate agent while I'm out."

Well, in the morning Jim was still asleep when I got up, on account of him playing in Aladdin's Vamp, which he was not to quit until we left for the Coast, and I let him lie, though heaven knows if husbands realized the way they look when sleeping they would be more private about it. Though of course that is but one of the many sufferings of any wife, and not near so trying to love and fidelity as for example shaving with no collar on and the suspenders draped in pannier effect—do you get me? If married you do.

Well, anyways, I let the poor boy have his sleep out as the salary was so good and he ought to be fresh for it, especially that triple-handspring and the backward flip in the second act. And thank the Lord nobody can ever say I have to pay a luxury tax on my husband like Maison Rosabelle, with that shrimp of hers! But of course there's some women will do anything for a husband, even after they have got him!

Well, anyways, I got up and faced the awful problem of what would I wear to the dentist because I hadn't been to one in years and only for that front tooth nothing would of induced me now. Dentists and me was perfect strangers owing to my wonderful health which ma has kept me in, and it's the truth I do actually partake of all the outdoor sports I am photographed in the costume of, and do not wear them merely to oblige Rosco, our publicity man. And naturally my teeth has always been also full of health and that tooth-paste ad you may of seen with a still of me smiling netted me five hundred, and it's a fact I use the stuff but it's not quite true that it saved my teeth because they were saved by Nature and if in the head of any other person I would pass some remark about solid ivory they are so strong—or were up to this point.

And then two days before the start of this story I and Jim were eating walnuts over to a dinner party at Goldringer's, when all of a sudden there was a collision between a shell and the front of my mouth, which at once commenced to feel like I had met Jack Dempsey or somebody and been introduced in the wrong way. And when the débris had been cleared up there was an awful jagged place out of the back of one of my very favorite, most commercially valuable teeth.

It seemed all right from the front, but it felt something fierce at the back, and I got a mental close-up of the way it must look—a huge jagged cavern with blood and everything in it, and it felt as if you could of driven a motor bus in and parked it there. Ma at once called up the one which made her set of china the time she fell from the trapeze and had to retire. But he wasn't there any more and they said it was a saloon now and of course she hadn't been to him in twenty years, so that was not surprising, and I'll say the next one which calls that number will find the saloon is also gone.

Well, anyways, Maison had had trouble not alone with her husband but also trouble with her teeth, and give me the address and I called him up and he was out, and so that let me out, too, for the day, and believe you me it was a big relief, because it didn't hurt much by then and I got a feeling of having beaten the game—temporarily at least.

But next day though it didn't hurt much it was rough, and I could still imagine the awful way it must look, and couldn't keep my tongue off it, and so ma hounded me, and with my professional teeth at stake I couldn't say a word against going, and so she made this appointment for me which I was now dressing to keep.

Well, I don't wear much of a corset—no dancer does—but such as it was I left it off on account of possible gas and anyways with the muscles I've got you wouldn't know had I a corset on or not. And then I selected a simple suit called Lusie, which it's the truth all the best houses give Christian or at least first names to their suits now and charge a extra hundred for the baptism. And I also put

"I Believe the Real-Estate Vultures Have Undoubtedly Got On a Big Anti-Sherman Combine in Restraint of Living"

on my sable dolman—the famous hundred-thousand-dollar one which Miskowitz—on Grand Street—made me up for thirty-five hundred—and I put on a cute little toque, which is French for any street hat costing over forty dollars with no discount for leaving off the brim. Well, anyways I put on a brown-and-gold toque called Pappillion, and having provided myself with three clean handkerchiefs, one of them Jim's, I kissed ma and Musette farewell, and patted the two fool dogs, which ordinarily I forget are there, registered Christian martyrdom and set out, the tooth quite sore, to keep my appointment.

Well, this appointment was for eleven o'clock and my wrist watch, which is more diamonds than works, had apparently kidded me once more, for after I had walked out on to the Drive and turned two blocks east I saw a regular clock in a drug store that said ten-fifteen and I never even hesitated. I knew who was right without having to prove it, though of course it does look good on the wrist and the unobtrusive glances of envy people give it makes it cheap at the price, even if you couldn't catch a train by it.

Well, anyways, of course that give me too much time to walk three blocks, I doing never less than four miles a hour for five miles a day outside of other more personal exercises. Nor did I care to sit in the dentist's office for a hour while maybe listening to the groans of those who had gone before. I'll say I never did enjoy listening to the numbers ahead of mine, even from the wings on the big time; the pity I feel gets me all upset.

And so I remarked to myself, "Tut, tut! Too bad, but there's nothing to do but wait!" in a tone of deep regret, though there was nobody round to hear the bluff. Then I heaved a big silent sigh of relief, because I'll tell the world that nothing any murderer imagined on his walk to the electric chair was anything more awful than the things I had been seeing on the way over to the dentist's. And then just as I was wondering what would I do to fill up the time during this annoying delay I see a sign across the street:

MURPHY & ISSACS

Real Estate, Apartments, Houses for Sale
and to Rent
Aqui se habla Espagnol

Well, I didn't quite get that last, but I had a hunch all was never quite clear about any real-estate office and so I let it go at that, and the place being a nice-looking one with the names in gold on fly screening I decided to take a chance, and putting my tooth out of my head for the moment I opened the door.

Inside was a first-class office equipment including a set of oak chairs, two spittoons, and a wad of chewing gum that a stenographer was busily working at. Otherwise she seemed to be at leisure so I went up to her and says, "I have a apartment to sublet, furnished," I says. "A hundred and seventy-five a month, eight rooms, two baths, six windows on the Drive, elegant furniture on which tenant is not required to take over the payment of installments."

The girl's eyes nearly popped out of her head and she give the appearance of having swallowed her gum.

"Gee!" she gasped. "What's wrong with it?"

"Nothing is wrong with it except that I'm going to the Coast for a year!" I snapped. "It's got eight rooms all handsomely furnished, and two modern baths seen by appointment only!"

The girl kind of staggered to her feet and made her way to a door as if she had been deserted by the man she trusted at the end of the third reel.

"Mr. Murphy!" she said in a whisper you could of heard round the block, "Mr. Murphy, there's a nut out here—come quick!"

The girl's back was toward me and as I was looking at her I come to realize there was something very familiar about her—especially about the way her hair was done—little curls low in the neck and pulled way out over her cheeks. But I couldn't remember where was it I knew her before.

When she come back the resemblance from the front was even stronger, but to who I could not think. It was the hair mostly, and a little mole near the corner of her eye like a beauty spot.

"He'll be right out in a minute," she says, "as soon as he gets through manicuring hisself."

She gave me a sudden stare and the gum, which seemed to be sort of a cud with her, got another swallow; or maybe it was a new piece. Anyways, she stared hard.

"Don't I know you?" I says. "I seem to of seen you some place."

She give a regular blush at this and looked tickled to death.

"It's that I look like Marie La Tour," she says. "I'm often mistaken for her," she says; "and I see you do your hair like hers, too. But if you'll excuse me I'll say I look more like her than you do!"

Can you beat it? You cannot! I give her stare for stare, and I'll say the kid was real cute. At first I thought I'd tell her all, and then I thought no, leave her find it out her own self because why jolt the feelings of a fan which evidently just about worshiped you, and dolled up to look like you and undoubtedly thought you was the most wonderful person in the world and all; and believe you me a star of no matter what magni—muni—well, say, salary, can't afford to ignore their audiences, and the fifteen-cent houses are undoubtedly the backbone of this country, and our million-dollar salaries—or, that is to say, what we really get of them—comes out of these little girls' dimes and nickels.

"Well," I says, "I guess you do look more like her than she does off the screen."

And then in come Mr. Murphy with a start of surprise on him, because of expecting something different from me, and at once commenced to talk business when he heard what I had, his manners changing as much as a booking agent when he finds you have come to hire a company instead of to be hired, as I well remember from those dim times over six years ago before I was the huge success I am and knew something about such things instead of as now the managers always coming to me.

Well, anyways, this bird was as polite to my sable coat as could be, and listened to my description of the flat and all, very attentive.

"References will be needed," I says. "Both financial and personal—and no children or dogs unless the children or dogs have a private nurse to theirselves, in which case that would make a difference."

"And what rent do you want?" says the bird, toying with a silver trick pencil anxiously.

"One hundred and seventy-five a month," I says.

"One hundred and seventy-five a month!" he yelled, catching hold of the desk to keep himself from falling. "But my dear madam!"

"Do you think it's too much?" I asked. "I want to do the right thing, but I'd like to make a little something out of it."

He give me a indulgent smile like he thought I was a lunatic which had better be humored.

"But my dear girl!" he says. "Please excuse me, but I guess you ain't educated to up-to-date rents. How long did you say you've had your present lease?"

Well, I hadn't said but I was willing to. And the bird whistled again and tapped with the pencil louder than

ever, though I had noticed the diamond on that hand already—two carats with a flaw and slightly off shape.

"That explains it!" he says. "Six years ago seventy-five was a fair rent even over on the Drive. And with four years to run—you got a gold mine. I can get you five hundred a month easy."

Well, while it was a temptation I wasn't going to profiteer like that, the whole profiteering idea being against my principles as a good American. And though far be it from me to turn down a fair profit or to advise a person in any line to do so, I am strongly against taking all you can get just because you can get it, over and above a generous margin. And I'll tell the world that taking five hundred a month where I would be making a hundred and twenty-five per cent at one-seventy-five is a pretty good example of the causes of why is Bolshevism and unless it is cut out voluntarily like I cut it out, the common people is going to have just cause for complaint.

Well, anyways, I saw that here was a good place to practice what I preached, and so I says I was real sorry to cut into his commission but I thought one-seventy-five was a fair price and we would let it go at that, especially as his commission would be pretty good anyways.

"Apartments are as scarce as German-made goods," says the bird, "and about a thousand times in greater demand!" he says. "I really think you are foolish not to ask more, but it's your own affair, of course. And now what name, please?"

I give a look at the living monument to my greatness which was manicuring the typewriter with a old toothbrush by now, but listening with the other ear, and took a resolve.

"Mrs. James H. Smith," I says, giving my real genuine married name, which is a deadly secret to all but the guilty clergyman and the town clerk of Passaic, New Jersey, for obvious reasons, and La Tour was chosen after a lot of thought, and we boost it like a trade-mark, which it is. "Mrs. James H. Smith, Apartment 62, right on this street at the corner of the Drive."

And then I swept out of the office, thinking how they would feel when they found out who had been in their office talking to them and too modest to go round bragging who I was.

Well, my diamond wrist watch said five to twelve, so I knew it was five to eleven and I went along to the dentist, which was only a little ways down the street. And all them last three blocks I could seem to smell the antiseptic stuffs and feel him buzzing round my face with everything out of the tool kit from the rim wrench to the pliers that you wreck the carburetor with. But anyone which has opened up in Las Vegas to six cattlemen and the lights not working can face a lot if they can't escape it, and so I marched right up and rang the bell at one minute before my appointment. The door was opened by a nurse with a newly starched and ironed face, who gave me the iceman's welcome.

"You are an hour late!" she says sharply.

"Oh, but I'm not!" I says, looking at my wrist watch, because she was looking at it too. "My watch is fast."

"Your watch is perfectly correct!" she says, comparing it with her own—a nickel one as big as a dollar—the kind of watch that can do no wrong or any wrong be done for. Do you get me? I'll say so!

"The doctor has gone to lunch," she went on, "and I am afraid he won't be able to see you to-day!"

"Can't he possibly?" I says, concealing the hope in my voice the best I could.

"Well, if you are suffering very greatly," she commenced.

"Oh, not at all!" I says. "That is, the pain seemed to get less and less the nearer I got to the door."

"Well, I'll mail you another appointment, then," says she.

And I walked out a free woman.

But not for long. Ain't it remarkable the way Nature gives a person a little breathing spell between troubles so's you'll have the pep to stand what's coming next? And though troubles sometimes do come singly, in spite of what the poet says, it's a fact they generally come unexpected. Because of course if you expect them you can usually duck them like a friend who's telephoned in advance.

Well, I seemed to be granted this little let-up due to the unusualness of my wrist watch actually being right, and so I set out to see what I could spend a little money on as that would keep my mind off my tooth, which had commenced to be uncomfortable again as soon as it knew the dentist had a lot of heavy dates. And I had just got absorbed in the perfectly grand dry-cleanable lingerie department which Maison Rosabelle has added to her place, and was trying to make up my mind would I take the black-and-white-striped chiffon pajamas called Theda or the blue-and-white-striped called Olive though perfectly conscious that I would eventually decide on both, when what should come up behind me but a voice which says, "Why, deary, you still in town? I heard you'd been obliged to go back into pictures!"

Now that "obliged" stuff is all the bunk; and pulled only by the ones which has failed to screen satisfactorily, usually on account of not being able to stand the close-ups at their age. And so I was not surprised to find the voice to be Ruby Roselle, because in the first place no lady would call me "deary," at least not without meaning it—do you get me? I imagine thou dost, as William Shakspere would say.

Now I, the same as every other woman, have got a lot of friends I don't like, and Ruby Roselle was one of them. Of course I and she had got to keep up some appearances on account of we being so often on the same bill and one time Goldringer actually put us in a scene at the Summer Garden when we had to kiss! But she and I mix like T N T and fire, or capital and labor, or anything else which would do for a copybook exercise.

Of course I wouldn't say a word against Ruby, and for all I know her jewels may be fakes or earned by the sweat of her back, which is what she is mostly hired for, it being her only theatrical talent. And I guess she has a kind heart if a person knew where to find it. But nobody could find her Americanism if they was to look for it with a stethoscope like a mariner at sea or something. Not that anything was proved against her during the war, except two hundred and twenty-five pounds of sugar. But I personally myself have got a real sensitive nature and when I get a hunch it is pretty certain to be right. And my hunch about Ruby was that she was a undesirable citizen for more reasons than being a bad actress. But of course meeting her in the shop of a mutual friend I had to be polite.

Now I, the Same as Every Other Woman, Have Got a Lot of Friends I Don't Like, and Ruby Roselle Was One of Them

"Yes, I have been obliged to go back into the pictures," I says, "on account of not being able to afford to turn down two thousand a week. Of course if I had private means like yourself I could stay on Broadway at a couple of hundred, the same as you do."

"Well, pictures is probably all right when there ain't any theatrical openings for a person," she says, digging into her vanity case while she talked and making sure that none of her face was exposed. "But Mr. Goldringer simply had to have me for the opening of the Colossal, the world's largest playhouse, you know. I am to have a fashion revue of my own!"

Well, that made me sort of sick, because believe you me when once a person has been in vaudeville they never quite get over it. And this new enterprise of the Big Six was to be a knockout—the very biggest show ever. And I was to be left out—I and Jim which had as you might say put the class in classic vaudeville and now was to be left in the soup of superfeature fillums. At least that is how I felt when I thought of that big opening with us in a transcontinental train instead of the star-dressing rooms at the Colossal where we belonged.

"Well, Ruby, I'm sorry I won't be here to see what kind of skirts and belts they will wear this season!" I says. "And shoulder straps, if you intend to put on any. And I'm sure the audience will be glad to see a lot of you!"

And she didn't have no come-back to that, so we parted with smiles that was just as sweet as a corner grocer's sugar barrel. In other words, it was marked sugar but there was nothing in it.

When I got home Jim had gone to the theater and ma had two pieces of cheering news for me. For the one the dentist had called up and said we would have a conference next day at two o'clock, and for the other the flat was rented!

Was I surprised at it going so soon? I was! Ma said ten people had been there in the two hours, but mostly with children or some other fault or for the winter months only, but the one which had taken it was a real handsome man with a genuine mink-lined coat and a gold tooth.

"Well, ma!" I says. "A gold tooth is no reference!"

"But a hundred-dollar deposit is!" she says. "And leave me tell you, Mary Gilligan, there ain't many tenants with only a sister and not even going to live here themselves but only her and a substantial business behind them and not even ask to see the ice box!"

"Must be a bum housekeeper!" I says.

"She didn't come with him!" says ma. "Mr. Schultzer come alone, and for a man I'll say he's a pretty good housekeeper from the way he was just crazy over the lot of closet room and the storeroom being right in the flat, and also crazy over our built-in safe."

"What is his business?" I says.

"Export," says ma.

"Well," I says, "I hope it isn't exporting radicals, because that industry isn't moving any too swift—they ain't doing the business they should."

"I think it's general merchandise," says ma. "At any rate he's a Swiss and he sends the things home. Mr. Murphy will be here any minute with the lease."

"Well, if you say the reference is good, all right," I says. "I'll sign it. But it seems like such quick work they must be a catch in it somewheres."

"No, there isn't no catch," says ma. "We were real lucky, that's all. It's late in the season, you know!"

Well, this bird with the golden tooth had what seemed to be all-right references and we signed the lease, because I always attend to the home details and Jim and me keep our money affairs separate, which is one reason why we are, for husband and wife, such good friends.

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Putting the Hearse in Rehearsals

By FRANK WARD O'MALLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

SOMEBODY or other has suggested that nowadays when two utter strangers are introduced and are at a loss for a conversational topic of mutual interest they always have one certain stop-gap for the negative rhetorical figure known as the awkward pause. Says the party of the first part—providing he can beat the second party to it—"By the way, Mr. Hoozis, how is your second act coming on?" Whereupon the party of the second part begins to demonstrate that monology is far from a lost art and the first party can just settle back comfortably on his spine and make a pretense of listening while thinking of his own play for a long, long time.

One doesn't have to be in the company of professed writing persons these days to use the stop-gap successfully. The latest genius to hale David Belasco to court on a charge of stealing his stuff was a Long Island barber, who was sure—until the law persuaded him he was wrong—that the Belasco-De Mille production called The Woman was stolen, body and soul, from a *magnum opus* which the barber had dashed off between shaves.

When it comes to literary lights, I've learned during my newspaper experience that every writer, from newspaper men down to novelists—even all the way down to poets—has a play either simmering on the fire or already completely cooked.

Laura's Secret

NONE other than the greatest novelist in all Brooklyn, Miss Laura Jean Libbey, but lately announced in effect that henceforth she was going to leave novel writing to young Blasco y Ibañez and the boys out in the corn-fed fiction belt of Indiana, inasmuch as she recently had written eighty plays and was rapidly working up to the point of having a dozen or so peeled off the top layer in the steamer trunk and letting someone produce them. I betray no confidence when I say that I have seen the very trunk, being honored by the gifted Miss Libbey herself when she summoned me in my professional capacity as a newspaper man and displayed the steamer trunk and its dramatic contents—an honor I doubly appreciated when Miss Libbey told me, while reverently lifting the trunk lid, that she and her publicity promoter had kept her play-writing ambition an absolute secret from every other living soul except one representative of the Associated Press.

Physicians, lawyers, hard-headed engineers, absolutely all actors, are either in the throes of bringing forth a great third act or letting their regular work skid over the cliffs while they try to think of a germ for a fourth act. Very good shipping clerks, plumbers of parts, excellent pants makers, pretzel varnishers, piano tuners—by the thousands they are being hopelessly ruined as plumbers or what not by trying to make playwrights out of themselves. Good plumbers too!

Hastily I Climbed Down the Façade of the Piano to My Stricken Colleague's Aid

I can name six clergymen—even I, whose boon companions number for one reason or another only a paltry few clergymen, can name six offhand—whose writing hours are unevenly divided between their regular jobs of soul saving and saving our theater from æsthetic damnation, the six dominies I have in mind playing drama building against sermon building at odds of about eight to five. In defense of the potential playwrights among the preachers I know, however, it should be said that they have taken up the art in a serious way, because they hope their own plays may help to act as a brake on an American stage which they are convinced is going hellbent to Abaddon. Needless to remark, the narrow viewpoint of the average ascetic recluse is altogether to blame for causing the preachers to think the stage is going to the devil. We of broader minds and wider experiences, and therefore of views more tolerant and more authoritative, know our stage isn't going there at all. We know it's gone.

And why? Well, do you ever take the trouble to ask yourself as you and your own wife come out of the theater at the end of the jolly little farce called From Bed to Worse—fighting your way perhaps through another crowd debouching from the screamingly funny Bed and Bored next door, the jam becoming hopelessly tangled as your From-Bed-to-Worse mob and the Bed-and-Bored audience get all clogged up with playgoers spilling across the street from the brilliant and excruciatingly side-splitting musical comedy called Ten Nighties in a Bedroom—I ask you, do you ever trouble yourself with any mental queries as to whether the present pathological lesions of our theater should be laid at the door of the playwrights or of the consuming public? Maybe you do ask yourself and perhaps you wisely make answer that both are to blame. And then you're wrong.

Fundamentally the trouble is with the producer, though some blame also attaches to the playwrights, who ought to stick to their regular jobs of preaching or plumbering, and some to the public for patronizing the kind of thing a congenital plumber turns out and calls a play. In the present pandemic of playwriting there is need for the cloture. Only the particularly gifted, the chosen, should be permitted to submit plays to producers, and the producer should be compelled to produce the play as the chosen child of genius writes it.

But take the play I wrote recently and submitted to a producer; also consider what the producer did to it. Let me hasten to add before we get down to concrete cases that when we wrote our play—I speak now in plurals, because when writing my play I collaborated with a learned literary gentleman who also contributed a lot of good stuff to the piece—we did not unlimber the typewriter merely to be in the fashion; we had the laudable object in mind of showing Broadway that a successful play could be written and produced without so much as a mention of beds or bedrooms in the production, from the title to the orchestra leader's exit march. We—my collaborator and I—had become so sick, sore and tired of beds and bedding on the stage that when we decided to do our bit toward banning the bedroom from American dramaturgy we spent weeks in the sole consideration of various themes that would be absolutely bed-proof.

We decided at last to make American politics the body and soul, the bone, muscle and spirit, of our play—a virile, he-man subject that has nothing to do with boudoirs. And in justice to our producer I shall say that from the first conference over the play until the bitter end he not once tried to inject a bed or bedding into our drama. We had our play so sewed up with politics that he couldn't.

But if you want to know what a producer can do with—or to—even a good play you should have trailed along with us from the beginning until the curtain finally was raised on the mess. Reader, as a fellow playwright, perhaps the salient features of the crime will interest you. Very well, then, as good old Doc Frank Crane would say, pull up a chair and let us discuss this cosmic question and settle it for all time.

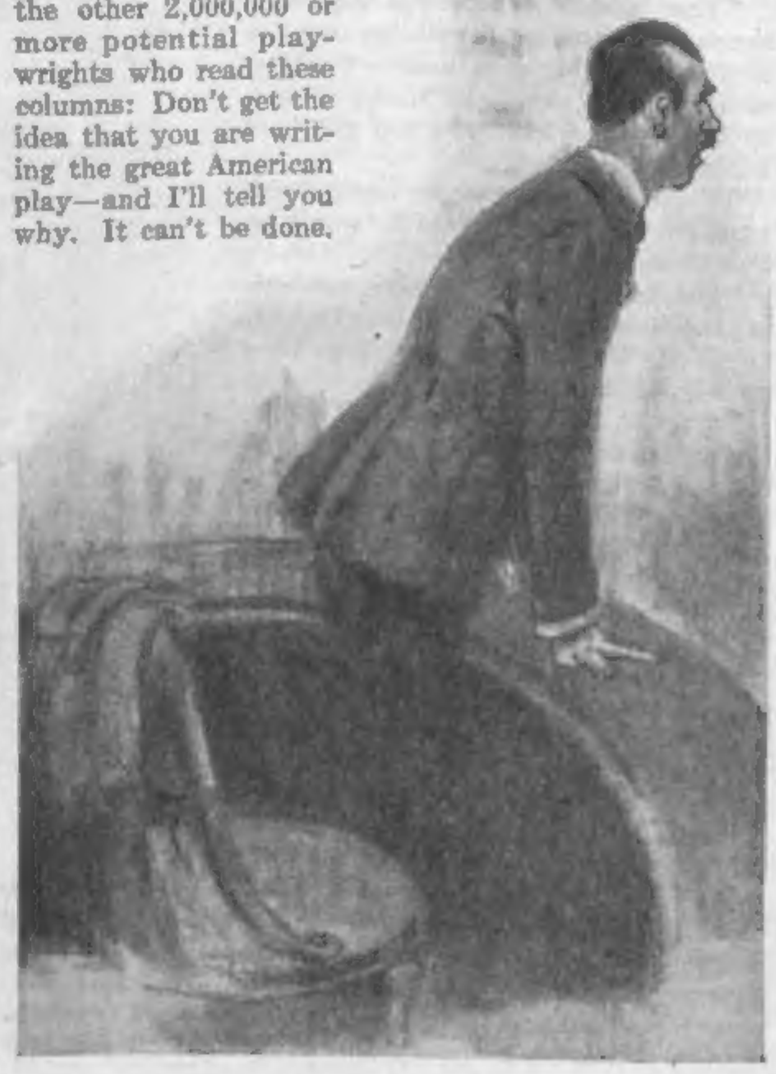
Simple Directions for Beginners

I SHALL pass lightly over the incidents of writing the play. My collaborator and I long ago decided to let bygones be bygones, and there's no sense in stirring up a fuss again. I feel, however, that here and there I should at least drop a word about the more important practical points in the actual writing of a play, especially as the practical side of the play-writing art is wholly ignored by Professor Baker, of Harvard, and our other instructors in the technic of the drama.

I should suggest, for instance, that where two men collaborate on a play they would do well to avoid the mistake we made of engaging a young lady stenographer to sit in at the play-writing sessions. Differences of opinion will rise between collaborators. Our young woman entered the padded cell bravely enough the first day and worked diligently with us for an hour or so. But my collaborator and I had scarcely warmed up to our initial æsthetic polemics of the forenoon when she not only slammed the door on our language but stayed out for good. If collaborators must have a stenographer present, they should employ only the male of the species, preferably one who has gained his experience in Democratic conventions and is somewhat deaf. Also, the writing of any play done in collaboration with another is expedited if the room is simply furnished, with no movable objects at hand; just heavy furniture—clamped to the floor. The typewriter should be securely screwed to the desk. Above all, the desk should be free of paper weights, sharp-edged paper cutters, library scissors or movable inkwells or paste pots.

When we had finished writing our play we first——

But before I forget it, just another hint of warning to the other 2,000,000 or more potential playwrights who read these columns: Don't get the idea that you are writing the great American play—and I'll tell you why. It can't be done.



If you will not take my word for it, ask Jake Shubert or Abe Erlanger or Al Woods or Bill Brady. Jake and Bill and Al and Abe and the many other Broadway æsthetes who are the guiding spirits of our theater have proved to me mathematically that the great American play is an impossibility. Mathematics cannot lie. Jake, Al and Abe will show you in a second or two that a good play is one that brings in gross receipts of $10,000 a week; that a better play is one that does a business of $12,000 or even $15,000 a week; that a play that takes in $20,000 a week gross is a classic—perfect. No one will ever write a play, these directing geniuses of our stage will further prove to you, requiring a cast of only four or five characters, no high-priced star, one cheap set of scenery for all the acts, and doing a gross business of $25,000 a week—a list of essential elements of the great American play that is beyond human achievement.

My collaborator and I started to work without any illusions. All we wanted to do was to ban the beds and bedrooms, incidentally pleasing the public with a modest little effort in the $12,000-a-week class. We knew, for instance, that young Gene Walter's first success, Paid in Full, earned about $400,000 net for all concerned in its earning powers and that within a few months Gene got approximately $100,000 in royalties. Then there was Within the Law, which made a profit of $700,000 for its producers alone. Also there was—still is—Ben Hur, the biggest money-maker of all, with profits running into seven figures and which even now, after having been sent out on the road every season for the last dozen or fifteen years, continues to earn profits of about $150,000 annually. And we thought of the Hippodrome, which takes in about $50,000 a week. And there was Barnum's Circus, which does an average business every day except Sunday for thirty-three weeks of from $12,000 to $14,000 gross receipts a day; even established the record—at Washington, District of Columbia, in May, 1917—of taking in during a single day of two performances $33,000, counting the big show, the side show and the privileges.

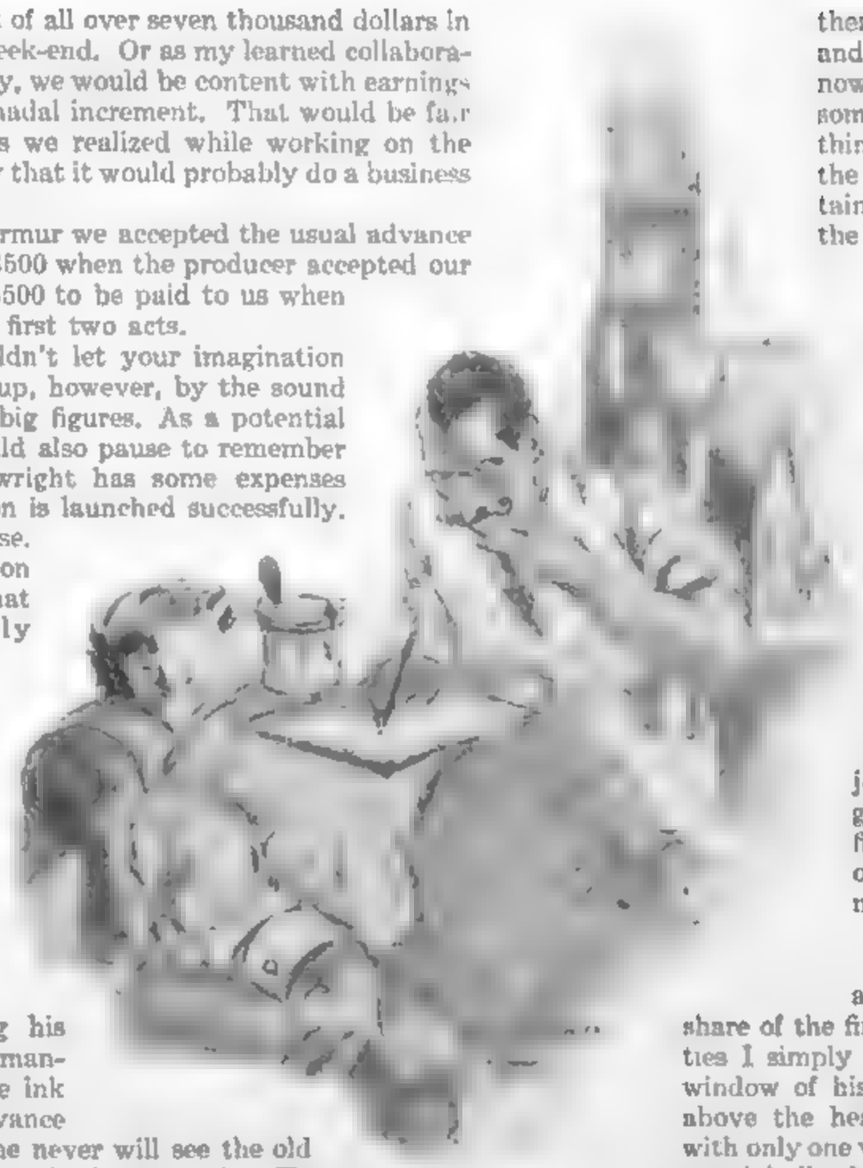
The Big Figures of Rosy Dreams

AS WE thought these figures over, especially when our play had begun to take real form, we began to see that it would hold its own up in the $18,000-a-week class. Wherefore we didn't repine because we—as beginners—would not be accorded royalties of 10 per cent of the gross receipts—as Gus Thomas would demand had Gus been slick enough to think of our play first—or the 12 per cent or more which Art Pinero and Jim Barrie and some of those British boys pull down. No, we were ready to take the royalties usually handed out to beginners—5 per cent of the first five thousand dollars of the weekly gross receipts, 7 per cent of the next two thousand dollars on the week and 10 per cent of all over seven thousand dollars in the box office each week-end. Or as my learned collaborator put it more simply, we would be content with earnings based on the hebdomadal increment. That would be fair enough, especially as we realized while working on the fourth act of our play that it would probably do a business of $20,000 a week.

And without a murmur we accepted the usual advance royalties of $1000—$500 when the producer accepted our scenario, the other $500 to be paid to us when he had accepted the first two acts.

You, reader, shouldn't let your imagination get too all-fired het up, however, by the sound of all this noise of big figures. As a potential playwright you should also pause to remember that even the playwright has some expenses before the production is launched successfully.

Take our own case. The expenses began on the day I obtained what is euphemistically known as a leave of absence from my regular job so I could begin to write the play. I say euphemistically because every beginner in the play-writing art knows in his heart of hearts, particularly at the moment he is making his volitant exit from a manager's office with the ink still wet on the advance royalty check, that he never will see the old job and its repulsive drudgery again. He knows that now, after giving a few weeks to the annoying but more or less necessary work of actually writing the play—and another week or two to attending rehearsals to see to it that ignorant managers and stage directors take no liberties with a single word or syllable of the perfected play—well, then it will be away to the North Woods all summer and to Florida all winter; and in between perhaps an occasional flying trip into the little old metropolis; lounging about the big hotels or amusing oneself by gambling a bit with one's surplus in the Street; and chatting perhaps with Uncle John Drew and Eddie Sothern and Tark and the rest of the boys round the Lambs' Club, if only to keep in touch with the theater and life in the rough; and dropping into the show shops now and then just to look in on some of Maugham's or Barrie's things to see what the boys across the pond are doing; and certainly making a studious visit to the theater housing one's own success to make sure that whoever may be lucky enough to be cast as the heroine—Marlowe or Adams or Barrymore—is not permitting herself to lose any of the pep of her earlier performances simply because she has been playing the same rôle on Broadway night after night for months. And then into the tonneau of the good old twin eight again, cussing oneself out roundly the while for wasting so many years as one did on the old job; and off once more to the great outdoors, to shoot and fish and golf and altogether live one's life as God intended a man to live.



The Barber Was Sure That the Production Was Stolen From a Magnum Opus Which He Had Dashed Off Between Shaves

"Leave of absence!"

Why, on the day the manager handed me a check for my share of the first half of our advance royalties I simply stepped out the tenth-story window of his office and fluttered onward above the heads of the toilers far below, with only one vague thought about the commercial district of Manhattan lying miles away to the south—a vague half-formed thought, I remember, the gist of which was that some time during the day I would volplane to earth and stay on the ground long enough to make one goshawful last quick trip down to that sordid part of the city, say as far down as 26 Broadway, and stand there facing the Standard Oil Building for a minute and burst into a hearty laugh.

But to come back to the inside information about the preliminary expenses to which a playwright is unavoidably subjected before the real wealth begins to swamp him. My collaborator, a somewhat older man than I, had next to no preliminary expenses,

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"Prof, I've Always Knocked Colleges, But I Know Now That When My Kid Grows Up He's Going to the One You Went To"

BEAUTY'S WORTH

By SOPHIE KERR

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

"My Congratulations. You Have Achieved Something Rare in This Tiresome World — You Have Got What You Want"

THERE was no surf that morning. The sea, as calm as a lovely woman conscious of her loveliness yet careless of it, trailed languid fringes of foam along the silver sand with a silken susurrus that melted graciously into the chatter of the crowd on the beach.

"Perfect Haven-by-the-Sea weather," said old Mrs. Garrison to Miss Jaspar, her crony and esteemed bridge partner, in a tone which indicated her belief that the weather was specially arranged by a correct high-church Jehovah to please the Garrison fancy.

Miss Jaspar nodded, ducking double chins among fine lace. The two ladies were arranged in beach chairs, with umbrellas, cork-filled cushions to ward dampness from rheumatic toes, workbags, knitting needles, and a light and heavy scarf each, to be used according as the wind blew cool or warm. They were dressed in elegant black. The aforesaid fine lace of Miss Jaspar's fine chemisette was pinned with a bar of big old creamy pearls. Mrs. Garrison's lappets of delicate malines crossed beneath an oval of jet, diamond studded, with dangling jet and diamond points. Each might have sat for a portrait of Arrogant Age.

That was the irreverent thought of Cheyne Rovein as he passed. He speculated naughtily on how he would like to paint and exhibit them under that title. Well, why not? No one would be surprised. He bowed sweepingly to them as he passed up the beach, but his disrespectful fancy communicated itself subtly to the two ladies. Miss Jaspar pursed a soft and cruel old mouth into still more unlovely lines.

"I wish artists didn't come to Haven-by-the-Sea," she said. "They really quite spoil the place for me. At every exhibition I find bits—the rocks or the Point or Tamman's Island. I feel that it militates against the exclusiveness."

It was now Mrs. Garrison's turn to nod approval. "True," she said; "and yet—Cheyne Rovein ——"

Both good ladies sighed with resignation. Even the exclusiveness of Haven-by-the-Sea was not stiff enough to stand against a man of Cheyne Rovein's acknowledged fame. Accordingly they dismissed the subject, fumbled for wools and needles, and settled themselves even more comfortably to watch the life and motion of the morning bathing hour.

"Oh, there's Henry!" said Miss Jaspar, waving her little strip of lavender knitted work at a tall young man who walked beside a lovely lithe high-colored creature. "And he's with Amy Tillson again. My dear—he's evidently bent on carrying on the family tradition."

Mrs. Garrison bent pleased eyes upon her grandson and his companion. "The Garrisons have always married beauty," she admitted. "Of course it isn't settled, but anyone can see what he feels. It's not just her face—look at her ankles, my dear—and her wrists. And the way her head is put on. Exquisite!"

It was indeed perfectly easy to see all the charms enumerated, and more, for Amy Tillson was ready for the waves. The two radiant young things waved to the old ladies and joined a group of their kind. Most of the bathers were young and blithely gay and the scant simplicity of their bathing clothes turned them from modern men and girls into figures oddly reminiscent of Greek youth. The sea made a background for their free gracefulness.

Rovein looked back at the sound of a sudden burst of laughter and paused, fascinated, to watch two girls and two young men tossing a ball. The girls' bathing caps and their sweaters thrown aside made fascinating spots of color. An excited collie weaved round the quartet and barked and leaped for the ball. Presently the four left their game and raced into the green water. The collie ran after them, barking and happy. Rovein turned and sighed and went on.

"Stupid little snobs," he said half aloud. "How well they look, at a distance! All of 'em born with gold spoons in their mouths, all of 'em with governesses and tutors and ponies, and every care in the world taken so they'll grow up straight and strong—and dull. Prep school and Yale or Harvard or Princeton for the boys; and finishing school for the girls, and then débuts and trips abroad. Cut by the same pattern, talking the same rubbish. Then they marry, practically by chance. None of 'em capable of love or struggle or tragedy. When I look at the children of the well-to-do in this country I often wonder why the proletariat envies 'em. Their very inanity ought to make people shudder away from the thought of changing places with them. Why do I come here!"

He looked out to the sea and waved a threatening arm at its emerald blandness under the August sun.

"You know why I come, you hag, you wonderful hussy," he said fondly. "You're more beautiful here than anywhere in God's world. And I'll get you on canvas this summer as never before—your wickedness and your charm, your kindness that's all treachery, your wild hours when you howl out your misery and rage to heaven, your sullen fits, your lazy sparkling laughter—I'll paint you, you Sea, until—until—I pack Moseler's biggest gallery with my exhibition, and my price goes up to five thousand per. There's ambition for you."

He had reached by now the little point that marked the end of the bathing beach, and he struck into the sedgy rough solitude beyond with impatience to reach his objective—that fine and lonely sweep by the rocks where he had planned his latest picture. He had sent a boy from the hotel to meet him there with his canvas, his folding chair and easel, for Rovein hated to carry his tools. The boy was there waiting, and was at once paid and dismissed. Rovein settled himself to work. He whistled aimlessly scraps of tunes, and once he swore when he discovered that a pet brush had not been properly cleaned. And he thought he had watched the boy—the same boy who carried his traps for him—so carefully! He'd be driven to cleaning his brushes himself if this went on.

He swore again, heartily, when he heard someone coming along the rough path behind him, and irritation surrounded him like a black cloud. The visitor felt it, and spoke deprecatingly.

"I'm so sorry to disturb you—but I'll only stay a moment."

Rovein glanced up ungraciously. "Good morning, Miss Cole." There was an impatient question in his tone.

"I meant to speak to you at breakfast, but I was delayed with mother. And it's only going to make you still more angry when I tell you why I came. Mr. Rovein—you know—the little play some of us are getting up? We want you to arrange some really stunning tableaux to follow it—something new—something different."

She had come round to his side as she spoke, and stood there, a slender, black-haired girl, smart in every detail, but disappointing in effect. Rovein looked at her in plain exasperation.

"I won't do it, of course," he snapped.

She did not answer, and her silence drove him to defense.

"I can't see why I should waste my time posing and fussing with a lot of giggling, senseless little idiots. I suppose you want Joan of Arc, and Martyred Belgium, and Mrs. Siddons, and Elaine; winding up with Columbia, a tall blonde in white, with the flag draped round her, all her hair down and a papier-mâché torch! Oh, no, Miss Cole—I'm an artist, not a stage manager."

There was a peevish rasp in his voice that shattered various inhibitions of Elsie Cole's properly trained and supposedly conventional character.

"You *are* an artist," she said. "Your pictures are great. But you're not. You're very rude and rather silly."

The moment it was out of her mouth she was appalled by the enormity of it. She had never said such an underbred thing in all her life before. She turned red with embarrassment—but she didn't apologize. Indeed, Rovein answered before she had a chance to do anything more than realize her crime against her bringing up.

"Upon my word!" he exclaimed. "So there is a bit of natural scratch and pep in some of you demure, correct little dolls after all. I wouldn't have believed it. And you're quite right, Miss Cole. I am rude. And I am silly. And if you think so you might just as well say so. You needn't blush so painfully about it. Now don't go away all fussed up and huffy with me. Why, if you'll talk to me like that I might—I might"—he looked at her keenly—"I might reconsider my decision to run your tableaux—provided you'll pose as my chief subject."

"Oh, I'm not going to appear," she said hurriedly, and another wave of red covered her face. "I suppose—I suppose I deserve that after what I said."

"Deserve what?" asked Rovein, frankly puzzled.

"I know I'm plain," she said. Her lip quivered, and for a moment Rovein thought she was going to cry.

"Why, look here," he cried, jumping to his feet, "I didn't mean you were plain! I'm rude, if you like, and silly, too, I think you said—but I'm not a liar and a fool. Of course you're dressed all wrong, and you do your hair all wrong, and all that, but if you were right—good Lord, girl, you'd be a beauty!"

"Mr. Rovein—you can't—you don't—honestly—mean that?" She stared at him, tense and wide-eyed.

"Oh, but I do—I've often thought so! You simply don't realize on what you've got. I've watched you. Of course a painter was bound to look at that extraordinary black hair of yours—it's got the most marvelous blue shadows. But what you do with it is criminal—slicked back and tucked under, and those Hopi Indian bulges over the ears, like all the other little flappers! Wel-ll, we're getting into personalities. And that's a long way from tableaux at the select Haven House. And I'm still being very rude."

He looked at her quizzically, but her intense and excited expression had not changed.

"I don't care what you think of me!" she said passionately. "I don't care at all; but—but if there's a word of truth in what you said—about—about my being beautiful—oh, won't you—won't you help me? I'd give my soul—I'd give anything—anything—to be beautiful just for a little while!"

"But why?" he asked. "But why? Why does it matter so much? Oh, what I said is true enough—you could be beautiful."

"If I thought," she interrupted him—"if I thought there was any chance for me to be really beautiful—oh, not just in your eyes—but beautiful for everyone to see ——"

"There!" he pounced. "It is someone else's seeing that matters. I might have known. Who is he?"

"Who's been talking to you?"

He laughed. "D'you think I gossip with the scratchy old tabbies that infest this place? My dear girl, you're really too transparent. You've told me yourself that you want to be beautiful so that everyone will see it and know it. But your eyes didn't say 'everyone.' They said 'someone.'" He paused a moment and went on seriously: "Don't distrust me. Tell me the truth. Does it matter to you vitally; does it concern your greatest happiness—to be beautiful? I live for beauty, Miss Cole. Beauty's my goddess, my mistress. I can understand you."

"I'm going to tell you something," she said, "that I never thought I'd put into words to any living soul. I suppose I ought to have too much pride to say it, but you're the sort of person things can be talked out to, straight, over pride and—and over pain and everything. Well, then, here's the truth: I've loved one man ever since I was a little girl—and he sees only beauty. He likes me, he plays round with me when there's no one else at hand, he's kind to me and jolly and amusing—and blind. Oh, men are blind, Mr. Rovein!"

"Most of us. I admit it. But go on. Can't you make him see you?"

She made a hopeless gesture. "No. And I've hung on, and hung on, and done everything I dared to make him look at me—but he won't. And now—this summer—there's another girl who is beautiful, and he ——"

"But why in the world," cried Rovein, "do you waste yourself on a man like that? He must be infernally stupid."

"I suppose I've told myself that a million times," said Elsie Cole; "but does being stupid make any difference? And if he'd only turn to me, even a little—oh, I could give him so much—I could care so much—so much more than any other woman ever can."

She stopped and looked out at the sea.

"You must think I'm stark staring mad," she said. "I don't care. It was a relief to say it this one time. Now—shall we talk about the tableaux? Have you quite determined to refuse me?"

Rovein hesitated a moment, but his keen, irregular face lost its usual look of toploftical indifference.

"Is this man here—now?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes—but—it doesn't matter?"

"It doesn't matter, you little goose!" said Rovein. "It doesn't matter! Why, look here, I could take you and make you so beautiful that this poor blind simp, whoever he may be, wouldn't dare to look at anyone else. Beauty is a matter of color and of line and of proportion, primarily; and after that it's illusion, *réclame*, so to speak. There's a special psychology for it. With your hair done right and the proper colors put on you, a distinctive style created for you —— Oh, Lord, I'm talking like a man dressmaker, but anyway it's true. Then if I, Cheyne Rovein, present you as a beauty—nobody'd have the sense to resist the idea. Perhaps some of your dear young-lady friends may not see it entirely. Women are cats. Well, what do you say?"

"What do you mean?"

He was folding up his easel and packing his palette.

"Shall I make you a beauty or not?" he asked impatiently. "You want this strangely blind young man—and I'd rather like the lark of helping you get him. It's been dull here this summer. My painting's suffered from it, though I've pretended to myself that it hasn't. I've needed the spice of a scheme like this. I'll walk back to the hotel with you. I want to see your clothes, and to tell you what sort of new ones to get."

"Are you in earnest?" asked Elsie Cole unbelievingly.

"I never joke about beauty," said Rovein, "because it's the one thing in the world I believe in. And if I make you into a beauty I must believe in you. You've been very fine and genuine—even though a bit like a Bernard Shaw heroine. Don't spoil it now by turning missish and sloppy. Of course I mean it! Come along!

"And, oh, yes—about these tableaux," he said as they turned toward the hotel; "I'll run them. That'll be our trump card. I can launch you then."

"You speak with a great deal of assurance," she said slowly. "I'm—not so sure. I've looked at myself in the glass so many times ——"

"And to so very little purpose," he interrupted tartly. "My dear young lady, get some assurance yourself. You'll need it. I can tell you what to do with your hair, how to hold your head. If you'd ever really looked in your glass you'd know that you ought always to have your chin a little raised—just a little. I can tell you what sort of colors to put on, but then, when you get it all, you've got to put dash and spirit into it. You can if you want to. But if you're going to be self-conscious and shy —— Come, are you going to do me credit or not?"

"Is this right?" she asked, raising her chin ever so slightly and looking round at him.

"Fine! Improves the line of your throat and the back-of-the-neck line a hundred per cent. Some day I'm going to write a book about that ravishing line at the back of women's necks. Ravishing—when it's right. Careful, don't duck your chin down again. Now about these tableaux—get all your little friends together after dinner to-night, before the dancing begins, and I'll look them over and decide on what they shall do."

They had reached that part of the beach where the bathers and their gallery were located. Old Mrs. Garrison and Miss Jaspar peered at their passing figures.

"How remarkable—Mr. Rovein actually walking with a woman! Who is it?" asked Mrs. Garrison, fumbling to get her lorgnette up, and catching its delicate platinum chain in her knitting.

"It's Elsie Cole," said Miss Jaspar. "Strange I didn't recognize her. How pretty she's looking this morning!"

"Elsie's a dear child, but she isn't pretty," said Mrs. Garrison augustly.

If they could have heard what Rovein was saying their old ears would have flapped with excitement and their old mouths would have made round O's of astonishment. For these were his words:

"All these clear white clothes of yours only make your skin look dark and muddy. What you want is a creamy white, almost the color of your skin; and get stuff with some texture, roughish weaves that'll have a play of light to make them interesting. And you've been wearing yellow because you think brunettes only can wear yellow. All wrong—yellow's the color for a pinky blonde, with cornsilk hair or this shining yellow-brown. You get this yellow sweater of yours dyed; or throw it away. What you want is flame or else a cold blue."

"But I can't wear blue!" exclaimed Elsie involuntarily.

"There you go—you can't wear blue! As a matter of fact, blue is the color you ought to wear. A hyacinth blue. I wish you wouldn't contradict me. You want me to make you into a beauty, and then you dispute my simplest statement. You've not been successful at it yourself, I'm sure."

The words were peevish to rudeness, but Elsie Cole turned her head and looked at him and made a discovery.

"Why," she thought, "he's just like a little boy pretending to be bad. He really wants to help me. He's nice!"

(Continued on Page 102)

"You'll Have No Difficulty Maintaining Your Reputation as a Beauty After This. I Wish I Could Have Seen the Face of Your Favored Swain While He Was Looking at You"

GLAD HANDS

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

"Boys," Said Charley, and His Voice Broke as He Said It, "it's a Knockout, a Killing!"

IT WAS a few minutes to three, long past the time he had promised to return, when Charley Rudd got back to the brokerage office. The man he had gone uptown to see had kept him longer than he realized, and the instant he opened the door at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s he saw at a glance what was going on. Speedup Common, the stock he had been finding out about, had already begun to shoot off fireworks.

The customers' room was astir. A crowd had gathered in front of the quotation board and Buck Rooker, the firm's head partner, had come out of his office at the back. One of Buck's axioms was: "Give 'em an earful if you want commissions!" And Buck certainly was doing it. A string of phrases—terms such as "technical position," "undigested increment," "favorable reserves," so forth and so on—were flowing glibly from Buck's lips, and Charley Rudd grinned broadly. Rooker's talk was pure bunk, the guff and guesswork of a broker honing for a little easy business; and edging through the crowd, Rudd made his way toward the New Street entrance. Four men stood there. They were four of Rooker, Burke & Co.'s oldest and shrewdest traders—"the gang," the other customers called them—and Charley Rudd chuckled audibly.

It was the gang that was waiting for him, and he not only had the dope on Speedup—it was, as he knew, one of the juiciest killings Wall Street had pulled off for months.

Every brokerage office boasts a little group like the gang. It consists usually of a few of the regulars—old seasoned hands, wise to the ins and outs of the dabbler's game. Not only wise, though, they have about them also that breezy, genial heartiness so much sought after in customers' rooms. It was this, it seems, that had caught Charley Rudd's admiration. He was too new to the game, of course—too boyish and green—to be one of them. But in every way he could Charley patterned his ways from theirs. They were sure good fellows, take it from Charley. That was why he was so tickled now to be able to give them the dope on Speedup.

The tip had taken him a deal of trouble to get. It was as Buford, the Speedup Company's Wall Street man, had said: "You're a good fellow, Charley, or I wouldn't let you in on this." Even then Buford hadn't seemed any too eager to come across. The tip, however, was one in a lifetime. Outsiders rarely get such information, yet Charley had it. The afternoon's fireworks, for example, were a mere bait to make the public bite. Once they were in, the stock would be jabbed upward a few points to string the dabblers along, then the props would be kicked out from under it.

The game was the same old story. When the stock had hit rock-bottom the insiders would load up, after which the plan was to run Speedup sky-high. Then at the top those in the know would unload, leaving the public to hold the bag—one way of saying that the public would have the stock while the insiders had the money.

Buford's hang-out was in one of the big hotels uptown, and all the way back to the brokerage office Charley had been bubbling over. He could picture the gang's amazement, their excitement, too, when he sprang his news on them. The fact that he was next to flat broke hadn't altered his enjoyment either. Two or three little deals, flyers he had gone into purely through his usual good nature, had, it seems, turned out badly, but to the void in his exchequer Charley hardly gave a thought. The gang was a bunch of good fellows all right and they would take care of him.

The plan he had was that the four should pool their resources, buck the tip on Speedup for all it was worth, and for his share give him a percentage of the profits. A fifth would be about right, he allowed. Each of the four—Clogg, Theobald, Farr and Ehrlich—would share the same; and on the way downtown he had figured busily on the back of an envelope what the probable profits would be. Why, the deal would make them all rich—rich! It would anyway if they played it both ways through the middle. And as Charley Rudd, his glee still bubbling, edged his way through the crowd in the customers' room his frank, boyish face was as beaming as if the world was his oyster and he had it on the half shell open in his hand. He could not only make a bunch of good fellows rich—he could if he wished pass the tip along to all the others at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s. They could get in on the killing.

That was like Charley Rudd. Charley, as Buford said, was himself a "good fellow." He was so much one in fact that in saying so one might omit the quotation marks. In Wall Street, anyway—Wall Street as perhaps elsewhere—the term seems subject to a double meaning. There are, it appears, good fellows and "good fellows."

In point of this, while Charley Rudd was crossing the room, one of these had just opened the New Street door.

"Five hundred Speedup at ¾! Zip! See her go!"

It was the quotation clerk reading off the prices from the tape who gave the exclamation, and in echo the crowd in front of the board stirred afresh. Speedup having sagged back to 84½ under the selling at the close had now in the final half minute bumped up to 85¾.

Charley glanced at the board, glanced back toward the door again, then with a sudden look of wonder in his face he stopped abruptly.

He had just seen the man who entered. The man's clothes were threadbare; he was seedy and unkempt. He had the appearance in that roomful of comfortable, well-dressed men of a street bird scuffling on his uppers. Charley gaped, and it was enough to have made anyone gape had he known the circumstances. The look of the man, his appearance, was only a part of it, however. Closing the door behind him, the newcomer made his way toward Clogg, Theobald, Farr and Ehrlich—the gang waiting there for Charley Rudd.

The effect the man's appearance had on them seemed the same as it was on Charley Rudd. They, too, started—all four of them. Then the man spoke—first to one, then to each of the others.

The colloquy was brief. After a moment all the four abruptly and brusquely turned their backs on the newcomer and moved away. His look queer, the man gazed at them an instant, and he had turned toward the door again, his lip curling, when Charley Rudd impulsively darted forward.

"Caswell!" cried Charley.

II

POPULARITY, like that reputation got at the cannon's mouth, is as much a bubble, maybe. You'd have thought so anyway from a look at Caswell. The dingy, battered stray Charley Rudd had by the hand had once been hailed as the best fellow in the bunch at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s.

Things march swiftly in brokerage shops. A kaleidoscope, in fact, has nothing on the changes that happen there; and once gone soon forgotten is the rule. It was a switch in Copper that cleaned out Caswell. Until that had happened, though, Caswell had swum high.

Well dressed, witty and a mixer, he spent his money freely. However, once the market got him, Caswell had been wiped off the map as cleanly as the clerk chalking up quotations wipes clean the board when the day's business is done. No wonder Charley Rudd gaped openly to see him. It was a good deal like a corpse walking in after the family had laid off mourning. Just the same, though, Caswell had once cut a pretty lively figure in Charley's quick imagination. It was his opinion that Caswell was as good company as any man would want. And as Charley had come to Rooker, Burke & Co.'s for that as much as for anything, there was perhaps good reason for the shine he'd taken to him.

The white-goods house where Charley once had been employed was in Worth Street west of Broadway. You probably know the sort of place. It had a floor about as big as an armory, and up and down the floor were rows and rows of tables—hundreds of them, you might say—and piled on every table were bolts of plain and printed weaves. One thing Charley remembered about them was their smell. It was musty. Another thing he remembered about the mustiness was his fellow clerks. They all had it. That was nothing though. It was in the air, in the business, in the trade they all waited on. Charley's job was that of salesman.

There were about fifty of them. Every morning at nine they all punched the time clock; then from nine on till half past five, when they punched the time clock again, every mother's son of the fifty did a continuous Gotch-Hackenschmidt with the bolts of plain and printed. The decision went always to the bolts. There never was any particular bolt a customer might call for that wasn't at the bottom of the pile. And every little so often, after he'd spent seven or eight hours getting half nelsons and scissors and strangle holds on the lot, one of the partners would wander along and hand him a little talk on application, integrity and devotion, the way to rise in life. After it Charley would say "Yes, sir," rearrange his collar and go back to the front door, where he would wait till the next customer came in and the next bout with the nainsooks was put on. Bored? Good night, nurse!

Well, Wall Street got Charley as it gets so many—the bored. You find few ailing of that malady round the brokerage shops—not after Worth Street anyway—not after any place where you have to punch a time clock. It's easy business to be one's boss. It's pretty soft to loll round in a chair, swapping stories all day, smoking good cigars. After market hours, too, any time almost, Charley could find something doing. There was Frank's place for one. It was down the street from Rooker, Burke & Co.'s, and with his foot on the rail, his hat pushed back and a bunch of good fellows to jolly, it was pretty easy to slip an hour or so along on its easy phantom way. In six months his friends—call 'em that—he numbered by the dozens. Charley's charm, it seems, was that he was always Charley. To be a good fellow was his aim, but it was not—as an aim—organized, calculated. There was no premeditation in his good nature. It was just instinctive. In Wall Street though ——

Never mind that. It's about Charley and Caswell we're talking. The two by nature were as like as a pair of peas in a pod.

The day Copper broke, the clock had just struck three and, slipping on his overcoat, Charley was just strolling out, heading for Frank's place down the street, when a hand gripped him by the arm.

"Say, Charley," said Caswell, and he seemed to have a thick difficulty with his speech, "you haven't a hundred, have you, you're not using?"

"Sure," said Charley. He knew Caswell had been hit—hit hard. But to do a good turn—a turn for a good fellow especially—well, what else would Charley have said? As he knew, too, Caswell often had helped out others, and as he handed over the hundred Charley added: "The gang's over at Frank's place, Cas—better come along."

Caswell's face was colorless. His eyes were dull and murky.

"Come along, Cas," urged Charley, and he linked his arm through Caswell's. "It'll do you good, old man, to sit round a while with a few good fellows."

Caswell, his face suddenly aflame, snatched his arm away.

"I'm through with such good fellows!" he snarled and, striding across the customers' room, he flung open the door and stalked into the street. That was the last Charley saw of him. The day after, the mail had brought him a check for his hundred dollars and with the check a word of thanks. But what had become of the sender Charley had never learned.

Now Caswell had come back again.

"Why, Cas!" cried Charley, "where have you been? What's been happening to you?"

Caswell smiled dryly.

"Take a look at me," he answered—"that ought to tell you."

That ended it for a moment. The four by the door—Clogg, Farr, Theobald and Ehrlich had spied Charley and as one man they darted at him. Clogg was the first to reach him. He was a short, thickset man with a square jaw; gripped between his teeth was a cigar he chewed on energetically.

"Say, did you get it?" Clogg demanded hurriedly.

"Why, yes, yes, I got it," answered Charley, and instantly he became the target for a bombardment of exclamations.

"Good old boy!"

"Good old Charley!"

"You're the stuff!"

"Put it there, old top!"

Of the four Clogg alone showed any restraint.

"Shut up there!" he said sharply under his breath to the three, and with a jerk of his head toward the other customers he added: "What d'you want to do, anyway—put all those pikers wise to what Charley has?"

Caswell, his look still queer, was staring at them. His air was as if he had a joke with himself and was cynically amused by it. But none of the four seemed concerned with him.

Their interest in Charley was evident.

"Now what's th' dope?" asked Clogg.

Caswell, smiling obscurely, had turned toward the door, and Charley spoke hurriedly.

"You and the boys, Clogg, wait for me over in Frank's place," he directed. Then boyishly he laid a hand on Clogg's arm. "You don't mind, do you? I just want to see Cas a few minutes."

If the gang had any objection they didn't utter it. True, all four looked a little questioning, but as Charley smiled, saying "That's a good fellow, Clogg," Clogg nodded.

"Sure, if you say so," he said, and Charley turned back to Caswell.

"Come along, Cas," he said.

Out in the street he linked Caswell's arm in his. It was something to make the street crowd look—the smiling, well-dressed chap and on his arm that battered, seedy man, but Charley didn't seem to heed. He gave Caswell's arm a friendly little squeeze.

"Say," said Charley, "do you know what I'm going to do with you?"

Caswell looked at him in mild astonishment. Charley was chuckling gayly, his face like a boy's

"Well," said Charley, "first I'm going to put a good hot meal in you, then we'll go some place where I can get you clothes and a pair of shoes. How does that hit you now?"

Caswell didn't say. The look on his face grew queerer. Charley did not see it though. Neither did he see as they turned the corner into Broad Street the guarded, covert glance Caswell gave across the way, then the little nod of the head he made.

At the signal a big high-powered, high-priced car slowly detached itself from the rank of motors in the middle of the street and as the two trudged along the car kept pace with them.

"Come on, Cas," said Charley.

"I'm coming," Caswell answered gravely.

At Frank's place down the street Clogg, Theobald, Farr and Ehrlich drew up their chairs at their accustomed table in the corner. After they had given their orders the waiter at Clogg's suggestion was told to bring a nice small bottle, the best in the house. This was for Charley Rudd. When the waiter had gone Clogg leaned back in his chair and bit the end from a fresh cigar.

"I'm Through With Such Good Fellows!" Caswell Snarled, Flung Open the Door and Stalked Into the Street

"Say," said he, "I wonder what Charley wanted off that fellow, Caswell?" As none of the others had any idea he spoke again.

"Kind o' queer, ain't it?" remarked Clogg, and he added sagely: "A bum like him would not have anything you'd want."

Charley, however, had perhaps not thought of that.

III

THE restaurant was in Broad Street. Its chief trade was at the luncheon hour, and as the time was now long past that Charley and Caswell virtually had the place to themselves. To Charley's wonder, though, once they had seated themselves and the waiter had brought the bill of fare, Caswell waved him away.

"I just want to talk," he said.

Charley stared.

"But you've got to eat," he protested, and reluctantly Caswell ordered a sandwich and a cup of coffee.

Charley took a cigar. He had not forgotten his appointment with Clogg, Theobald, Farr and Ehrlich, and while he lighted the cigar he mentioned the engagement briefly. If Caswell wouldn't mind waiting a few minutes, fifteen at the most, he could settle his business at once. Then he could give the rest of the afternoon to Caswell.

His guest nodded idly. The waiter had by now brought him his coffee and, leaning back, he stirred it leisurely, nowise in any hurry to drink it. On his face, too, while Charley spoke was that same vague, ironic smile.

"Your tip is on Speedup, isn't it?" he remarked.

Charley looked astonished. He had mentioned nothing to Caswell about it.

"Who told you?" he exclaimed.

Caswell smiled obscurely.

"I just thought so," he answered ambiguously.

As idly as before he went on stirring his coffee and Charley rose. He mustn't keep the others waiting, but as he stood by the table lingering a moment he could not help thinking what a shame it was he couldn't get Caswell, too, in on the deal with him. He had told Caswell nothing of the state of his own finances, nor had he any intention of doing so. As he turned away, however, Caswell spoke again.

"Too bad you're broke yourself, Charley," Caswell said iconically.

Charley abruptly started. It was exactly as if Caswell had read his thoughts—divined by some recondite process what went on in Charley's mind. But smiling obscurely, Caswell went on stirring his untasted coffee, and while Charley was still gaping at him he spoke again. The remark was as startling as the other.

"That's why you're going to ask that crowd to stake you, isn't it?" he drawled.

"What?" Charley cried in astonishment.

It was uncanny to say the least. Caswell, however, seemed to assume nothing out of the way in his trick of striking in the dark and scoring bull's-eyes. With another smile, his air casual, he drawled again: "Do you think they will, Charley?"

That was too much though. Charley was not the one to listen idly to any such innuendo as that. Why wouldn't they stake him? A crowd of good fellows such as they would help out any chap, a friend of theirs, when the friend was up against it.

Caswell smiled again.

"That's what you think," he murmured.

"Think, nothing!" answered Charley; "I know it!"

Caswell's smile for the moment grew sardonic.

"All right, old man, have it your way," he replied, and went on methodically stirring his coffee.

Charley tarried no longer. As he crossed Broad Street, hurrying toward Frank's place round the corner, he was still astonished, wondering. He was also, it might be said, a little troubled by Caswell's innuendoes. Caswell's manner, too, was as strange as the remarks he had made, and for the first time Charley began to ponder what had brought the one-time trader back to Rooker, Burke & Co.'s. He pondered, too, what had happened in that brief colloquy Caswell had had with the gang. What had he said to them? Why, too, had they turned their backs on him so brusquely?

In spite of his friendship for Caswell, the man had always been more or less a puzzle to Charley. In addition it might be said that he had been a puzzle to others at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s. It was the impression there that he was some sort of professional man—a mining expert, say, or

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CON

By W. C. Crosby and Edward H. Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

After New York Had Been Exploited to a Frazzle the Owners of the Machine Went on the Road

MANKIND likes to take a chance. It is the romantic impulse, the rebellion against workaday order and conservatism. To the poor driven mass of humanity the occasional risking of something on some issue, no matter how quixotic, is the color and thrill to light the drabness and dullness of life. And the outcome of the gamble matters little in terms of satisfaction. It is pleasant to win, but better to lose than never to know the explosive sensation of having something at stake.

The other day I was being bled for a pair of shoes when there entered a hasty and furtive person with a handful of slips. The salesman went quickly aside, dug into his pocket for money, exchanged it for a written ticket and resumed the shoe selling.

"Ponies?" I ventured.

"Lottery," said he.

"Ever win?"

"Not yet."

"How long have you been playing?"

"Not long. Five or six years."

I felt like arguing. Besides I wanted to know what was in this man's head. He was a member of the great sucker family, an illustrious line that interests me strangely. Was he so foolish as to believe anyone could ever beat such lotteries as exist to-day? Didn't he know an absolute fraud? He had been giving two or three dollars a month to these rogues for six years—some two hundred dollars.

"Well, I didn't lose much," he said sheepishly. "And I thought I had a big chance."

How the Law Lags Behind

HERE is epitomized the mind of a large part of the American public. People who work hard for small pay, see no light ahead and do not understand how to save are natural chance takers. A few dollars out of a month's earnings do not matter. They may be risked on the most outrageous gambles, the most impossible speculations. Bets—for they are no more—are put down on oil wells in Timbuktu, pirates' treasure in the Caribbean, the hoard of the temple of Quetzalcohuatl, the gold dust from the loins of El Dorado, under the waters of Guatavita, the mines of the moon and the pot at the end of the rainbow. The public lends its money in small individual amounts, but enormous totals, to all such fancies and does not often complain if there is no yield.

Yet men wonder how con games are possible and profitable. That large and vague body of humanity—the general public—insists on paying for forfeit dreams. I don't know what is to be done about it. I can only offer some education to the public, hoping that at least a part will profit. We will therefore next consider the mulcting of the general public by the con game.

From the beginning of my articles I have applied the term con man and con game to a class of sharpers and tricks not generally included under this designation. To me whoever trades fraudulently on the confidence of another or others is a confidence man, whether he erects and wrecks a $30,000,000 or $100,000,000 corporation, or whether he takes $100 from some ebullient countryman. I would include under this generic term many whom the law does not now reach and I leave it to the judgment of ten years hence whether I am right. It is true that at present the great rogue escapes prison or pays for colossal iniquities with a small fine or a short term in jail, while the rougher and readier villain spends ten years in prison for a relative trifle. But times and judgments change—and so do laws.

The law is usually ten or twenty years behind the criminal. In New York State, for instance, it was impossible to send even the most flagrant con men to prison until, in 1907, the legislature finally changed a condition which had for many years made New York an Alsatia for certain swindlers. In the celebrated decision in the matter of the People versus McCord the Court of Appeals had held that a complainant must come into court with clean hands. It was clear that the rustic who had bought green goods supposing it to be counterfeit money, or the merchant who had been lured into betting on a fixed race, came into the presence of the law with hands badly soiled. And the brave con lads of the time did as they liked. But laws were finally enacted to relieve this situation and laws will eventually make it at least as criminal to swindle a million as to steal a suit of clothes.

If I am correct as to those who constitute con men there are two groups in the profession—the big operators who descend on the public from the limbo of business and finance and the weaker brethren who come up from the nether world. Of the former and the forces that take them from legitimate to criminal practices I have already said enough. The colorful minor workers in confidence deserve attention.

Most of these fellows are graduated from three academies—the gambling house, the race track and the traveling show. Perhaps the turf has sent more students into con than any other school. It is not difficult to see how gambling, and especially crooked gambling, is an efficient preparation for the general swindler. Neither is the relationship obscure between the con man and the glib varlet who lures the public into fake side shows and boob-catching amusements. In the case of the race tracks the steps of transition are most clearly marked. The race track leads to the pool room; the pool room is cousin-german to the wire tapper's lair; the old wire-tapping game is certainly the basis for one of the hardiest and crudest forms of con.

It is, therefore, not difficult to understand the origin of the swindling classes or to see by what means the ranks of defrauders are constantly filled up. Death and prison may take many an earnest worker from the flowery fields of con, but the sources of fresh recruits are fecund and the flow copious.

But many con men argue many victims. How is this supply of dupes kept up? So far as the fleecing of the general public is in question, there is one answer—the sucker list. Here is a pivotal institution of the confidence swindle. Its origin and history will be of sprightly interest.

Those whose memories go back as far as 1910 will remember the loud and painful explosions of wireless companies. I do not need to recall the huge and agonizing losses suffered in these chimerical enterprises. I refer to them only to recall that at the time poor Cam Spear, who never originated anything in all his life, was generally accused of being the innovator of the infamous sucker lists. Many good people swallowed the charge whole, and I have heard it repeated hundreds of times while Spear was alive to deny it, and after his death.

As a matter of truth, sucker lists probably originated before Spear was born. They were not part of the gold brick and banco games, those very earliest American con institutions, but they played an important part in green goods. Wherever the mails were employed to canvass and attract the victim, sucker lists came into being. Thus these astounding rosters of gullibles were in use soon after the Civil War, and perhaps before, in connection with green goods, the next-of-kin or missing-heirs delusion, various matrimonial-agency games almost as old as the nation, the celebrated Spanish-prisoner fraud and many others.

The Prey of the Schemers

IN THE '80's and '90's of the last century the bucket shops of certain large cities began to augment their business by means of the mail canvass, and here the sucker list entered the speculative field. In 1895 sucker lists were being used in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and many other large cities in connection with such frauds as came to a climax in the case of the notorious Five-Hundred-and-Twenty-Per-Cent Miller and his Franklin Syndicate.

Miller, a poor clerk who liked to play in the bucket shops, conceived the idea of advertising in the newspapers profits of ten per cent a week and thus attracting foolish money. He set himself up in a house in Brooklyn and cash poured in. He paid the dividends out of the principal and so lured his dupes into making constantly greater investments until his Franklin Syndicate had grown into an enormous affair. With the aid and legal advising of the notorious Bob Ammon he finally raised the thing to its fullest inflation and then decamped as the newspapers opened their batteries upon him. Miller was sentenced to ten and Ammon to five years in prison. Their sucker lists had been compiled from the answers to their advertisements, and this is still a method commonly used.

Only recently in New York a broker who decamped leaving a $1,500,000 failure behind him, recruited a list of about 16,000 customers in about fifteen months by this system. Every one of his correspondents lost whatever had been intrusted to his hands. The man had been a Western school-teacher. He had taught psychology in the high schools. One day he determined to try his knowledge of the human mind on the investing or speculating public. He set out for New York, became a sheet writer in a broker's office, graduated to writing stock literature and then launched out as a curb broker with just enough capital to pay expenses for a few months. The public paid the rest—one and a half million.

But advertising is only the most obvious means to the procurement of the names and addresses of persons likely

to be interested in speculation. Certainly this method will not serve in barefaced con games. But there are hundreds of other avenues to the same point. In any city where there is a bourse there are also dealers in stockholders' lists. These lists can be and are constantly being bought for straight and crooked uses. Again, lists are traded by brokers. They are sold by firms retiring from business. Lists of bond and stock buyers are surreptitiously copied by clerks working in reputable banking and brokerage houses and hawked about to all who will buy. Again, in New York State, where most speculative games center, it is the law that any person may have access to the names of his fellow stockholders. Thus is it only necessary to buy a share of stock in a concern to have a right to lists of investors.

Commercial-rating houses take all possible precautions to protect their lists from sharpers, yet these too fall into evil hands. Where fires occur these books are salvaged, damaged or undamaged, and sold to dealers, of whom they can subsequently be bought by swindlers. Again, occasionally a man employed in county clerks' and registrars' offices knows that lists of taxpayers are salable. Other men compile rolls of paid life insurance, with the names and addresses of the beneficiaries. The filing of wills with the names of the heirs, the copying of bank depositors' lists, tabulation of school-teachers, rosters of professional men, also furnish further desirable names.

In the prosperous days of high war wages many dealers in prospect lists went to the big manufacturing towns, the shipyards, and similar places, where numbers of men were employed at high pay, and there they paid foremen, timekeepers and others for tabulations of the employees, often with their earnings set down opposite their names.

Such lists are sold to merchants as well as to con men, I may pause to remark. Finally, many names are picked up by watching transactions before the blackboards of brokers dealing in speculative issues, and many other valuable prospects are procured by advertising free financial papers, which contain news of the stock market and investing advice. Whoever sends in a request for the delivery of such a paper is a confessed speculator and a prospective customer or dupe, as the case may be.

By Telephone

THUS it will pay the average citizen to watch his step and to resist the impulse to feel flattered when some house with a high-sounding name, ensconced in Wall Street or La Salle Street or Broad Street, addresses him about an investment or speculation. He may be no more than one of ten thousand prospective dupes picked from a telephone book or city directory. Postage is cheap.

Perhaps the very latest development in the field of the sucker list and the approach was that practiced in New York, and perhaps in other large cities, during the recent great stock inflations. Here the mails were discarded and the telephone substituted.

I have spoken before of the enormous growth in the number of oil companies and the small percentage that are legitimate. Perhaps this insight into the methods of canvass will help to convince the reluctant: There are 1500 or more brokerage houses listed in the New York telephone book and I am told by those who are informed that the total of individual brokers is about 3600. It is said there are 1200 telephone canvassers concealed in this number. I cannot guarantee these figures. I can speak from personal knowledge, however, of the manner in which many oil-stock brokers used the telephone in recent months. These houses had rooms fitted up with dozens of instruments in booths. Here clerks or salesmen sat from nine in the morning until four or five in the afternoon going down the lists of telephone subscribers in alphabetical order, calling one after the other and giving an oil-stock canvass to every man or woman who would listen. The cost of the operation was only five cents, plus the wages of the clerk. With a telephone book containing 450,000 names to work on, the oil business went great guns.

But if it is now clear how the swindler and his victim are brought together, it remains for me to show how fraudulent stock and other supposed values are sold to the approached common people.

In this day and age a certain amount of enlightenment or gun-shyness is to be assumed. Few now buy stock if approached cold with any sort of proposition. The subject must be roused in advance, his interest stirred and his greed put to work. The mails are used for this purpose, but much depends on the manner of their employment. Ways round the obstacle of public distrust must be found and the con man's resourcefulness is taxed to devise constantly fresh allurements and disarmers. I cannot attempt to list all these pieces of finesse, but I shall try to give a few characteristic examples so that all may be forewarned.

"The Minute We Disclose That We've Found as Rich a Ledge of Gold as This is There'll be Ten Thousand People Up Here, and We'll be Done"

A few years ago an inventor arrived in New York with a machine designed to turn out a commercial specialty automatically and at high speed. He was referred to me by an acquaintance and I was hired to concoct a suitable attracter of money.

On my recommendation the automatic machine was set up in a ground floor shop in a highly populous block on Broadway. As soon as the thing was installed and in working order I hired three very handsome blond show girls out of Broadway companies, paid them more than they could earn on the stage, dressed them attractively in black silk, with fetching bonnets and white aprons, and put them to operating the machine. They were there for two purposes—to show that women or children could operate the machine and to attract crowds, both of which functions they admirably discharged.

Moving Slow Copper Shares

MEN came in droves to see the pretty girls and remained in many cases to buy stock of the loquacious and plausible salesmen, who were ever at hand. This simple scheme, which has often been employed since, proved highly effective. After New York had been exploited to a frazzle the owners of the machine went on the road and set up their demonstrating plant and their blond show girls in cities half across the country. I need not add that the invested money was lost. My only connection with this thing was the suggesting of the selling idea, for which I received a fee.

A good deal more complicated was the mechanism employed by myself and another in connection with a copper company. This was a wholly fraudulent concern which owned a hole in the ground somewhere out in the West. I was casting about for something to employ my peculiar talents when a broker called my attention to his company and the slow progress he had made with the stock. He was employing a good old-fashioned mail canvass and follow-up system. He had sold small blocks of his highly speculative shares to about two hundred simpletons. These people would buy no more and new customers were few and far between.

"What am I going to do?" the broker asked me with a helpless gesture.

"For half the profits," said I, "the secret will be yours."

A few days later there was a meeting of the directors of the copper company at which a resolution was passed withdrawing all stock from the market. At the same meeting the broker was instructed to notify all stockholders of this action of the board, which he promptly did by means of printed post cards. I don't suppose the stockholders were visibly agitated by this piece of news, significant as it afterward proved to be. Nevertheless, they were notified.

Within a week each stockholder received a letter from a brokerage house.

"We are informed," read the letter, "that you are a stockholder in The —— Copper Company—do you mind telling us how many shares of this stock you hold and whether you might be willing to sell?"

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ANN'S HAT

By ANTHONY WHARTON

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

"This is All Fine and Splendid and Rich," He Said Thoughtfully; "and Very Becoming, Ann"

WHEN Margetson had finished the excellent high tea which his landlady had provided he lit a pipe and, going into his bedroom, propped against the back of a chair the landscape upon which he had been working that day and stared at it dejectedly by the light of the two candles on the dressing table. He was—and knew that he was—on the threshold of one of the periodical fits of depression which afflict every painter and whose bitterness doubtless has been ordained by a just Providence to counterbalance the exuberant ecstasy of the artist's moments of self-complacency.

For years these moods of darkness had recurred at regular intervals and had invariably passed away. Yet on each successive occasion he had felt sure, as he felt sure to-night, that the mood would not pass. He knew that he could paint, that he had probably painted as well that afternoon as usual, that his subject was carefully selected, well-balanced and entirely charming, and, finally, that to attempt to judge a picture painted in golden sunshine by the flapping miserable light of two bedroom candles was an altogether foolish and futile undertaking. None the less he continued to stare, with pursed lips and narrowed eyes and a brow corrugated by unpicturesque furrows. And the longer he stared the more weakly ineffectual and childish his attempt to translate an old sun-bathed Dorset farmhouse into paint appeared to him. He was to sell this very picture a few months later for three hundred pounds, so that plainly his judgment of it on that particular evening is not to be taken seriously. But unaware of this cheerful destiny he presently blew out the candles and with bent head and slow purposeless feet sallied out into the luminous darkness of the June night.

Why should he paint? he asked himself as he sauntered down the little steep cobbled street, on the gables and dormers and diamond-paned windows and overhanging stories of whose crooked old timber houses his eyes rested lovingly as he passed. He had plenty of money—enough at all events to enable him to live in tolerably comfortable Idleness. Why then voluntarily condemn himself to this servitude to the most exacting and ungrateful of mistresses? True, he loved better than anything else in the world the play of light, the magic of color, the shapes of trees, the myriad aspects of clouds and water, the mystery of vast pearly distances. But why not love them in peaceful content? Why spoil yards and yards of good expensive canvas with a childish daubing that could never bring to its performer anything but disappointment and the acutest of miseries—a misery more poignant and more ludicrous than that of the palest and saddest of unlucky lovers?

Meditating and questioning thus gloomily he found himself presently at the top of West Street, where the town slopes downhill to the Frome. He knew, he believed, every stone of Dorchester, which for many summers he had made his headquarters on his annual painting excursions. But turning to his left when he had descended the slope some short way he found himself in a little narrow unfamiliar byway, flanked on one side by a high ivied wall over which the branches of the trees beyond projected, and on the other by a single small house, plainly of great antiquity, with an overhanging gallery whose lower beams a man standing in the roadway could touch.

The ground floor of the house was some three or four feet below the level of the roadway, from which a flight of worn stone steps descended to a creeper-covered porch, adorned with elaborate scrolls. The windows of the lower room at the right-hand side of the porch were both open, and through them the interior of the room, softly lighted by a yellow-shaded lamp, was plainly revealed. A girl stood facing the lamp so that her profile in strong illumination was presented to Margetson's eyes. And at sight of her he stopped abruptly.

Margetson, as has been said, had plenty of money and the artistic temperament, and he had had them both long enough to blend them in a becoming scheme of mental color. With such an equipment and unlimited leisure in which to avail himself of it he had naturally had his adventures and experiences, his illusions and disillusionments, his follies and his graces, his joys and his regrets. And from the tepid conclusions of sundry ardors which had from time to time distracted him temporarily from his work he had invariably returned to it with an immense relief and a steadily growing conviction that if one loved a woman the only way to derive happiness from the experience was to marry her. And since he was very sure that marriage for any artist was a serious risk, and for him personally—since none of his love affairs had endured beyond a few weeks—suicidal, he had, as the years went by, grown increasingly chary of involving himself in further sentimental entanglements.

He was a comely young man to look upon, sunburnt and wiry, pleasant of voice and smile, with a faintly sardonic gravity underlying his frankest gayety, which women found attractive. So that at times he had found himself pursued where his own interest had been in no degree roused, and this had tinged his natural straightforwardness with a faintly conceited cynicism. Cynicism of any kind he particularly despised in others. In himself he called it common sense and failed to see that it jarred utterly with the kindly honesty of his blue eyes and the simplicity of his outlook upon the rest of life.

Afterward he found it difficult to explain to himself precisely why that first unexpected glimpse of Ann Wingate's face had affected his imagination so strongly. She stood by a small table, unfastening the cord of a bulky parcel presently revealed as a square cardboard box, from which she took a hat. Her slim tall figure was clothed in a gown of soft gray material with white ruffles at throat and wrist, and defined itself elusively against the darkened oak with which the low-ceilinged room was wainscoted. Her hair, he judged, was a golden brown, though he was to discover afterward that by daylight it was more brown than golden. Of her eyes he could then see only the faint dark sweep of the lashes against her cheek.

But these separately noted details blended themselves to his specialized observation as a total effect of feminine grace and mystery seen under striking and very beautiful conditions of light. A girl of five and twenty or perhaps a little more, he estimated. Certainly not less. Her face suggested the fully developed intelligence and humor which in his opinion no woman attained to before the dawn of her middle twenties or retained after their waning.

Her absorption in the contents of the cardboard box held her gaze downward toward the table, so that though he stood at a bare ten yards' distance from her it was plain that she was absolutely unaware of his neighborhood. When she had taken the hat from its sheath of tissue paper she poised it on one hand held a little away from her, and with the little finger of the other, pointed delicately, caressed her lower lip while she considered what was obviously a new purchase with thoughtful attention. A smile, so slight and so fleeting that it seemed the echo of a thought abandoned at its birth, twitched at the corners of her lips.

Then abruptly she appeared to remember that the blinds were undrawn. She turned her face toward the windows and doubtless caught sight of the glowing end of Margetson's cigarette. Advancing a little so that the light of the lamp no longer interfered with her vision, she stood in motionless silhouette, facing him, yet without making any effort to identify this dimly seen spectator or to interpose between herself and him the protection of the blinds.

Something in her pose, in her very immobility, suggested to Margetson invitation. He divined that against the dark background of the ivied wall behind him he was to her eyes hardly more than a vague blur, formless and but for the end of his cigarette sexless. And yet instinctively he felt that she awaited adventure. Temporarily his soul was weary of the chill emptiness of art. Here was warm, living reality calling to him in the sweet mildness of the June night. Here was the beauty of life, all its light and color and delight of form, all its romance, all its comedy—framed in the dark outlines of a window.

Without moving he said quietly: "Why not put it on?"

A little soft mischievous laugh reached his ears. There was a moment of hesitation, then the girl came forward to the window, and resting her elbows on the sill leaned out over it.

"Come here so that I can see you," she said with calm distinctness.

Smiling he descended the stone steps and advanced until but a few inches separated their eyes. At this close range he at least experienced no disappointment. Her face was one of great charm and interest—perhaps even unusual charm and interest. Mechanically his mind estimated her socially as of the new feminine caste that works more or less responsibly in offices—possibly a typist; possibly a lady secretary; possibly, even, something more important. What impression he created upon her he was quickly to learn.

"You look rather nice," she said demurely after she had peered at him for a little. "But, of course, I ought not to allow that to influence me."

"It is after all the usual excuse for acquiring new acquaintances and new hats."

"Both," she said smiling, "are sometimes imprudences."

"One isn't in this case, I assure you. As for the other, I couldn't see it satisfactorily from where I stood. And in any case, why not put it on?"

"Because I ——" She hesitated, laughed her little soft provocative laugh. "Do you really want to know?" she asked.

"Of course."

"Well—because I can't afford imprudences, and I cannot always resist temptations. Just that."

"You mean—it does not suit you?" He examined the hat, which still rested on the fingers of her left hand. "I can make nothing of it by this light."

"It is a lovely hat," she said slowly. "And quite becoming. Shall I describe it in detail?"

"Please."

"You must remember, first of all, that it is to be worn with a gray frock, a silver-gray frock of crêpe de China. I always wear gray. Can you imagine that frock? There are touches of black velvet about the waist."

"I have the color scheme all right—if not the precise details of form."

"The color is the important thing. Well, then, it is a straw hat—a big straw hat of pale lavender straw. It is lined with lavender Ninon. It is trimmed with sweet pea, mauve and pale pink. It has a black velvet ribbon which would tie in a bow under my chin—if I put it on; and which would give me quite a captivating effect of coquettish—er—sauciness. Horrible word, 'sauciness'. But the hat is a perfectly lovely hat! And I, I fear, believe that I should look perfectly lovely in it. Now you know all about it."

"Put it on," he urged, and lit a match unexpectedly. Its flare lit her face. To his surprise her expression was one of rather mournful gravity.

"Why ——" he began, disconcerted, and then blew out the match without lighting the cigarette for which it had been intended. "Put it on," he repeated.

"The price of this hat is—how much, do you think?"

"No idea. Two pounds? Three pounds ten shillings?"

"Two pounds five."

He waited. Then, as she remained silent: "And ——"

"And half of that is imprudence. Don't persist. Poverty is so ugly. I am longing for this hat. I have wanted—I want now a hat just like this—so badly that it is painful—like a toothache. I have put myself and someone else to a lot of trouble to get this hat. It is, I know, the prettiest and most becoming hat I have ever had or could ever hope to have. And—I can't have it."

"Put it on," he said again.

"No."

"Yes."

"No."

"Put it on."

He struck another match, holding this one so that it did not illuminate her face, and lit his cigarette and looked up at the greeny-blue night and its derisively twinkling stars. Somewhere near, perhaps beyond the ivied wall, were roses. Their fragrance hung faintly in the still air. When his eyes descended to earth again she had moved away from the window, and before an unseen mirror was busy with her hairpins. He smiled as he watched her rearrange her hair with quick, deft fingers. She went nearer to the mirror and passed out of sight. When she reappeared the hat was on, triumphantly and certainly most becomingly. Standing so that the lamplight fell full upon her she awaited his criticism.

"Quite nice," he said lazily. "I shouldn't have thought it possible to get a hat like that in Dorchester."

"It isn't. This came from Regent Street. I am waiting to know whether you notice the effect of coquettish naughtiness—that's a prettier word than sauciness—imparted by the bow under my chin."

"You look," he said hardily, "as if you were—quite accustomed to imprudence."

"I am. But it is hateful of you to see that I am."

"Or to say that I see you are."

"Oh, that—that is merely stupid."

Slowly she took off the hat and laid it back in its bed of tissue paper. Then she came a little way toward the window. "Let me see you properly," she commanded with a faint petulance.

When he had obeyed, leaning into the light of the room across the window sill, she looked at him with intent seriousness.

"Who are you?" she asked abruptly.

"I am—chance."

She frowned, then laughed a little disdainfully.

"Oh," she said, turning away, "if I look like that ——"

"You don't in the least," he said quickly, believing her really offended. "My name is Margetson—Warren Margetson. I—I—er—paint."

"Paint—what?"

"Landscapes mostly, but any old thing."

"You are an artist professionally?"

"I sell my pictures sometimes."

"You live—where? In London?"

"A little. Everywhere a little. In this particular part of the world a good deal."

"Painting?"

"Painting."

"And committing imprudences?"

"When I grow weary of wisdom. And you?"

"I am Ann Wingate. I am assistant principal at the school of cookery here. I live with my mother. I have always lived here with my mother. I believe I always shall live here with my mother." She laughed again oddly. "Unless I get a new hat. Unless I get that hat."

"You will not explain?"

"No. Why should I? I shall probably never speak to you again, but I may see you. And if I had explained I should feel—uncomfortable."

"Very well," he said quietly. "You must have that hat. Will you stand—about this time tomorrow night, by that table, looking down at that hat as you were looking at it when you did not yet know that anyone saw you?"

"I knew you were there," she replied simply. "I heard your footsteps come along and stop. I knew you were there. But—well—I'm like that."

She explained with a little gesture of shoulders and hands.

"I see. Well, you will stand just so, for about an hour—with intervals—while I make a pastel sketch?"

She smiled.

"Of course. And you will give me the sketch?"

"No. You will give me the sketch. And I will give you the hat."

"You mean—you will give me two pounds five?"

"Yes," he said with an odd nervousness.

But she smiled again; a strange girl.

"Very well. This time tomorrow night. And now ——"

"And now I must go away, I suppose?"

She shrugged her shoulders again.

"I don't want you to; but you must."

"Good night."

"Good night." And when he had reached the street level: "You have made me quite happy. Are you glad?"

"No," he said bluntly. "Merely curious."

Her soft mischievous laugh followed him as he strolled slowly away in the darkness, feeling for his pipe and pouch.

II

WHEN Margetson opened his eyes next morning his first conscious thought was that it was raining heavily and that, at all events for the morning, work was

(Continued on Page 133)

"Come Here So That I Can See You," She Said With Calm Distinctness

ROUND OUR TOWN

Vegetable Garden of a Gary Employee

Another Gary Vegetable Garden

By Emerson Hough

IT MUST often have occurred to you, as it has to me, that one or two of the rings of the planet Saturn are a trifle bent and ought to be adjusted. How would it do for you and me to take our little hammer and saw and go out into the stilly night and fix up those rings as they ought to be? And as to those two stars in the Great Dipper, usually called the Pointers, which are supposed to point directly toward the North Star—it is obvious to any persons of intelligence, like you and me, that they do not point exactly toward the North Star at all, but are lined up a couple of points or so north by east. They ought to be fixed. Suppose that you and I take on the job of straightening out these stars, which are all wrong as at present installed?

Very well. Now, after we get those two jobs done as they ought to show in the well-known universe, let us take on something that will be a great deal harder. Let us show that the entire law of evolution and survival always has been wrong. Let us prove that all men are born equal. Let us prove that every other man is just as good as you and I are, and no better; that we are just as good as he is, and no better. Let us wipe out the whole thought of competition and survival and make everybody happy by saying that we are going to divide all the accumulations of the world in such a way that everyone will get just the same share. Let us prove that all men, being equal, must always be alike, and never may grow or advance. Let us incidentally make every blade of grass on the lawn, every tree in the forest, just as long, just as green, just as tall, just as large as its fellow on the lawn or in the forest. That is to say, let us prove that the basic principle of some forms of socialism is correct and indestructible, that it is always going to endure, and that it is going to do away with a lot of the old-fashioned laws heretofore used in the well-known universe aforesaid.

The Jefferson Peach

I DON'T mind taking on those first two jobs—they relatively are easy, but I am willing to admit that you and I are going to have trouble in making those latter propositions stick. If you yourself think it can be done gaze round you in America just now. You might go down to Gary, Indiana, and have a look at things in that somewhat over-advertised community. Of course if you be of a certain mentality you may come back and declare that the entire universe and all the laws that govern it are all wrong. You may believe that by writing or by reading a book or by marching in a parade or by passing a set of resolutions or listening to some live oratory, you now are going to change the universe. Maybe you can. Maybe you can fix those stars. Personally I don't believe you can make the rest of the propositions stick. I have been to Gary, Indiana, which is a part of our town of Chicago, Illinois.

Our Declaration of Independence began prior to the French Revolution, in the brain of a gentleman called Rousseau. Mr. Thomas Jefferson handed out a nice juicy mental peach to the world when he suggested that all men were free and equal. The Government of America—assisted by certain business men later, from time to time—offered the waiting world something yet more alluring when it said that America was the home of democracy and that all you had to do was to come to America. Once there you could get yours. Later on yet, certain of those who had got in advanced the amiable thought that once in you could do anything you liked and get away with it.

Just now the real people of America, who have been paying the bills, begin to realize the absurdities of some of these earlier propositions. If you go to Gary or to any of a hundred places like Gary you can find that Mr. Jefferson's declaration takes the form now that the other fellow is your equal but that you are not his equal; that he wants your money but that you can't have his; that he does not work but that he does want pay. I will engage to fix up Saturn and the Great Dipper to-night. But I can't figure out how these other things are going to leave us any country worth having if they go much further. And I have been to Gary.

The Gary Y. M. C. A.

Who Paid the Raise?

I WENT to Gary because I found that you and I have been paying for all of these strikes, though you and I have not struck at all, have not asked for any more money, have only asked to be allowed to live our own lives and do our own work. We have been paying and shall pay for the coal strike; neither the operators nor the miners are going to pay for that; so don't be deceived, you and I are going to pay for it all in due time. When the milkmen's drivers struck, you and I paid the raise, the dairy companies did not. When the packers and jobbers and retailers needed more money, you and I paid the raise. When the butchers and meat cutters struck, you and I paid their increased wages. When the janitors struck, you and I paid their wages in the added rents. All these strikes, one piled on top of the other, have made life in America of late almost unbearable. The old American happiness and content are gone. If this be the American standard of living, God help America and us! How long this will go on is a question; not so very much longer, I believe. Indeed among many other phases of belief I found at Gary a sort of answer to some of these things. It is a stern answer; but it will be permanent if it comes.

Gary is situated an hour's run by rail from Chicago, in the northern end of the state which produced the vice president for the current Administration at Washington. If this be vague let me say that it is just south of Chicago; is bounded on the east by heavy fog, on the south by Indiana, and on the west by the most desolate landscape in the world, whose scenic features are sand and scrub-oak trees. There is no more unprepossessing environment in the world than this.

Gary is a steel town. The great mills, some of which are open-hearth furnaces that have to do with your own closed-hearth fire at home, are located on the sandy edge of Lake Michigan.

A tall sand dune has been scooped out to make a deep harbor, and has been used to fill in certain hollows. The Grand Calumet River, where you and I used to shoot ducks and snipe twenty-five years ago, has been taken up bodily and run along just between the mills and the town in a deep narrow canal. The banks of this canal are even and well sloped.

This Gary and other Garys of America needed husky and yet malleable material of the human sort. The steamship and business advertising posted in European centers offered to the assembled multitudes there about all the doctrines of Mr. J. J. Rousseau and Mr. T. Jefferson. I presume they printed pictures of the Statue of Liberty. They managed to convey the impression that labor would be employed in America. Gary got some of this labor when the time came. To-day, with all the environment and many of the characteristics of a frontier town, less than thirteen years of age, it has sixty to seventy-five thousand steel-mill laborers, not all of whom can speak our language. These are made up of fifty-two different nationalities, of whom thirty-one nationalities have been in jail in Gary this year.

Adam The Toork Indorses America

GARY is one hour from the middle of Chicago, but I did not know that there was such a place as Gary in the world. I was just like you—a plain, decent, hard-working American who paid his bills and let someone else run the country. I had been credibly informed that this was America, that all men were free and equal and that everything was going to be all right. I voted, sometimes. I read, a little. I did not know anything about Gary. And while you and I dreamed and drifted along Gary happened. Of course in these times you and I begin to sit up and take notice of life in America. We begin to ask ourselves about this country in which we have been living so carelessly and confidently. If we wish to know of America there is no better way in the world than going out and talking to all the Americans or potential Americans or pseudo-Americans, all the real Americans or un-Americans that you can find. It is only in some such way as this that the people of this country can realize what this country has come to during the war and since the war.

The first man I met was Adam. At least he said his name was Adam when I asked him. He came and sat down in the car seat by me as I traveled to Gary and we fell into conversation very easily, though very partially. He was a tall dark-visaged young man, perhaps thirty-five years of age, fairly well dressed in American clothing. I noticed that he had on rather good shoes and that his trousers were creased and that he made some sort of an attempt with his necktie. He had high cheek bones, and ears set rather low down on his neck, and eyes that were deep-set. You could have told that he worked in Gary or lived in Gary. He told me he worked in Whiting but lived in Gary, that he was a cleaner of steel, and that his work was rather hard. It was then about two o'clock. He had worked three or four hours that day and had made only $5.22, and was going home. Last week he averaged about $11.44 a day—one day last week he had made $16. As nearly as I could get him, in his rather broken and difficult speech, he was working for a valve company of some sort.

I could not place his nationality, so asked him how long he had been in this country. He said, "Six years." I asked him if he had taken out his papers and he said, "Why, no."

After a while he said, "I'm a Turk." He pronounced it Toork.

"Then you don't intend to be a citizen of America?"

He shook his head.

Gary Houses Occupied by Employees of the Tin Mills

A Boarding House for Single Men Employed at Gary

"I got farm in Toorkey. In six-seven mont' I go back to Toorkey. I got money, plenty now. Cheap on my farm—I buy not'ing—I got it all. Six-seven mont' I go back."

I asked him what land was worth in Toorkey round his home, which he said was about a hundred miles inland. He said sometimes as much as $200 an acre. His farm had cost him less. Now that the war was over and that he was rich he was going back to his farm.

I asked this man if he liked America. He did not understand and gave it some thought.

"She good place for mon," he said at last.

I thought that came pretty close to covering his case, and a lot more. Indeed that covers all the Gary question. Just before he left the train I asked him what his name was. He said it was Adam.

Four-Room-Flat Buildings Occupied by Gary Workers

I had never been to Gary and did not know where anything was. Certain shiny cars near the platform might belong to the oppressed laboring man or to the capitalist classes, but I saw no handy humble flivver and did not know the way to town. I asked a gentleman whose face was laid out in a plane, like a cross section of turnip, which way the hotels were, but he was not understandable. Near by I saw a fat red lady who waddled and carried a basket. I tried her in German on a chance, asking her which was the way *nach dem besten Gasthous*. She replied in soft sweet accents that the place was full of them but that most everybody went to one in particular. I looked for a taxi, but she shuddered and said I could easy walk it so I easy walked it.

At the hotel I was shown to my room by a lank youth of some sixteen summers. I asked him where he came from, and he said that he was born in Austria, his people coming to this country when he was four years old. He had gone to school, clean through the eight' grade. He had been obliged to leave school and go to work. Life seemed to him a pleasant adventure. A dime looked better to him than a dollar does to a bell hop in New York.

Needing better accommodations I changed my room and found my next bell-hop assistant to be what my Austrian bell hop called a wop. He was an Italian, swarthy and sturdy, perhaps thirty-five years of age, clad in a sweater of red and white and possessed of what I should call easy social manners. I had left some article in my earlier room and sent him up for it. When he returned he advised me that anudder guy was in dat room. I saw that I was indeed in America. Then I rang for the chambermaid, since the room needed certain adjustments.

Gary's Fifty-Two Varieties

THE latest member of the staff proved to be sturdy and comely. I asked her in what part of America she was born. She replied that it was in Ohio, at Cleveland. She said she could not tell just how many generations of her family had been in this country, but that originally they were Scotch. She had been married eight years to a Scotchman who was a plumber here in Gary. She said she would rather work in a hotel than remain idle all day. I asked her if she did not like our fair city.

"Like this place?" She threw out her hands. "Who, me? I'll say I don't. Such people!"

I will not repeat all of her opinion regarding her fellow laborers in the vineyard at Gary.

I learned that the serving maid who waited upon me at a restaurant I visited was Irish. I presume I shall not be believed, but it is the truth—I also learned that the hotel cook was a Chinaman. There was chop suey advertised on the dining-room door—very good chop suey too. Thus far I had not found very many Americans in such of the fifty-two Gary varieties as I had casually encountered. I made it a practice to talk to everyone I met, in whatever

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THE POSSIBILIST

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

In the Midst These Women Sat, Wondering, Listening, Like Children at Strange Travelers' Tales, to Something Outside of Their Possible Knowledge

VIII

SPINNER slept late and spent much of the day at his own work in Sonia Silver's room. At noon Sonia reported progress to him in her arrangements for his meeting with Mrs. Brown-Tucker. At the coming of evening he was on his way to meet his kind—to learn the news of the red movement from the East at the great radical news center, the rendezvous of the radical waiters.

It is not perhaps generally recognized how important a part the restaurant and hotel waiter has played in recent years in the hidden machinery of radicalism in this and other countries. The German Government was no doubt especially responsible for the growth of understanding of the extraordinarily important use to which waiters may be put, by its development of that notorious organization of waiters, ostensibly a waiters' union, with which it covered Europe and the United States so thoroughly during the recent war, until its activities were suppressed by the various governmental secret services. The use of a waiter as a spy is obvious; he hears and can repeat the confidences of all the tables of the world. The German Government merely developed this ability in this union to a high efficiency.

This particular waiters' organization, it is true—though it contained many reds—was *not* especially in favor with the radicals. The radical by his confession of faith is an internationalist; these men were fierce nationalists, risking their lives and liberties for the German Government. But the idea was not less obvious to reds than to Germans; it had been indeed growing in their general associations for some time, and now became increasingly important.

The waiters' rendezvous is in fact—as all live institutions are—a perfectly normal growth in the development of radicalism.

The male waiters of the United States are largely foreigners, quite largely of a type touched by radical propaganda, either abroad or here; they must have—especially the many who are irregularly employed—some gathering place where they keep their professional change of clothing; they are, moreover, specialists in food and drink—natural purveyors of club comforts; and so all through the great cities of the country the radicals have more and more come to make these waiters' rooms a club debating society and news center of the revolution.

Radicalism of all shades and descriptions eats here, drinks here, on common ground and informal terms; and listens and discusses the news brought here with incredible swiftness by the listeners at the tables of the rich—the women's gossip, the plans of the male bourgeois at the head of great business, who are the generals of the enemies of the revolution. And it always seemed to Spinner a most amusing thing—the height of the many ironies in the campaign of possibilism—that one of the chief instrumentalities to be used against the master class for the breaking of the shackles of the wage slave was that humblest of all wage slaves, the professionally humble waiter. It was as amusing in its way, he always claimed, as the manipulation of the capitalists' women through sentimentalism.

At seven-thirty, then, Spinner was passing through the narrow, dirty, plastered passageway which led to this old rendezvous of his in its location at the rear of a small retail store—hungering for the news of which he had been deprived during his absence in the Western jungle, the all-important news from the East at this critical time; from the Eastern United States and from Europe. For these clubs of radicals in the great cities are not merely centers of the local news; travelers from abroad—other cities and other lands—drop into these places one by one, give their news, learn the local situation and pass on. It was a section of an endless subterranean whispering gallery—this dingy basement he was entering. And by this time of evening Frenac should be at his table.

Spinner unlocked the door, passed in and down the steps into the basement barroom. Frenac was there at his table—his beard, his long cigarette and his tumbler of cloudy absinth—philosophically considering the world at the end of another day.

On either side of him, at the slight round-topped tables which gave the place the air of a poorer-class European café sat, isolated or in little groups, men drinking, smoking, reading radical papers—Latins, quite largely, fellow anarchists of Frenac, most of them Italians. There was a German or two, however; and one small, noisy group, quite evidently Western Americans—rough Western stiffs of some kind. At the left of Frenac, in a kind of alcove, was the long bar, once more or less florid in style, but now more than dingy. At one end of this, close to the hands of the black-haired bartender, lay a revolver and a smooth heavy club, after the fashion of the bars in the old-time barrel houses, or hobos' saloons.

Frenac raising his eyes saw Spinner coming down, sprang up with the Latin's enthusiasm of greeting, seated him and pressed a drink upon him. And soon Spinner was drawing in the news of the great radical underworld for which he had been thirsting, from the one source where he had hoped to get it.

The two watchers of revolution—from the West and the East—each secured his information of conditions from the other's field, paying for it in kind. The detailed news was exchanged in a comparatively short time, the conversation turning quickly and irresistibly, as such conversations do, to the main point of interest—the situation in which radicalism found itself at the sudden ending of the great war.

Spinner settled down to question and listen. He had read much, all that he had opportunity to, with the natural radical's hunger for reading—too much, perhaps, for proper assimilation. This man brought together, coördinated, made practical his own knowledge to him, in these rare talks of theirs which he so much valued, as nothing else did in the world.

"You speak rightly," said Frenac in his stiff textbook English. "The time arrives at hand when we shall well make inventory. We stand, so to say, at the remaking over of a world. So then we must perforce understand the world powers if we ourselves shall hope to win."

"They are tangled," said Spinner, "I think, as an old fishline."

"Perhaps," said Frenac, and watched the dissolving sugar in his spoon. "And yet the elements are quite clear. And the focus of their movement now!"

"Where?" asked Spinner, his speech in times of concentration as meager as his face.

"Here, it is probable, as the world leaders now all hope."

"How?"

"Let us take it," answered Frenac, "the revolution, so to say—in order. From the east of Europe—from Russia, if you prefer. From what is its popularly supposed strongest point. You should understand the situation there no doubt already?"

"Go on," said Spinner crisply.

The Frenchman exhaled a long preliminary draft from his long, brown slender cigarette.

"I have said from the first it should be thus," he remarked with his customary leisureliness in starting, "as I learn it now to be. From many sources indeed—from my friend Plangonev, for instance, who later by some months expects to visit here.

"What is Lenine? Let us consider him," he propounded, watching Spinner's tense, lean face above his poised cigarette, his full lips rosy in his soft brown beard. "From what he has done? A socialist? No. An anarchist? No. A communist? But only partly—with some adaptations. For he is the prince of all adapters. But what is he, first of all? He is a possibilist, first and always, as you and I and all well-studied radicals must now be to-day. He must take from society the possible forces which society provides—and turn them toward the revolution."

Spinner nodded sharply.

"What else shall there be then," inquired the anarchist, "but what social forces now exist? Shall we make new ones with our own hands, like God, from soil? It is plain imbecility. Incredible—this old exploded impossibilism!" he exclaimed.

"Certainly," Spinner acquiesced.

"Very good," went on the Frenchman, and stopped to take a sip of his now suitably prepared absinth.

Spinner watched him—his leisureliness, his tasting and retasting of life, his attitude toward the world at large. He smiled a faint, suppressed smile, contrasting this man with those other men he had just been living with—the working stiff, the lumberjack, the wobbly—the violent blasphemous riotous personifications of the revolutionary spirit of the West. Here across the table sat this personification of the spirit of the other revolution of the East—a product of a civilization set upon one soil a thousand years, of a society where social revolution was already old, a finished art, an institution of the height of intrigue, which must meet the skilled political power of Europe, to win at all, with a still finer and subtler manipulation of the meager forces of the garret and the factory. This slender, quiet figure, this chemist, this soft-handed proponent of the greatest violence in the world, this finished graduate of the

world's greatest school of intrigue—sat opposite him, analyzing with a delicate intellectual pleasure the chances of an immediate final violence to the existing order of civilization.

"Lenine then," he resumed, "is Russia—the forces which it has. No more. No less. What then is Russia—as a social economic force? Peasants, is it not? Agricultural serfs. He got them how—this Lenine?" he continued, and Spinner watched the blue veins in his slender wrist as he delicately knocked the ashes from his long cigarette. "You should know as well as I. By theories of Socialism—of anarchy—of liberty? No. Directly contrary. By the one force—the one strong individualistic desire in a reactionary and archaic society. By land simply—for themselves; which Kerensky—the intellectual, physical, theoretical coward—refused to give, partly no doubt directly on account of theory. Impossibilism again! Reduced always at the test to idiocy. But this Lenine, rules or no rules, theories or no theories, gives the worker, the peasant—that huge majority—what it demands, its land, to handle for itself."

"Possibilism," interjected Spinner.

"Entirely and alone," affirmed Frenac. "But having done so, what is Lenine? See the result. He is land, peasants' land, divided up by peasants," said the speaker; and worked out with surprising accuracy, at that earlier time, the exact situation as it came to pass in the year following.

"The peasants have what they wish—the land. Most willingly they give to Lenine what he wishes and they do not—the cities and the industries. And now, more than that we will say! When outside Europe or Russian reactionaries attack, all Lenine needs to do is one thing only. He will call out to the peasant this: 'The Czar returns—to take your land!' Very good. The peasants rise again to fight—exactly as one man. They believe it—as they should—that once they lose Lenine they also lose their land. Let Europe send their troops against this Lenine. They will see. That is all. As long as there is land underfoot for peasants to divide themselves in Russia!

"There is no danger to Lenine, then, from without," the speaker reaffirmed. "Let all the capitalists lie, and lie again through all their speakers and their press. You shall see. But from within—ah, that is different! The peasant having now all he wishes—his land and his sons' land and his sons' wives' land—uses it, as he would naturally by his only knowledge, to feed and clothe himself, his sons and his sons' families. For the remainder, when they produce sufficiently for themselves they stop and rest; and sleep before their stoves the old and grateful sleep of a race tired and worn down with centuries of hopeless toil—for others. 'Why work brothers?' That is their cry to one another now. 'Why kill ourselves for others?' You see. The cities are Lenine's—the Industrial Workers'. Very well. Let them have them and welcome."

"In other words ——" broke in Spinner.

"In other words," said Frenac, catching up his thought again, his fine, smooth delicate cheek above his beard now flushed with interest. "In other words—from nothing, nothing comes. From a nonindustrial country shall not come out our industrial democracy! It is absolutely clear now. Lenine by the use of possibilism became Russia. He can be nothing else. So Lenine is defeated at the outset by the terms of his own forces."

He stopped and sipped his cloudy glass again.

"It is so," he said, "as well with all Eastern Europe—the nonindustrial countries. Left alone in that place the revolution reaches an impasse—the peasant settles down again upon his lands under condition of earlier, almost primitive agriculture. He is as much a part of his soil as is a tree—and almost as ripe for the industrial revolution. You see? The revolution in the east of Europe is not dynamic. It is static, if once left alone. The Bolsheviki! The Bolsheviki! The Bolsheviki!" he cried now in a much louder tone—of mimicry. "They are no menace to Western Europe and America—once left alone—as the capitalists who now shriek, hoping to recover the capital loaned there, know well themselves.

"Eastern Europe, as a force for revolution outside itself, has reached its absolute limit. Left alone, revolution slowly starves to death in that socially sterile soil which first produced it. They know it well, the world leaders. Unless ——"

"Unless," broke in Spinner sharply, "they can involve some really industrial country by their propaganda!"

"Exactly," Frenac confirmed him. "And that is why—as well as from the connection through their Russian-American leaders—they look to-day with such expectation here. Now, after war, where such possibilities now exist, they think."

He stopped again, stroking his silky beard.

"So then ——" said Spinner, holding as always grimly to his thread of thought.

"So then," asserted the Frenchman with great deliberation, "we come through this—here, now—to the greatest adventure of all history—which now begins, or is to be carried forward here, in this now chief industrial country in the world."

He spoke at length of the details of connections between this country and the East—the Russians in America, so intimately concerned in Russian revolution; the hundreds of thousands in the garment trades; the tens of thousands in the steel and coal industries; the extreme radicalism of the societies like the Russian Workers all over the United States; the hundreds of thousands of other Eastern European peoples, touched with the same flame of revolution which was lighted in their own lands; and finally, of course, on the matter in which Spinner was most practically interested—the general nation-wide still hunt of the control of labor, of which he was a part.

"Very well then, said Frenac finally, we make our inventory here at the end of war. What do we find? A labor world much more organized in the industrial way—as we syndicalists would desire—by charter of complacent bourgeois politicians and their young bourgeois assistants during the great war. So far, so good. Now, then, here is our jumping-off place—an existing organization by syndicate or industries in many ways as we desire. Perhaps we think already now our labor radicals a majority in the great bourgeois-proletarian craft organization—in the Federation of Labor! And now come you, and your kind from the American West, with the new idea of Europe, in your new plan of the campaign of possibilism in these new American conditions."

He stopped and sipped his drink delicately again.

"You come from the American West—from your so-called wobblies. You bring what? No great following indeed. In spite of what mines it has—that great territory there—yet it is a country of farmers, of agriculture, as Russia. But one difference there is: it has what the Russian proletariat never has, by its racial stock—a most different kind. It has the great capacity for hate, from which, let the poets sing out as they will choose, all great social movements—all human progress comes! Hate and defiance! You bring them from the West—this tough, enduring hatred of the defeated in a tough and pioneering race. This is your foundation. You bring also your excellent organization of class hatred—a truly American idea of organization. And you new ones—you possibilists—come also with the working philosophy of the new Europe—of boring from within, unseen, working always with the lowest paid, least considered and most accessible material for the great class hate all ready to your hands. You work unseen, despised by politicians—labor or state. And soon—in a year at most—pouf, you have your clear majority of the great labor organization of this land—as we anarchists also in France now have of ours—if you have it not now—already!"

He stopped and smiled, taking out from his case and lighting with deliberation another cigarette.

"You hear, no doubt, how organizers now approach to manipulate the foreign workers in the steel mills at Gary—and now more lately, I presume, about the Pittsburgh district also?" he suggested casually.

"How?" inquired Spinner.

"They leave, I understand, details to the lieutenants' ingenuity, as good anarchist syndicalists should. It is the motto, naturally, of our anarchy always, as you well know: 'By disintegrating, not by uniting, we shall win.' It is this which makes us now such a terror to our enemies. They reach to grasp us—pouf, we are gone!"

Spinner nodded, waiting.

"So he goes—your lieutenant of your steel organizing committee," the other went on explaining, "to the foreign

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"We Have Decided, Brother Henry and I, That We Wish Our Property Unionized Honestly and With Full Freedom to Our Own Individual Men"

BIG SHOWMEN—By George Conklin

IN THE old days of the circus the Atlantic House in Philadelphia, which stood in Market Street between Eighth and Ninth, was a sort of clearing house for show matters during the winter time. To it came showmen from all over the country looking for talent for the next season, and there also came most of the principal performers looking for new and better contracts. Philadelphia was the home town of two circuses, Pogey O'Brien's and Adam Forepaugh's. For two months during the middle of the winter the old hotel fairly reeked with a circus atmosphere and seldom did it happen that some time between the closing of one season and the opening of the next one failed to meet all of the greater lights of the show world at the Atlantic House.

One of the most familiar faces round the hotel was that of Old Ad Forepaugh. He was not popular with anyone who had business relations with him. His help complained much about his red-crossing them, a common question among them being, "How much were you short this week?"

Many of his old hands had learned his tricks and would not stand for them, but the Old Man was always sure to try it on a newcomer. One of Forepaugh's ticket sellers, Ben Lusby, known as the lightning ticket seller and reputed to be the fastest one in the country, filled the pay envelopes. Old Ad himself gave them to the men. At first the envelope would be short a sum so small that one would pay no attention to it. Then the shortage would gradually increase from week to week until either something would be said about it or the Old Man felt he had reached the limit of what the person would stand. If anyone took Forepaugh to task for the shortage he would always say: "Lusby must have forgotten to put that in. I'll make him see to that."

One winter he stayed with his show in Connersville, Indiana. In the spring he had some empty cages shipped to him and suggested to a number of men who were going to Connersville to start out with the show that they could save their car fares by hiding in the cages. So the men took a lot of food with them and got out at different stops and procured fresh water and reached the show without paying any fare. In the fall when the old man settled up with them he charged car fare from Philadelphia to Connersville.

The Origin of Barnum and Bailey

ON ONE occasion Old Ad threw his father out of the animal house. Later in life, with a sort of poetic justice, his only child, Young Ad, did the same thing to him. Old Ad had five brothers and all of them worked for him.

Here came also the Sells Brothers from Columbus, Ohio. They had been auctioneers and drifted into the show business. Later the Sells show made its headquarters at Peru, Indiana, where one of the brothers had a fine farm he had bought from a Miami Indian named Godfry, whose grandmother, a white girl, had been stolen from Cherry Valley at the time of the massacre and though found by her people she would never return to them because of her kind treatment by the Indians.

Jerry Mubie was another comer we were sure to meet. He had a show that traveled mostly in the South. He was a Yankee, I think from Vermont. The boys said he was so tight that when he went from his home to the show he would take a whole satchelful of food to save spending any money on the way.

There was Whitby also, who was ringmaster for O'Brien at one time and later had a show of his own and was killed at the door while taking tickets by some Southern gunman who was trying to get in free.

P. T. Barnum. Above—a Group of Freaks. Moss-Haired Girl in Center

Yankee Robinson was one of the best advertising agents ever in the country. He finally had a show of his own and went broke. He used to have his name and "good for one admission" stamped on a lot of half dollars and use them for complimentary tickets.

Cooper and Hemming, who were at one time partners of Bailey's, came into the show business from opposite angles. Hemming was a tight-rope performer, one of the best in the country, and worked his way up to being an owner. Cooper was a livery man and his only connection with the show was through his capital. When the firm became Cooper & Bailey his tendency to be saving offset nicely Mr. Bailey's inclination to spend freely.

We were always sure to see W. C. Coup and Dan Costello. Dan made a reputation and a lot of money as a dancing-and-leaping clown. Coup was a clever agent. He had a most winning way and was the only agent I ever knew who could get a show through the country without money if he needed to. They dug up Barnum in Bridgeport at a time when he was land poor and got him to go into partnership with them. Barnum furnished his name and a lot of money that he raised on his real estate. Coup and Costello ran the show. It was the biggest show and had the biggest tent of any circus that ever went on the road. It made barrels of money. The special performers were driven to the ring in a Clarence coach. A groom in livery opened the door and bowed them out and at the end of their act the coach came for them again.

After a few years Coup and Costello left the show. Both lost their fortunes and went downhill. Costello got so that he worked round livery stables, once in a while broke a pony if he had a chance and finally died of a cancer.

The last time I saw Coup he was running a little exhibition in a car which he took from town to town and kept standing on a siding as long as people would pay an admission to go through. At last this failed and he died poor. Before that he gave New York its first aquarium, fitting up a building at the corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Broadway, where a department store now stands. He had a white whale in a tank, as Barnum did in his famous museum at Broadway and Ann Street. For a time it was very popular in the middle seventies.

The first time I saw Barnum was in Colonel Wood's museum at Ninth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia. He had just been married and was making a tour of the country with his bride. Along with a lot of others in the museum I was introduced to him and we shook hands. I remember him at that time as a big healthy-appearing man weighing round two hundred, with a nose so prominent that the boys remarked behind his back that "the old man had quite a snitch on him." There was nothing particularly striking about his dress except the shirt ruffle, which filled the opening in his vest and spread out on his coat. The tall hat and the frock coat were not especially different from those worn by most showmen of the period.

A Hippo May Smile at a Boss

THE second time I saw him was also in Philadelphia, but quite a number of years later. He was there with his circus early in the season. There came an unusually late snowstorm which broke down and nearly ruined his tent. This was on a Saturday and a hurry call was sent out in every direction for all tentmakers and every man who knew anything at all about working on canvas. In this way a great gang of men was quickly brought together and they worked all day on Sunday and had the tent remade and up in time for the performance on Monday. After that I did not see him again until I had been working some time for the Barnum & Bailey show, when one day he wandered through the animal house at the winter quarters in Bridgeport. He had very little to say to anyone and did not seem particularly interested in the animals.

He stopped before several of the cages and pointing to the name plate squeaked out: "That ain't spelled right."

In spite of his criticism the spellings were never altered, as the managers of the show preferred to have the names agree with Webster rather than Barnum.

In the several years that I was with the Barnum & Bailey show before Mr. Barnum died he never came into the menagerie more than two or three times. He was said to visit the office at the winter quarters once or twice a week, but never while I was attached to the show did he travel with it in the United States. One season he attended most of the performances in Madison Square Garden in New York, occupying a special box, which was nearly always filled with reporters and friends or special guests. That year we had as an attraction a white hippopotamus, the only one in the country. We called her Babe and in the grand entrance I drove her round the hippodrome track just behind the Zulus. She paid no attention to white men, but had no use for the Zulus and I had to watch out sharply and discourage her frequent attempts to get at them.

Each time as I came in front of Mr. Barnum he would lean over the edge of his box and call out to me, "Keeper, keeper, make her open her mouth!"

I would stop and make her open her great jaws, Barnum would chuckle and then we would move on.

With the Barnum show was a good-hearted, simple-minded fellow known among the men as Old Man Scott.

He came to the show with Jumbo. He was working as a young man for Mr. Bartlett at Regent Park in London. Mr. Bartlett put Jumbo in Scott's care when Jumbo was small. Jumbo grew up and Scott grew old and to the day of his death Jumbo never knew any other keeper. Scott shared everything he could with the elephant.

"Does my Jummie want some sugar? An apple?" he would ask. Even his regular hooker of whisky was shared.

"My Jummie likes it too," he told us.

In some way he acquired the idea that Barnum was going to leave him money when he died. In a back office at the winter quarters under a stairway was a great packing box securely nailed up. Carefully painted on one side of the box in black letters was the command: "Not to be Opened Until After the Death of P. T. Barnum." The box and its contents were a mystery to most of us round the show and there was much speculation concerning the contents. In some way poor old Scott got it into his head that his legacy from Barnum was in that box and when it was opened he would be a rich man, and nothing that any of us could say to him changed his belief.

An Autobiographer's Bequests

WHEN after Mr. Barnum's death the box was opened it was found to be full of copies of his life written by himself and each of the old men round the show was given a copy.

When Scott found that there was no money in the box for him it broke him all to pieces and he never got over it. He began to go downhill and not long afterward died in the Bridgeport poorhouse. The circus people made up a purse and kept him from being buried in potter's field, but to the day of his death he suspected the men who opened the box of having stolen his money.

When we went into the winter quarters a couple of years before Mr. Barnum's death I noticed a big packing case which had been stored there since we went away. I became so curious to know what was in it that one day I pried off a couple of boards and looked in. What I saw was a bronze statue of the old showman himself that had been modeled by Thomas Ball and cast by Von Miller in Munich. I put the boards back and nothing was done about the statue. It stayed in its case in the quarters until after Mr. Barnum's death. Then Benjamin Fish, who had been his private secretary, came to the show with a paper soliciting subscriptions to build a pedestal for it. He told us that all those who gave five dollars or more would have their names placed on a bronze tablet on one side of the base. Many gave as much as twenty-five dollars. All gave something. The monument was soon up, but it is innocent of any name of a contributor. It stands in Seaside Park, Bridgeport, just back from the edge of Long Island Sound and directly across the park from Barnum's old home. The bronze is a perfect likeness of the man and represents him seated in an easy and characteristic position, holding pencil and paper and looking reflectively toward the blue line of the Long Island shore.

Barnum was born, made his home and died in the state of Connecticut. His birthplace was Bethel, some thirty miles northwest of Bridgeport. While still a very young man he became the owner and editor of a paper in Danbury, which is but three miles from his native town. His original comments on men and events were of such a nature that he had libel suits on his hands frequently. Finally he got a sentence to spend a certain period in the seclusion of the Danbury jail. He tells in his autobiography of the triumphant procession which escorted him to his home in Bethel on the day of his release. Louis Hedges, one of the superintendents of the show, gave me a piece of board perhaps a yard long and three or four inches wide. It was from the old Danbury jail in which Barnum was confined. I have it still among my curios.

"Zip" Standing Beside a Giant

Members of the Cole Show

Barnum died in Bridgeport on April 7, 1891. On the following July fifth he would have been eighty-one years old. The show was at Madison Square Garden at the time and the performance was canceled on the day of his funeral. A large number of the men connected with the show, I among the rest, went up to Bridgeport to attend.

Probably the name of no showman was ever so widely known as that of Barnum, but the coming of Mr. Bailey and the forming of the Barnum & Bailey show marked a turning point in the show business. It was the beginning of the show and the methods of to-day and the ending of the show and the methods which had made Barnum's name a household word.

Barnum's name is indelibly stamped on Bridgeport and its surroundings. Wherever one turns he is met with it in streets, parks, buildings and organizations and the old-time Bridgeporter cherishes the memory of the showman who brought the town prosperity and fame.

The great showman whom the world knew as James Anthony Bailey was born in Detroit, Michigan, on July 4, 1847. He was not, however, a Bailey by birth, but a McGinnis. It was a circumstance known only to a few and never referred to by himself, nor did he care to have it mentioned by others. His feeling in regard to it is well illustrated by an incident which occurred one season in the Madison Square Garden.

It was a practice of his at the opening of the season to employ for the six weeks we would be at the Garden considerably more talent than he could use either in the Garden or on the road. After the first two or three performances he began to weed out the undesirable acts, pay the performers for the six weeks and let them go at once. The process was known in the language of the show as "the bouncing of the rubber ball."

This particular season Billy Dutton, a famous rider, had been hired for the six weeks, fully expecting at the end of that time to procure a contract for the whole summer season on the road, and there is little doubt that Mr. Bailey intended giving it to him. Dutton was indiscreet. He had known Bailey when they were boys and lived for a time in the same town. One afternoon a large group of performers were sitting in the dressing room discussing the prospects of different performers and commenting on some of the discharges that had taken place when someone remarked speculatively, "I wonder whom the ball will hit to-day?"

Dutton was among the group and observed: "Well, that old cuss that's bouncing the ball, his name ain't Bailey anyway. Did you know that? His name's McGinnis."

Then he told the story to the half-incredulous performers. Someone carried the yarn to Mr. Bailey and that night the rubber ball hit Billy

E. D. Davies, Ventriloquist

A Schoolboy Goes Adventuring

THE father of young McGinnis died in the cholera epidemic of 1852 and about two years later the mother also died, leaving a family of several girls and two boys. There was a comfortable amount of property, but for some reason life was not pleasant for the future showman. He was small and frail and once referred to himself as "the Cinderella of the family." The teachers in the school picked on him. He stood it until the summer he was eleven. He was on his way to school one morning and late. The vision of the teacher and his probable greeting loomed up in front of him. He began to think over his whole situation in life, and the more he thought the more he determined to take a radical step. He never reached the school, but spent a day or two looking round the city and then struck boldly out into the country on foot. A farmer on his way home from market overtook him, invited him to ride and drew out the boy's story; before the place was reached the boy had accepted his offer of a home.

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THE DRUMS OF JEOPARDY

XVIII

By Harold MacGrath

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

THERE are some men who know a little about all things and a great deal about many. Such a man was Cutty. But as he approached the counter behind which stood an expectant clerk he felt for once that he was in a far country. There were fiddles and fiddles, just as there were emeralds and emeralds. Never again would he laugh over the story of the man who thought Botticelli was a manufacturer of spool thread. He attacked the problem, however, like the thoroughbred he was—frankly.

"I want to buy a violin," he began, knowing that in polite musical circles the word fiddle was taboo. "I know absolutely nothing at all about quality or price. Understand, though, while you might be able to fool me you wouldn't fool the man I'm buying it for. Now what would you suggest?"

The clerk—a salesman familiar with certain urban types, thinly including the Fifth Avenue, which came in for talking-machine records—recognized in this well-dressed, attractive elderly man that which he designated the swell. Hateful word, yes, but having a perfectly legitimate niche, since in the minds of the *hoi polloi* it nicely describes the differences between the poor gentleman and the gentleman of leisure. To proceed with the digression, to no one is the word more hateful than to the individual to whom it is applied. Cutty would have blushed at the clerk's thought.

"Perhaps I'd better get the proprietor," was the clerk's suggestion.

"Good idea," Cutty agreed. "Take my card along with you." This was a Fifth Avenue shop, and Cutty knew there would be a Who's Who or a Bradstreet somewhere about.

In the interim he inspected the case-lined walls. Trombones. He chuckled. Lucky that Hawksley's talent didn't extend in this direction. True, he himself collected drums, but he did not play them. Something odd about music; human beings had to have it, the very lowest in the scale. A universal magic. He was himself very fond of good music; but these days he fought shy of it; it had the faculty of sweeping him back into the twenties and reincarnating vanished dreams.

After a certain length of time, from the corner of his eye he saw the clerk returning with the proprietor, the latter wearing an amiable smile, which probably connoted a delving into the aforesaid volumes of attainment and worth. Cutty hoped this was so, as it would obviate the necessity of going into details as to who he was and what he had.

"Your name is familiar to me," began the proprietor. "You collect antique drums. My clerk tells me that you wish to purchase a good violin."

"Very good. I have in my apartment rather a distinguished guest who plays the violin for his own amusement. He is ill and cannot select for himself. Now I know a little about music but nothing about violins."

"I suggest that I personally carry half a dozen instruments to your apartment and let your guest try them. How much is he willing to pay?"

"Top price, I should say. Shall I make a deposit?"

"If you don't mind. Merely precautionary. Half a dozen violins will represent quite a sum of money; and taxicabs are unreliable animals. A thousand against accidents. What time shall I call?" The proprietor's curiosity was stirred. Musical celebrities, as he had occasion to know, were always popping up in queer places. Some new star probably, whose violin had been broken and who did not care to appear in public before the hour of his début.

"Three o'clock," said Cutty.

"Very well, sir. I promise to bring the violins myself."

Cutty wrote out his check for a thousand and departed, the chuckle still going on inside of him. Versatile old codger, wasn't he?

To Have Climbed Down a Well and Cut the Bucket Rope Was What He Had Done. Only Wings Could Carry Him Up to That Window

Promptly at three the dealer arrived, his arms and his hands gripping violin cases. Cutty hurried to his assistance, accepted a part of the load and beckoned to the man to follow him. The cases were placed on the floor, and the dealer opened them, putting the rosin on a single bow.

Hawksley, a fresh bandage on his head, his shoulders propped by pillows, eyed the initial maneuvers with frank amusement.

"I say, you know, would you mind tuning them for me? I'm not top hole."

The dealer's eyebrows went up. An Englishman? Bewildered, he bent to the trifling labor of tuning the violins. Hawksley rejected the first two instruments after thrumming the strings with his thumb. He struck up a melody on the third but did not finish it.

"My word! If you have a violin there why not let me have it at once?"

The dealer flushed. "Try this, sir. But I do not promise you that I shall sell it."

"Ah!" Hawksley stretched out his hands to receive the instrument.

Of course Cutty had heard of Amati and Stradivari, master and pupil. He knew that all famous violinists possessed instruments of these schools, and that such violins were practically beyond the reach of many. Only through some great artist's death or misfortune did a fine violin return to the marts. But the rejected fiddles had sounded musically enough for him and looked as if they were well up in the society of select fiddles. The fiddle Hawksley now held in his hands was dull, almost black. The maple neck was worn to a shabby gray and the varnish had been sweated off the chin rest.

Hawksley laid his fingers on the strings and drew the bow with a powerful flourishing sweep. The rich sonorous tones vibrated after the bow had passed. Then followed the tricks by which an artist seeks to discover flaws or wolf notes. A beatific expression settled upon Hawksley's face. He nestled the violin comfortably under his chin and began to play softly. Cutty, the nurse and the dealer became images.

Minors; a bit of a dance; more minors; nothing really begun, nothing really finished—sketches, with a melancholy note running through them all. While that pouring into his ears enchained his body it stirred recollections in Cutty's mind: The fair at Novgorod; the fiddling mountebanks; Russian.

Perhaps the dealer's astonishment was greatest. An Englishman! Who ever heard of an Englishman playing a violin like that?

"I will buy it," said Hawksley, sinking back.

"Sir," began the dealer, "I am horribly embarrassed. I cannot sell that violin because it isn't mine. It is an Amati, worth ten thousand dollars."

"I will give you twelve."

"But, sir ——"

"Name a price," interrupted Hawksley rather imperiously. "I want it."

Cutty understood that he was witnessing a flash of the ancient blood. To want anything was to have it.

"I repeat, sir, I cannot sell it. It belongs to a Hungarian who is now in Hungary. I loaned him fifteen hundred and took the Amati as security. Until I learn if he is dead I cannot dispose of the violin. I am sorry. But because you are a real artist, sir, I will loan it to you if you will make a deposit of ten thousand against any possible accident, and that upon demand you will return the instrument to me."

"That's fair enough," interposed Cutty.

"I beg pardon," said Hawksley. "I agree. I want it, but not at the price of anyone's dishonesty." He turned his head toward Cutty. "You're a thoroughbred, sir. This will do more to bring me round than all the doctors in the world."

"But what the deuce is the difference?" Cutty demanded with a gesture toward the rejected violins.

The dealer and Hawksley exchanged smiles. Said the latter: "The other violins are pretty wooden boxes with tolerable tunes in their insides. This has a soul." He put the violin against his cheek again.

Massenet's Elégie, Moszkowski's Serenata, Wieniawski's Souvenir de Moscow, and then the aria from Lucia. Cutty felt his spine grow cold as this aria poured goldenly toward heaven. He understood. Hawksley was telling him that the shade of his glorious mother was in this room. The boy was right. Some fiddles had souls. An odd depression bore down upon him. Perhaps this surprising music, topping his great emotions of the morning,

was a straw too much. There were certain exaltations that could not be sustained.

A whimsical forecast: This chap here, in the dingy parlor of his Montana ranch, playing these indescribable melodies to the stars, his cowmen outside wondering what was the matter with their "inards." Somehow this picture lightened the depression.

"My fingers are stiff," said Hawksley. "My hand is tired. I should like to be alone." He lay back rather inertly.

In the corridor Cutty whispered to the dealer: "What do you think of him?"

"As he says, his touch shows a little stiffness, but the wonderful fire is there. Practice will bring him to a finish in no time. But I never heard an Englishman play a violin like that before."

"Nor I," Cutty agreed. "When the owner sends for that fiddle let me know. Mr. Hawksley might like to dicker for it. If you know where the owner is you might cable that you have an offer of twelve thousand."

"I'm sorry, but I haven't the least idea where the owner is. However, there is an understanding that if the loan isn't covered in eighteen months the instrument becomes salable for my own protection. There is a year still to run."

Four o'clock found Cutty pacing his study, the room blue with smoke. Of all the queer chaps he had met in his varied career this Two-Hawks topped the lot. The constant internal turmoil that must be going on, the instincts of the blood—artist and autocrat! And in the end, the owner of a cattle ranch, if he had the luck to get there alive! Dizzy old world.

Something else happened at four o'clock. A policeman strolled into Eightieth Street. He was at peace with the world. Spring was in his whistle, in his stride, in the twirl of his baton. Whenever he passed a shop window he made it serve as a mirror. No waistline yet—a comforting thought.

Children swarmed the street and gathered at corners. The older ones played boldly in midstreet, while the toddlers invented games that kept them to the sidewalk and curb. The policeman came stealthily upon one of these latter groups—Italians. At the sight of his brass buttons they fled precipitately. He laughed. Once in a month of moons he was able to get near enough to touch them. Natural. Hadn't he himself hiked in the old days at the sight of a copper? Sure, he had.

A bit of color on the sidewalk attracted his eye, and he picked up the object. Something those kids had been playing with. A bit of red glass out of a piece of cheap jewelry. Not half bad for a fake. He would put one over on Maggie when he turned in for supper. Certainly this was the age of imitation. You couldn't buy a brass button with any confidence. He put the trinket in his pocket and continued on, soon to forget it.

At six he was off duty. As he was leaving the precinct the desk sergeant called him back.

"Got change for a dollar, an' I'll settle that pinochle debt," offered the sergeant.

"I'll take a look." The policeman emptied his coin pocket.

"What's that yuh got there?"

"Which?"

"The red stone?"

"Oh, that? Picked it up on the sidewalk. Some I-talian kids dropped it as they skedaddled."

"Let's have a look."

"Sure." The policeman passed over the stone.

"Gee! That looks like real money. Say, they can do anything with glass these days."

"They sure can."

A man in civilian clothes—a detective from headquarters—went up to the desk. "What you guys got there?"

"A ruby this boob picks up off'n the sidewalk," said the sergeant, winking at the finder, who grinned.

"Let's have a squint at it."

The stone was handed to him. The detective stared at it carefully, holding it on his palm and rocking it gently under the desk light. Crimson darts of flame answered to this treatment. He pushed back his hat.

"Well, you boobs!" he drawled.

"What's the matter?"

"Matter? Why, this is a ruby! A whale of a ruby, an' pigeon blood at that! I didn't work in th' appraiser's office for nothing. But for a broken point—kids probably tried to crack it—it would stack up somewhere between fifteen hundred and two thousand dollars!"

The sergeant and the policeman barked simultaneously: "What?"

"A pigeon blood. Where was it you found it?"

"Holy Moses! On Eightieth."

"Any chance of finding that bunch of kids?"

"Not a chance, not a chance! If I got the hull district here there wouldn't be nothin' doin'. The kids'd be too scared t'remember anything. A pigeon-blood ruby, an' I wasn't gonna pick it up at first!"

"Lock it up, sergeant," ordered the detective. "I'll pass the word to headquarters. Too big for a ring. Probably fallen from a pin. But there'll be a holler in a few hours. Lost or stolen, there'll be some big noise. You two boobs!"

"Well, whadda yuh know about that?" whined the policeman. "An' me thinkin' it was glass!"

But there was no big noise. No one had reported the loss or theft of a pigeon-blood ruby of unusual size and quality.

■■■

KITTY came home at nine that night, dreadfully tired. She had that day been rocked by so many emotions. She had viewed the parade from the windows of a theatrical agency, and she had cheered and cried like everybody else. Her eyes still smarted, and her throat betrayed her every time she recalled what she had seen. Those boys!

Loneliness. She had dined downtown, and on the way home the shadow had stalked beside her. Loneliness. Never before had these rooms seemed so empty, empty. If God had only given her a brother and he had marched in that glorious parade, what fun they two would be having at this moment! Empty rooms; not even a pet.

Loneliness. She had been a silly little fool to stand so aloof, just because she was poor and lived in a faded locality. She mocked herself. Poor but proud, like the shopgirl in the movies. Denied herself companionship because she was ashamed of her genteel poverty. And now she was paying for it. Silly little fool! It wasn't as if she did not know how to make and keep friends. She knew she had attractions. Just a senseless false pride. The best friends in the world, after a series of rebuffs, would drop away. Her mother's friends never called any more, because of her aloofness. She had only a few girl friends, and even these no doubt were beginning to think her uppish.

She did not take off her hat and coat. She wandered through the empty rooms, undecided. If she went to a movie the rooms would be just as lonely when she returned. Companionship. The urge of it was so strong that there was a temptation to call up someone, even someone she had rebuffed. She was in the mood to confess everything and to make an honest attempt to start all over again—to accept friendship and let pride go hang. Impulsively she started for the telephone, when the doorbell rang.

She Must Fly. The Desire to Weep, Little Fool That She Was, Was Breaking Through Her Defenses

Immediately the sense of loneliness fell away. Another chapter in the great game of hide and seek that had kept her from brooding until to-night? The doorbell carried a new message these days. Nine o'clock. Who could be calling at that hour? She had forgotten to advise Cutty of the fact that someone had gone through the apartment. She could not positively assert the fact. Those articles in her bureau she herself might have disturbed. She might have taken a handkerchief in a hurry, hunted for something under the lingerie impatiently. Still she could not rid herself of the feeling that alien hands had been rifling her belongings. Not Bernini, decidedly.

Remembering Cutty's advice about opening the door with her foot against it she peered out. No emissary of Bolshevism here. A weary little messenger boy with a long box in his arms called her name.

"Miz Conover?"

"Yes."

The boy thrust the box into her hands and clumped to the stairhead. Kitty slammed the door and ran into the living room, tearing open the box as she ran. Roses from Cutty; she knew it. The old darling! Just when she was on the verge of breaking down and crying! She let the box fall to

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The Counsel of the Ungodly

XVIII

By CHARLES BRACKETT

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"Let Him Live!" Mary Said Aloud. "I've Made Such a Muddle of Things and He's All I've Got. Let Him Live!"

WE WERE a rather large party at luncheon. Madame de Missiac was on my left and a Mrs. Elon Huntington, whom I used to know years ago, on my right. She had grown very stout and very dowdy but her tongue remained as tart as I remembered it.

"So that's Dick's daughter," she said, looking at Mary, who sat by Francis across the table and down. "She doesn't look as though she'd inherited his wildness. He was a dear creature. I tried frightfully hard to marry him, because I had been forbidden to look his way by my mamma, whom I always suspected of wanting to further the match. In any case he didn't care a rap for me. His daughter is rather tall, isn't she? Too bad! Men like little women. Who's the young man?"

"Francis Locker," I answered—with a genealogical explanation.

"He looks like a brownie, but a rather fascinating one. Does she like him?"

"I hope so."

"Then of course she doesn't. No, she doesn't look as interested as she should. Talk to your little French friend now. The French still expect manners. I haven't seen any since my father died. He was of the old school and I suppose would be considered bourgeois nowadays. My food is nice and I have a great many resources in my hat, considering the horrors the rest of the women are wearing."

If I had been meting out terms of opprobrium her own hat would have received the most emphatic, but that may have been my faulty judgment.

I agreed with Mrs. Huntington that Mary did look a little distrait at first and I attributed it to my own unfortunate experiment, but as luncheon progressed I saw her growing more interested in what Francis was saying. I suppose anyone can discern the voice of which he is most fond through other voices. I can, at least, and toward the end of the meal I could hear her laugh over and over.

My dear marquise was not inspiring conversationally and I was delighted that Mr. Hetherington on her left seemed fascinated with her periwinkle-colored eyes, for it gave me time to think. The result of all my thinking was the conclusion that it is a dangerous thing for the imagination of a young girl to be deeply intrigued by some unworthy glitter in the spring of a year that should bring her nearer to real happiness; that I was an old fool to think I could do anything to repair that evil, now that it was accomplished, but that I was certainly going to expend every effort in that direction.

Barbara Denton had told me I was worldly wise. I wondered what her counsel of the ungodly would be in this case. I turned to Mrs. Huntington.

"Is there any cure for a violent infatuation?" I asked.

"Marriage," she answered—rather cheaply, I thought.

"But seriously."

"At our age I can hardly say time," she said. "I am afraid you must marry the woman, or carry her image to the grave in the most uncomfortable fashion on your heart."

"And if I marry her?" I questioned, for I did not want her to think I was speaking of Mary.

"Oh, you'll find she isn't as brilliant or as wonderful as you thought," she assured me, "and some day you will wake up quite, quite well, and thoroughly disgusted with yourself for being cured."

"And if I find her quite as brilliant and much more wonderful?" I hypothesized for conversation's sake.

"You will have married La Belle Dame Sans Merci and will wake one day to find yourself on a hill in the cold. Luncheon's over, isn't it, and I've talked like a Delphian cupid through half the meal. Can you forgive me?"

We trailed out through the crowded room, a very disjointed party. I turned at the window to see if Mary were close. She and Pierre were coming out together. As I looked I was surprised to see a look of recognition come over her face. She bowed to someone who was only visible in back profile, and flushed. By twisting my head almost from my neck I saw in a mirror the face of the person to whom she had nodded and who had returned a bow elaborate with the confusion of embarrassment. It was Major Estabrook. He was looking not quite so handsome in mufti, but well above average. He sat at a table with an older man and two attractive young women.

"Who are the people at the small table by the fifth window?" I asked Mrs. Hetherington.

She craned and eyeglassed them.

"The Mounts," she said. "At least the man is Mr. Mount and the woman in the orchid hat is his wife. I believe the other is her sister. I don't know the younger man. Why do women with that kind of skin wear orchid?"

I answered her question—which I took to be rhetorical—with another, which was not.

"Who are the Mounts?"

"They're new people—coal or some such qualifying monosyllable that pardons them everything. They've just built a place here that makes all our old houses look shabby, so naturally we snub them. Why are you curious?"

"For no particular reason."

She had turned her attention to Nicholas' wife, who was not more than three-quarters her size. "How very stout Dorothea is getting," she said. "Why does she let herself, do you suppose?"

We gathered into a group on the veranda preparatory to plunging into the heat and glare of the bleachers. Mary came to me, her eyes starry.

"Did you see him?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Will he recognize you?"

"I'll manage everything if he looks us up—don't worry."

"I think I hate him," she said.

"Not so much as that," I pleaded. I was very anxious that she shouldn't overemphasize him.

As I said it he appeared. I think he had seen us grouped together and learned that Mary was with creditable people, for he said very cordially: "It's awfully good to see you again, Miss Davison."

"I'm not Miss Davison any more," she corrected him.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I hadn't heard you were married."

"I'm not," she answered. "It turned out that I wasn't Mary Davison at all, but Mary Van Hoeven. I was substituted when I was a baby. I'm not making it up—don't look so surprised." She laughed. "This is my uncle, Mr. Van Hoeven."

"It sounds a little incredible," he admitted. "How do you do, sir?"

I caught a gleam of the beginning of recognition in his eye. I had promised to manage the situation for Mary, but I do not think she expected quite such simplicity of method as I employed.

"The last time I saw you," I informed him, "you gave me ten dollars. I was finding my niece at the time and incidentally earning an honest living as a butler."

I had no intention of letting Major Estabrook think he could suspect me of something of which I was ashamed. He was dumfounded and said "really" once or twice.

"There is no reason to be embarrassed," I told him, "unless the bill was counterfeit, which I have not as yet discovered."

"You live near here, don't you?" he said finally.

"My Cousin Nicholas does," I told him. "We are visiting him. Won't you call?"

"I should be delighted."

I was about to start off when I saw Mary's eyes resting on him—saw them with a sinking of the heart.

"Couldn't you come over to dinner to-night?" I asked, though I am scarcely in the habit of giving invitations to dine in other people's houses, particularly Nicholas'.

"I'd love to," the major said with alacrity.

"At eight o'clock," I told him, and we moved off.

Mary made a little gesture of farewell and pleasure that he was coming. Francis joined us as we crossed the lawn.

"Would you mind telling me what right Dorothea had to inflict on us the task of sitting in the broiling sun and watching the scorching capers of four damned souls about a bet?" he demanded.

"A tournament in the neighborhood is to Dorothea what Greek drama was to the state of Athens," I replied. "She regards it far less as a diversion than as a rite."

"Greek drama," he stormed, "was written to cast the burden of responsibility for the gods' conduct toward mortals on man's obliquities—a rather difficult task considering the code of morals obtaining on Olympus at the time. If it did not succeed, the goddess who appeared at the end of the play became the target for any bits of fish and garlic that were left over from lunch. There was sporting interest there. But if we were reasonable human beings we would flee from this caldron of inanity with the profane haste of a red-coated huntsman come a cropper in a field with a bull."

"I thought you said a person had to be interested in everything," Mary observed, and I left him trying to reconcile his inconsistencies. I went to Dorothea in all humility.

"You will be annoyed, I know," I told her, "but I have presumed on our relationship. I have asked a guest for dinner to-night."

"A man or a woman, Peter?" she asked with all the outrage in her tone that a half dozen words could hold.

"A man."

"Well, I won't ask the nice Duryea boy I had intended. I must say, Peter, I think these years in France have made you a little queer."

She looked at me reproachfully and irritably. I crawled away. I sought balm in the eyes of my marquise, who thought—or was agreeable enough to pretend she thought—that I was the only American she had met with a suspicion of she knew not what in his manner.

Heaven bless pretty dull women whom a plain man can impress and from whom he can gain comfort!

XIX

THE major was uneasy enough at dinner to give me great pleasure. He was so anxious to please all of us. I was surprised to see that he knew Pierre. Pierre shook his hand with an aloofness as unnatural in him as it would be for a cream tart to try to be some very superior kind of an ice. I took Dorothea to dinner and she told me she found the major "good looking but jumpy."

"Where did Pierre know Major Estabrook?" I asked De Missiac, who was on her other side. He peered down the table.

"*Tiens!*" he exclaimed. "It is that nephew of Miss Denton."

I was unpleasantly surprised at Barbara.

"Is he the one who was to visit her in Brittany?" I asked.

De Missiac nodded.

"Pierre quarrel with him," he said. "He came after you had gone. He make Miss Denton very cross. We found him—what is your word for *faux?*"

"You'd better be careful," Dorothea said, stopping him from proceeding to information which might have been useful and would certainly have given me pleasure. "Peter asked him here."

There was no use trying to extract anything from De Missiac after that. He began explaining away his words. He really knew nothing about the young man, and of what value was the opinion of Pierrot, who had the sparrow's mind his name indicated?

Mary was between the major and Pierre; a Mrs. Sloane sat on the major's left. She was an extremely spoiled young woman in the first enjoyment of domestic infelicity. She was managing to look very bored, very far away, very wronged by life.

The major's manner, as I diagnosed it, was meant to indicate that he was extremely friendly with Mary, but entirely heart-free. After he had talked with her a time he concentrated his efforts on Mrs. Sloane. Mrs. Sloane was too anxious that her expression should do her bruised soul justice to respond very vividly. Mary tried to listen to Pierre, but she was too distracted to concentrate on his French and I could see her gaze resting on the major. At last Pierre grew discouraged and turned to his other partner, leaving her deserted. Seeing his duty, the major turned back. Her eyes smiled.

"Stop watching that girl, Peter," Dorothea commanded.

"*Il veut jouer l'ange gardien,*" De Missiac laughed.

"I am not trying to be anything so ineffectual," I replied. "Nothing would get a young girl into more unpleasant situations than the unworldly advice of a guardian angel. Grant me the efficiency of a guardian devil at least."

I did steal a look at Mary later on in spite of Dorothea's injunction. I thought her eyes had a surprised wonder in them. She was looking at the major, who was talking to her, searchingly, as if for something she expected in him and missed. It may have been my imagination, but I took hope from that look.

After dinner I tried to see Pierre before his father had warned him that I was Estabrook's sponsor, but Nicholas delayed me by consulting me about a matter concerning which he knew me completely ignorant, and when I reached Pierre I learned only that Major Estabrook was very agreeable. They were not sympathetic, but that indicated nothing.

While we men sat about the table the major was a trifle too stiff for success, but he grew more expansive when we joined the ladies. He retold the anecdote from his time at the Front that had thrown Mary and Mrs. Davison into such excitement his first night at Rosemount. He told it not quite so well, but the ladies drank it in. Most men speak so dully of their fighting experiences that it was rather a relief to hear him depict himself as the dashing figure he had been against a background of barrage and exploding mines.

"Great stuff!" Francis applauded him. "They say luck is a manner of taking life; and, by George, it takes a real genius for it to have had such a time up on the line!"

"What branch were you in!" the major asked a little tartly.

"Machine guns. But I fell flat on my face the moment we reached that Belgian mud and seemed to contract with fear. They had to use a magnifying glass and a derrick to get me out on armistice day."

"You know you were cited, Francis," Dorothea hastened to say for fear the family honor might be considered smirched.

"Bribery," Francis declared; "just bribery."

"The mud was abominable," the major admitted.

"A proper setting for the performance though," Francis said. "The war was a Caliban wriggling through slime. I know it's jealousy of your adventure that makes me say so, major, but don't write it down. That sort of thing just would give posterity a false idea of what war is. Flashes like that happened, but you and I know that the whole thing was quintessentially a bore. If a future

(Continued on Page 71)

Most Men Speak So Dully of Their Fighting Experiences That It Was Rather a Relief to Hear Him Depict Himself as the Dashing Figure He Had Been Against a Background of Barrage and Exploding Mines

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 14, 1920

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least 30 days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send this advance notice. Be sure to give your old address as well as the new one.

To Our Western Subscribers

BEGINNING March first the subscription rate of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST will be $2.50 the year when the weekly is mailed to points west of the Mississippi River (including all of Minnesota and Louisiana). When mailed to points east of the Mississippi River the rate will remain as at present—$2.00 the year.

In 1917 Congress passed, as a part of the War Revenue Bill, a law providing for progressive increases in the rates of postage on newspapers and magazines. These increases were based upon a zone system—that is, in proportion to the distance a subscriber lives from the point of publication he is required to pay increasingly higher rates of postage on his reading matter. These progressive increases were scheduled to take effect on July 1 of 1918, 1919, 1920 and 1921, the average maximum rate being about four times what it had been for thirty-two years. Two of these increases still remain to be made.

Notwithstanding this greatly higher cost of mailing, as well as the enormous advances in the cost of paper, labor and every other item entering into its manufacture, the subscription price of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST has, up to this time, been held at $2.00 the year delivered to any point in the country, but in order to meet even partially the additional cost of mailing it is now necessary to make this increase.

We regret that we are compelled to make a higher rate to one class of subscribers than to another class simply because they live in a different part of the country, but we have no alternative so long as the postal laws impose zone rates on second-class matter.

Not the Only Sinner

WALL STREET is in a chronic state of being reviled, and more or less rightly so, for its part in absorbing credit. It is a place where among other activities men have formed a habit of buying more stocks than they can afford to pay for out of their own resources. These purchasers borrow money from their brokers to make payment, and in turn the brokers borrow from such banks as will lend to them. There is more or less mystery and uncertainty as to the amount of these loans. Probably they have never exceeded two billion dollars. Normally they are less than a billion.

But if this continued employment of credit for stock speculation is harmful, then there are other sinners much greater and perhaps more sinful. Wall Street is the spectacular end of speculation and therefore comes in for a world of abuse.

But it is a piker at the game when size is considered. The present high prices of cotton, wool, silk, textiles in general, perishable food products, clothing, real estate, farm lands, oil, coal, sugar and the general run of manufactured products, make anything which can happen on the stock exchange look like thirty cents. The whole country is alive with speculation; everyone is on the make. Only a two-by-four intellect expects to find these conditions confined to the floor of the stock exchange.

It was stated recently on credible authority that a certain textile product which had sold at three to four dollars a unit before the war was now up as collateral at fourteen dollars per unit—for more than one hundred million dollars of bank loans in one great city alone.

The present system by which stockbrokers borrow money from banks to carry their speculative customers is far from perfect. Nor does anyone pretend that all speculative purchases of stocks are wise and intelligent. But the favorite political device of taking it out on Wall Street when anything seems wrong with the country discloses either unadulterated politics or ignorance.

Somewhere between thirty and forty billion dollars in securities are listed on the stock exchange, yet if loans based upon securities run much above a billion dollars the comment is pointed and unpleasant.

Last year almost as many new securities were added to the list as the total amount of brokers' loans at their highest point. Nor must it be assumed that speculation always necessarily withdraws money from industry; at times it actually provides capital.

A company whose borrowings have been obtained directly from banks may decide to incorporate and secure a listing on the stock exchange. At first only speculators buy the stock, then investors begin to purchase it, and finally nearly all the shares pass into the hands of permanent investors.

Such is the usual course if the business proves successful. Meanwhile the very speculative machinery which is so much abused has been lifting the burden gradually off the back of the credit machinery in general.

Much of the stock which is laid away in strong boxes was originally bought for a flyer on borrowed money. Speculation should be kept within reasonable bounds, whether it be in stocks, real estate, silk or eggs; but one sure way to discourage investment and industrial expansion is to make the buying of stocks on borrowed money an impossibility.

Clothes and the Man

EVERY year, on the twelfth of February, in scores of our home towns, draped flags, bright bunting and wreaths of laurel draw the eyes of passers-by to the statue of a certain man a smug English critic said was crude.

This man of bronze is stooped and grave. His face is lined with care and strain. To cool, appraising eyes he may seem a sorry figure. His unbarbered hair is not brushed sleekly back. His old-fashioned collar lies in loose and homely rolls. There is too much bronze broadcloth in that long and skirted coat. It must have flapped in every wind as he shambled awkwardly along. His shapeless trousers, ridged by wrinkles within wrinkles, bag sadly at the knees, as if from too long careless use, or perhaps from frequent kneeling. The lines of his stout and clumsy boots melt into no suave neat curves.

Survey this man of bronze from chin to toe. No trace of style or smartness meets the eye. Libraries have been written to do him honor, but none who praised him ever said: "He dressed richly and in the height of fashion." If this was the epitaph he strove to win he lived in vain.

Yet this plain ungainly man won a nation's love and the world's esteem. There are still those who think his life was not a failure. In his own day some hated him, but far more worshiped him. Men liked to speak of him as Old Abe: and when he called them from their homes and farms and countingrooms to take up arms they came by regiments and brigades, chanting as they tramped down country lanes and city streets: "We're coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand strong." Other hundred thousands followed; and this plain and care-bent man in baggy trousers, who loved them every one, was master of their fate. His was the great heart that saved the nation.

Matthew Arnold, after visiting the White House, said Mr. Lincoln was crude. He might have said the same of mountain chains, of stars, of the sea, and of all material things in which men find grandeur and sublimity. Posterity has more important things to say of Mr. Lincoln. It is not interested in how he dressed. It does not hold his lank awkwardness against him. It remembers what he was, what he suffered and what he did.

Mr. Arnold would not have put his blunt epithet upon the prince of dandies or upon the master of the art of pleasing, yet Beau Brummell, dying in exile, insane and penniless, left little behind but a tradition of dandyism and impudence; and Lord Chesterfield is better remembered for the scorching letter the shabby dictionary maker addressed to him than for any page he ever wrote himself.

If biographies were as commonly read as novels there would perhaps be a lessened demand for style at any price; and the cotton plant would again provide us with shirts and hose while the silkworms took a well-earned rest.

Some Hope

WE STILL have left Mr. Hoover, expert in feeding the gaping European robins, and many other things that the world and more selfishly America needs right now. We still have left our Army, or part of it. We still have left the women of this country, great of courage and clairvoyance. Lastly, we have left the farmers.

At a meeting of the executive board of the Illinois and Indiana agricultural associations resolutions were passed condemning the strike method of righting wrongs, and duress methods of securing legislation, as well as the demands for shorter hours, which reduce production and increase the cost of living. These associations also condemn Bolshevism, I. W. W. movements and Sovietism, and denounce as traitors to their country any persons who in any way advocate anything pointing toward revolution. "We call upon all law-abiding citizens," say they, "to join in meeting the changing conditions of the times and in bringing our country to an economic standard of living."

Government by resolutions is not so good as that by resolution; but really there would seem to be in our country a very large residue of the old American qualities of courage, common sense and fair play. We could almost leave it to Herbert Hoover and the farmers and the ladies to establish a reign of full stomachs and happy hearts—not to mention other hearts and other tongues.

This is quite a large country to be crowded into the pockets of a few men who make their living by making trouble. After all, this is America. If westward the path of empire once took its course, none the less the star of the Bolshevik Bethlehem now shines in the east. The captain of the good ship Buford, the first Mayflower with reverse English, seems to have been able to navigate toward that star fairly well with his cargo of Soviet Fathers in search of Liberty.

We hope for them a pleasant Plymouth Rock. Somewhere east of Suez—and the farther the better—will please us; and we can bear up, even amid the shrieks of falling Freedom, under the fact that the Buford tickets appear to have had no return coupons attached. We have lost some intellectuals. We still have left some thinkers. Let us not wholly despond. We are willing to hang a "Taken" sign on our own Plymouth Rock, and to content ourselves with whisperings of hope.

Forty Years of a Diplomat's Life

XXV

By BARON ROSEN

Former Ambassador From Russia to the United States

ON THE day following the signing of the treaty of peace, thenceforth to be known as the Treaty of Portsmouth, we left for New York in Mr. J. P. Morgan's special train, which he had very kindly placed at Witte's disposal. We had, before leaving our temporary quarters in the Hotel Wentworth, received from Col. George Harvey an invitation to a banquet at the Metropolitan Club in New York, to which he had invited all the men most distinguished and prominent in the field of statecraft, diplomacy, finance and letters who happened to be in town. The banquet took place on the seventh of September, and it was an occasion never to be forgotten by those of us who are still among the living and who were privileged to listen to the words of truly warm-hearted greeting extended to us.

I find in the newspapers of the period the complete text of the address delivered by Colonel Harvey in proposing the toast to the Emperor of Russia. The meaning of his eloquent and remarkable speech, which seemed to reflect the disposition of all those present, engraved itself deeply in our hearts, and in recalling the memory of those stirring and happy days I cannot help reproducing here the exact words of an address which impressed me so profoundly and so completely responded to the feelings I cherished all my life long.

Colonel Harvey said:

"The memory of man is proverbially short. Prosperity and contentment induce oblivion in the human mind. Lest we forget: We, too, in common with the great nation whose distinguished representatives have honored us with their presence this evening, have had our wars. When first we demanded our freedom we were not only comparatively helpless but we seemed to be absolutely friendless. The mother country as she was then and is now in a modified degree, acting in consonance with the custom of the period, could see no reason for spilling the blood of her own sons while mercenaries could be had for hire. Instinctively her eyes turned to the populated East, to friendly Russia, which had at that time, in the language of her own Prime Minister, a sufficient number of troops under arms and to spare to trample the rebellious American colonists under their feet. Never was a requisition made by a king with a feeling of greater certainty of fulfillment than that of George III upon the splendid monarchy of Eastern Europe, and never was there experienced more angry disappointment than that of the confident ruler when he received from the great Queen Catharine the cold response that it ill became two powerful nations to join forces to quell a justifiable revolution unsupported by a foreign power. Upon that rock of fairness, justice and humanity the great Queen planted the imperial banner, and there it has remained in friendship, sympathy and helpfulness through all the trials that have come upon our beloved country to this very day.

"Again, lest we forget: Whether or not the United States of America, acting through her universally supported Chief Magistrate, has conferred a benefit on Russia in facilitating peace at this time, her effort was based upon a precedent which not only justified its making but should and does stand forth in our recollection as a vivid illustration of the continuance of the kindly feeling manifested in our war of independence. When, in 1813, the young republic was again harassed and all but overwhelmed in her second great struggle for the preservation of life and freedom there was in the whole world but one monarch willing to hold forth a helping hand, but one ruler ready to hazard the fortunes of his own empire upon a proposal of voluntary intervention. It was the Czar of Russia who, with equal courage and determination, blazed the way for Theodore Roosevelt.

"Once more, and finally, lest we forget: Within the living memory of many round this board, when the republic, then become great, was torn asunder by civil strife, and seemed to be at the point of dismemberment and a likely prey for the vultures of envious nations, one splendid fleet of armed vessels came sailing through the Narrows to this threatened city, while yet another was passing through the Golden Gate of San Francisco. Those ships were the messengers of Russia to America. Their mission bore no taint of selfishness. Sympathy, friendship, and if need were, practical assistance were the cargoes consigned in those vessels by the Russian Empire to the American Republic.

"Can we hope ever to repay those mighty obligations? Probably not. But there do come times when we may at least indicate our appreciation and this is one of those times. We are honored to-night by the presence of the representatives of that great empire whose fidelity to our interests has never wavered, and, please God, may be everlasting.

"It would not be seemly in us now to venture judgment upon the merits of the terrible controversy which has just reached its conclusion, but we may go so far, and the whole American people so comprehensively represented in this room to-night will go so far, as to assert that the parchment upon which treaties are written will crumble into dust ages before the fires of deepest gratitude and true fraternity can be extinguished in American hearts."

When the Secretary of State, Mr. Elihu Root, who was one of the chief guests, in his speech, the full text of which I have not been able to secure, congratulated us, in cordial and but too flattering terms, on the part we had taken in the accomplishment of peace he added that we had done that which makes for humanity and peace for all time. And in the course of his eloquent speech he uttered an eternal truth which mankind is but too apt to forget in the heat of passion born of a great war: "It takes more courage to make peace than it takes to make war."

The series of speeches at the banquet was aptly concluded by an extremely witty discourse in a lighter vein. As the speech of President Hadley, of Yale University, was not reported by the press I can only remember now that he wound up his humorous description of our proceedings as treaty negotiators by saying that he admired a man who had the nerve to "call the other fellow's gigantic bluff with nothing but a pair"; adding: "But then, that pair was a pair of kings!" The thunderous applause that greeted this graceful allusion to tactics sometimes successfully resorted to at a game not unknown in this part of the world seemed to puzzle the other "king," whom I had to initiate into the mysteries of the game in question when we had returned to our hotel.

The following day we were the guests at luncheon of General and Mrs. Grant at the general's headquarters on Governor's Island, where we were received with military honors. On the eighth we were invited to dine with President and Mrs. Roosevelt at Oyster Bay, quite informally, no other guests being present. It was to be Witte's farewell audience, Baron Komura with Mr. Takahira having been received in the same way on the same day at luncheon. In this, as in everything else connected with the peace negotiations, President Roosevelt showed his fine feeling and admirable tact, which were so natural to him, and completed the irresistible fascination his powerful personality exercised over all those who were brought into close contact with him. On our way home we naturally spoke of the President; and in giving an account of the impression Witte was carrying away I can do no better than to cite a few lines from a letter he had written to some friend in Europe during our stay at Portsmouth, an extract of which I have come across in one of the New York newspapers of the period:

"When one speaks with President Roosevelt he charms through the elevation of his thoughts and through that transparent philosophy which permeates his judgment. He has an ideal and strives

(Continued on Page 168)

Celebration in Moscow of a Bolshevist Victory

TUTT AND MR. TUTT

Toggery Bill—By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Twas the saying of an ancient sage Gorgias Leontinus, *apud* Aristotle's Rhetoric, lib. iii. c. 18, that humour was the only test of gravity, and gravity of humour. For a subject which would not bear raillery was suspicious, and a jest which would not bear a serious examination was certainly false wit.

—Shaftesbury; Essay on the Freedom of Wit and Humour, Sect. 5.

CALL a man a rascal, a wife beater, a murderer even, and he may yet smile; but deny his sense of humor and he will brain you on the spot. And this, methinks, is strange, since to achieve greatness readily one should be unburdened by a sense of humor. The great have no time for trifling. They are men of single purpose, of one idea; they are not to be diverted at a crucial moment by the whimsical discovery that their adversary resembles a rabbit. There is much significance in the double meaning of "divert"—namely: To turn aside or to change one's aim or end; and to amuse or entertain. To have a sense of humor, to be amused—diverted—is to be turned away from following the star of one's destiny. Can there be any doubt about this? As Jeremy Taylor says: "If our thoughts do at any time wander, and divert upon other objects, bring them back again with prudent and severe acts." Had little Iky Newton, when struck upon his noodle by the famous apple, abandoned himself to childish merriment would the Law of Gravitation have been discovered? Never! No; greatness and humor rarely bed together.

Why, then, do we cherish and pride ourselves upon it? Because we realize that just as no man can expect to be great who has a sense of humor, so no man can be truly bad who has one. For a sense of humor is what is known as a saving grace—diverting us from the evil as well as from the good.

All of which, in a way, is neither here nor there, for this story concerns the saving of a human soul—at least temporarily—and the humor of the situation was only a by-product, as it were. For Mr. Ephraim Tutt had been summoned to a certain town in the Mohawk Valley to defend one James Hawkins, otherwise known as Skinny the Tramp, charged with the murder of The Hermit of Turkey Hollow, and it was during the trial and while waiting for the verdict that Mr. Tutt discovered Willie Toothaker and saved him from the vengeance of Toggery Bill, the local magnate and merchant prince, who dwelt at the Phœnix House and posed as the leading citizen of Pottsville.

"How are y', stranger?" the latter said through his tilted cigar to Mr. Tutt as he climbed out of the decrepit jitney that had borne him from the "deppo." "Y' won't find this dump so bad. I've managed to wiggle along in it for nearly eleven years." He removed the cigar. "Here, Willie—fetch in the gent's bag!" There being no immediate response Pottsville's leading citizen raised his voice to a bellow: "Here you! Willie! Willie Toothaker! Gol durn the boy, where is he?"

"Pray do not trouble yourself, sir," said Mr. Tutt, ascending to the veranda occupied by the leading citizen.

"No trouble, I assure you," protested the latter. "Permit me to introduce myself. My name's Gookin—William Gookin—proprietor of the principal genta' furnishing, haberdashery and novelty store of Pottsville." He bowed grudgingly, as if fearful that he might do the new guest too much honor.

"Tutt is my name," responded the lawyer dryly.

"I guessed as much," said Mr. Gookin. "We folks up here read the papers and we've heard of you. Come to defend Skinny the Tramp, have y'? Well, he needs the best he can get."

"You Miserable Little Scoundrel. You Either Give Me Back That Stamp or You Go to Jail. I'm Goin' Right Over to Tell the Constable"

Mr. Gookin pushed open the screen door for Mr. Tutt to enter. "Dinner's ready—don't pay to hold the vittles waitin' too long! Here you, Betty—where's your ma?"

Mr. Tutt found himself confronted by a tiny girl in a blue-calico dress matching her eyes, with two enormous flaxen braids which, separated by her thin little neck, hung forward over her tiny bosom and swung heavily about her waist.

She was earnest and wondering.

"Ma's out!" she apologized, panting. "Lemme take your bag, sir. You're to have Number Five."

"That the room with the broken pane?" inquired Gookin authoritatively.

"Yes, sir; only Willie fixed it with a piece of paper."

"Hm!" ejaculated Gookin. "Where is Willie? Why ain't he here attendin' to his job?"

"He's out with the wasps," explained Betty timidly. "He's made 'em an electric chair."

Mr. Tutt peered curiously at his small companion. A lawyer retained in a murder case does not enjoy having electric chairs referred to thus casually.

"Electric chair for the wasp?" demanded Mr. Tutt.

"Yes, sir!" burst forth the child. "He's perf'c'ly wonderful! Ma told him to smoke 'em out, but he had a much better idea. You see they go in and out by a hole, and Willie borrowed a storage battery from the garage and rigged up some wires in front of the hole—positively and negatively, he says—and fastened 'em to the battery so when one of the wasps goes in he makes a contract and electrocutes himself."

"Gosh! That boy do beat all!" quoth Gookin, momentarily forgetting grammar in scientific interest.

"I should like to know Willie," affirmed Mr. Tutt.

"Oh, you'll know him!" she cried eagerly. "Everybody knows Willie. You'll just love him!"

"I'm sure I shall, my dear," returned the old lawyer, laying his hand on the yellow head. "And now will you show me to my room. No, I'll carry the bag!"

"Love him—hell!" snorted Mr. Gookin as he watched the odd pair climbing up the stairs.

"Here's your room, sir."

His guide indicated a shabby cubicle containing a rheumatic bed, an intoxicated bureau and a degenerate washstand. The yellow panes were opaque with grime, and the only neat thing visible was a tight patch of clean white paper which took the place of one of them.

The room was musty with the smell of pine boards and ancient bedding. But Mr. Tutt gave no thought to it, being entirely occupied with his new friend.

"What's your name, my dear?" he asked as he placed his shabby suitcase upon the bed.

"Betty Barrows Best," she answered, smiling confidently up at him.

"It couldn't be better, could it?" he chuckled. "And what do you do here?"

He sat down in the single wabbly chair, pulled the child over to his knee, and taking a venerable leather case of enormous proportions from his coat-tail pocket removed a stogy and lighted it with one of the sulphur matches from the bureau while she watched with delighted interest.

"Me? Oh, I work round. Ma, she runs the hotel. Mr. Gookin—he wants to marry her, but she don't like him. Nobody does."

"Why not?" inquired Mr. Tutt tensely.

"'Cause he's a skinflint!"

"Dear me!"

"Yes! Honest he is! He's rich as mud, but he's that mean—Willie says—he'd pay his help to go without their dinner and then go upstairs after they were asleep and steal the money!"

"How terrible!" gasped Mr. Tutt. "He must be the meanest man in the whole world."

"He is!" she declared earnestly.

"Tell me about Willie. Who is he?"

Betty's face broke into a smile of ecstatic appreciation.

"Oh, Willie's just the wonderfulest boy! He can do anything. Last week"—her voice sank in awe—"he stayed under water forty minutes!"

"Gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Tutt. "How on earth did he manage that?"

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"Plenty of Steam"

If you want "steam" in the human boiler you must choose the food that makes it—food that is easily digested and that yields the particular elements your system most demands.

This is what makes the remarkably nourishing quality of

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

It is rich in properties most valuable and needed. It is extremely easy to digest.

The abundance of choice vegetables and wholesome barley, the fragrant herbs, the invigorating beef stock—all combine to provide a food high in energy value, delicious and decidedly economical.

21 kinds **15c a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

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"With the pipe of the automatic pump he borrowed off Mr. Dorsey's car. You see he hitched one end of it to a piece of board so's it would float out of water, and then he tied the other end in his mouth. He had a bet on of twenty-five cents with Charley Carter—only Charley didn't know how he was goin' to do it. So he got a big stone and went out where it was deep and jumped overboard with it. An' he didn't come up for the longest while—forty whole minutes! You see the stone held him down and he breathed through the pipe." Her eyes shone.

"Willie must be a remarkable boy!"

"I guess he is! Do you know, now he catches eels that way. He and Charley have a company. They go out after dark and Charley rows the boat and Willie he goes down on the bottom with a bug light and when the eels come he spears them with a fork he made at the blacksmith's. Once he caught a pike that weighed six pounds, but it fought so he lost holt of the stone and he and the pike and all came up pop together."

Mr. Tutt laughed heartily.

"What does Willie do for a living?" he asked.

"He works for ma," explained the child. "You see he never had any mother, and when his dad died last winter—he used to work in the garage—Willie had to live somewhere, so he works for his keep. He sleeps under the stairs. He's got the wonderfulest collection of stamps!"

"Stamps?"

"Yes, postage stamps. Two big books full of 'em. He's always tradin' round. Some folks says he's got the best collection in the county. And nobody knows where he keeps it neither! 'Cept me!"

"Where? Tell me—won't you?"

She shook her head.

"Give you a quarter!"

"No, sir-ree! I wouldn't tell you for a hundred quarters!"

"Well, you can have the quarter because you didn't tell me!" said Mr. Tutt.

Betty grinned.

"I know heaps of things I wouldn't tell you for a quarter!" she announced provocatively.

"Oh, I'm a poor man!" asserted Mr. Tutt. "Now, Mr. Gookin ——"

"Bet-tee!" came a female voice from the foot of the stairs. "Tell the gentleman it's time for dinner!"

"All right, ma!" called Betty. "He's comin'! I was just tellin' him about Willie."

"Then he'll be there all right!" answered her mother. "Tell him to come down before his soup gets cold."

Mr. Tutt tossed the butt of his stogy into the slop basin and took Betty's microscopic hand in his.

"Come on! Let's go down together!" said he. "I'm afraid of your Mr. Gookin!"

As hand in hand they descended to the office they passed a strange-looking object lying upon a shelf near a row of kerosene lamps. To the superficial gaze it would have appeared to consist of about eighteen inches of rubber tubing, a brass nozzle and the remains of a defunct atomizer.

"And what is that?" asked Mr. Tutt, eying it with suspicion.

"That's Willie's machine for blowing out the lamps," she informed him with pride.

"But why does he use that?" pondered the old lawyer. "Why doesn't he simply blow 'em out with his mouth?"

Betty looked genuinely surprised.

"Why, it's ever so much more fun to blow 'em out with that!" she declared.

Downstairs Toggery Bill Gookin was fretfully awaiting Mr. Tutt's arrival. As Pottsville's leading citizen and as the actual owner of the Phœnix House—the mortgage upon it which he held was several years overdue—he regarded it as fitting that he should entertain whatever guest of distinction passed that way. Moreover, to be seen in such a celebrated lawyer's company would lend him a momentary reflected glory and enable him to discuss the murder trial as an insider, as it were. The defendant's was the popular side, and Mr. Tutt would therefore be a popular character. Maybe he could get him in the habit of dropping into the store evenings, and that would bring business. Next to the circus nothing brought folks to Pottsville like a murder trial—and the Turkey Hollow case was a good one, a real old-fashioned thriller. So Gookin looked for a big time.

"This way, Mr. Tutt!" said he blandly, waving him toward the fly-blown screen door over which was painted Dining Room. "You an' I are the only ones!"

Mr. Tutt released Betty's hand and followed. Not that he wished to eat with the meanest man in the world, but because he made it a practice to be on good terms with everybody, and, anyhow, there didn't seem to be anything else to do.

"Does this suit you all right?" inquired Mr. Gookin ingratiatingly, and smoothing his stomach.

It was then for the first time that Mr. Tutt fully absorbed the glory of Toggery Bill. Now we know that there is one glory of the sun and another glory of the moon and another glory of the stars, and that one star differeth from another star in glory, but Toggery Bill shone with the glory of all the stars of the Mohawk Valley condensed into one. He believed in advertising one's own wares and in keeping oneself before the public. That was one reason for his living at the Phœnix House. It was also his reason for belonging to all the societies, clubs, organizations and orders to which he could get himself elected. Thus, as he indicated to Mr. Tutt the chair he was to occupy before the fly-screened pumpkin pie, there dangled from the heavy double chain that stretched across his plaid waistcoat between its upper story of pockets the gold-and-ivory insignia that proclaimed him a Past Exalted Ruler of the Purple Mountain of the Brotherhood of Abyssinian Mysteries and of that degree known as the Sacred Camel of King Menelek. In his braided lapel shone the resplendent jewel of the United Patrons of Democracy, and beside it buttons which proclaimed him not only a tribesman of the Mohawk Lodge of the Aborigines of America but a part owner of the fourth issue of Liberty Bonds.

The fact that he was pudgily built with a jellylike protuberance in front did not prevent his wearing a ready-made suit out of stock, of the very latest Hecht, Meisner & Lamb cut. He wore a dotted brown shirt, detachable cuffs, a Silver Dart turnover collar, a salmon-pink tie encircled by a gold cameo ring bearing a medallion of Jupiter, and his bulging shoes were of patent leather with tops of gray kid exhibiting an inch or two of white cotton sock above. From his breast pocket hung in careless profusion a huge purple-silk handkerchief, while the final touch of elegance was imparted to his person by a group of three enormous fountain pens which protruded from his waistcoat pocket and which were adorned with filigrees of graven silver. Thus one might truly say of him that, like Addison, his style was "familiar, but not coarse; elegant, but not ostentatious."

"And what do you think of our little town, eh?" he remarked breezily as he tucked in his napkin just below the medallion of Jupiter. "You'll manage. If you don't find what you want, ask me and I'll see that you get it."

"I should say from what I have observed of it that you had a very progressive community here," replied Mr. Tutt courteously, gazing in wonder at the insignia of the Sacred Camel, the purple handkerchief and the row of fountain pens. "Right up to the minute, as they say!"

Toggery Bill looked pleased.

"No, no; not so bad!" he returned, his fat cheeks creased in satisfaction. "We have two moving-picture houses—one with vordville on Saturdays; and all the latest Broadway attractions pass through here."

While this left Mr. Tutt in doubt whether said attractions, in fact, stopped in Pottsville, he did not risk the query. Toggery Bill was too good either to be really true or to be interrupted. Moreover, at that moment the swinging door at the end of the room shot open violently and the remains of what had indubitably once been a baby carriage appeared in the aperture and rolled swiftly toward them, guided by a freckle-face small boy with bright red hair and an inquiring upturned nose. The top of the baby carriage had been partially removed and a shelf of quarter-inch boards substituted therefor, upon which two plates of soup reclined at a dangerous and fear-inspiring angle. From beneath the urchin's armpits hung a huge apron that swept the floor.

Face Down it Fell, and Sank Slowly Beneath the Purple Flood. Willie Stood Horror-Stricken, Holding His Breath

Willie—for it was he—skillfully guided the baby carriage alongside the old lawyer and brought it to a stop by means of a mechanical contrivance operated from the rear with strings. Then surveying the work of his hands with obvious appreciation he turned brightly to Mr. Tutt.

"Soup?" he chirruped.

There are those fatalists who deny that anything is undetermined, and aver that what must be not only must be but has been predestined from the dawn of eternity. We apperceive the logical possibility of this, but regard it as an intellectual delusion. We are reluctant to believe that we cannot fill an inside straight or perfect a bobtail flush without assistance from an uninvited deity—rendered several millions of years ago. To us—like Nietzsche—the joy of living lies in living dangerously. To us the open coal hole is a continual invitation to adventure. Luck? Who does not believe in it? The youth unwilling to take a chance is already an old man. If there were no chances to take, then indeed would we be all old men. No, no—several thousand times! The leaf swept by the current along a brook is caught against a projecting rock, hangs there undecidedly for a moment, and then owing to some accidental impetus is dislodged to flow either to the right or to the left as the case may be, to be drawn gently rocking into a backwater of safety or be sucked into a maelstrom of foam and fall that may send it whirling for a hundred miles. So what we call chance plays an enormous part in human affairs and often leads to a man's ultimate classification as rational or insane, as criminal or honest, as belonging rather among the goats than among the sheep.

So it was a postage stamp—which after all is not very different from a leaf—that fluttering into the existence of Willie Toothaker diverted him—assisted by his sense of humor—to a new and perhaps better destiny—and united

(Continued on Page 34)

REPUBLIC GRANDE CORD TIRES

Eddystone Rock, [illegible]

It is plain that the growing, insistent demand for Republic Grande Cord Tires is no buying whim of the moment.

In reality, it is the straightforward public appreciation of the fact that Republic Tires *do* last longer.

Everywhere, Republic Tires have proved—over and over and over again—that their Prodium Rubber, and their Staggard Tread, offer far greater resistance to the effects of use and abuse.

We have recently made necessary and extensive increases in our production facilities.

In spite of that fact, our dealers are unable to satisfy completely the call for Republic Tires—both Grande Cord and Fabric.

Consequently, forehanded users now order Republic Tires far enough in advance to insure getting them when they are needed.

Republic Inner Tubes, Black Line Red, Gray and Grande Cord Tire Tubes have a reputation for freedom from trouble

The Republic Rubber Corporation, Youngstown, Ohio

Export Department, 149 Broadway, Singer Building, New York City
Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire—Republic Staggard Tread

(Continued from Page 32)

him with the firm of Tutt & Tutt. For, as has already been hinted, Willie was a philatelist of no mean order and as a trader in foreign stamps displayed an acumen and ability worthy of John Wanamaker, A. T. Stewart or the more recent if no less celebrated Mr. Roth.

The stamp in question was one of an unused set of the famous Dom Pedro triangulares of 1871, of which the pale India-blue twenty-four pesos is a rarity, and of which Willie needed a specimen to complete his set of the same; and it, along with its little unused brothers, was affixed to a strip of cardboard in a small hanging showcase upon the door jamb of Mr. Moses Meachem, the dealer in notions, whose store on Main Street faced that of Toggery Bill.

For weeks Willie, in the intervals of eel catching and wasp electrocution, had yearned for the possession of that stamp. Only those who as philatelists, old or young, have over a long period industriously compiled a set of rarities and lack but one, and then suddenly see it fluttering temptingly almost within their grasp, can appreciate the passionate longing with which Willie Toothaker coveted that Dom Pedro triangulares. The father of seven female infants whose ambition can be only satisfied by a son, the faded damsel who still aspires to be wooed and won, the hunter who waits tensely for the giant moose whose hoof-prints he has seen hard by, the bride standing impatient at the church door, the lust of an Antony for a Cleopatra—the emotions of all these pale before the burning itch experienced by Willie Toothaker to possess the India-blue twenty-four pesos exhibiting the whiskered countenance of Dom Pedro of Brazil. For only a small brass hook stood between him and the object of his desire; the showcase had no lock.

It was like owning a diadem without its crowning jewel. And while the other inhabitants of the town crowded into the old courthouse to hear Prosecutor Mason make his opening harangue to the jury charging Skinny the Tramp with the murder of The Hermit of Turkey Hollow, Willie stood in front of Meachem's notion store, his eyes fastened upon the engraved presentment of the Brazilian emperor. Yet it was the desire of the moth for the star; the price of the stamp was $3.79!

At that moment Willie's exchequer contained but twenty-five cents, given him by Mr. Tutt upon the evening of his arrival, it being his present intention never to part therewith, but to preserve it unimpaired along with other priceless treasures—the paste scarfpin inherited from his father, a bear's dried ear, a seed pearl discovered in a discarded oyster in the Phœnix House dining room, an abandoned revolver that would not revolve, one of Betty's early teeth, a rain check for the Mohawk Palace Theater, a small bottle of water said to have come from the River Jordan, and a celluloid button bearing the motto "Kiss me—I'm sterilized!" For he had conceived a blind and unreasoning adoration for Mr. Tutt from the moment that he had wheeled in the dinner on that first day. Here, he told himself, was a man of the world—a hero!

Perhaps it was the mere contrast between the old lawyer's dignified appearance in his tall hat and frock coat and that of Toggery Bill Gookin; perhaps it was the whimsical kindly look in Mr. Tutt's faded eyes; perhaps Betty's encomium upon his good nature and gentleness of speech—whatever it was, Willie had been his slave from the instant he had uttered the word "soup."

Moreover, Mr. Tutt had come to Pottsville to protect Willie's friend Skinny the Tramp from Constable Higgins, Squire Mason and the other bloodhounds of the law, and thus it was apparent that his heart was in the right place. To Willie—who was a Bolshevik—the law and all it represented were anathema. From his infancy he had always seemed to be falling afoul of it quite unintentionally. Thrice he had been arrested and placed in durance vile in the village lockup, on one of which occasions he had made his exit without difficulty by squeezing through the bars of the window. This had reflected heavily upon Constable Higgins, who thereafter had become his sworn enemy; and the next time he and Betty had slid down a neighbor's haycock, slightly disarranging its apex, that officer of the law had promptly arrested him for "malicious mischief." Willie had been discharged with a lecture on the sacredness of private property, but now the constable was always gunning for him.

So was Toggery Bill, who somehow sensed the derision in which he was held by both the children—for children, like dogs, have an instinct by which they at once detect those who are selfish and cruel, just as they know those who are kind and good. Besides, Toggery Bill wished to marry Mrs. Best and they stood in his way—or he thought that they did. So whatever went wrong in Pottsville was charged by those in authority to the debit side of Willie Toothaker's record.

There was nobody in sight. Opposite the courthouse a straggling line of flivvers, carryalls, democrat wagons and buggies waited while their owners drank in, open-mouthed, the eloquence of Squire Mason within the courthouse. There was a high wind blowing and a blanket had fallen sideways off one of the horses. Willie walked down and pulled it on again. The horse looked round and rubbed its cheek on the shaft, and he gave it a friendly pat, for he liked animals.

Inside the courthouse he could hear the prosecutor's voice as it sank to a tremolo of pathos and then rose to a hurricane of denunciation. No courts for him! So he strolled back to Meachem's. Behind his show window Toggery Bill checking up a bill of goods watched him with greedy suspicion. There was something wrong with a boy who went sneaking round while everybody was at a murder trial!

The vagrant September breeze caught up the dust and leaves from the ruts and drove them in dancing spirals along the street; it tore the smoke from the chimneys and set the signs a-banging; and having nothing better to do it mischievously rattled the little showcase outside the notion store until it loosed the hook and let the glass door swing open. For an instant or two the stamps dangling from their slips of adhesive paper fluttered helplessly, and then—the Dom Pedro triangulares pale India-blue twenty-four pesos gently detached itself and whirled down the street.

Just as there is a breaking point in any physical tension, so there is in all of us a point of moral overstrain beyond which we collapse. The bridge will not bear more than a certain load. The small boy cannot withstand more than a certain amount of temptation. It is a straw which we are told at last breaks the camel's back. For Willie the straw was the Dom Pedro triangulares. He did not intend to steal it, he merely intended to rescue it, but as it lay in his hand—a perfect unused specimen, with every hair of Dom Pedro's beard clear and distinct, beautiful, fascinating, alluring in its pale India-blue mystery, even the mucilage upon its triangular back smooth and unsullied by the human tongue—an uncontrollable desire seized him to see how it would look along with the others in his book. Just to see how it would look! Nothing else! Then he would run back and stick it in the showcase again!

Placing it inside his hatband Willie dashed palpitating to the Phœnix House, unearthed from its secret hiding place his cherished album, and laid it open upon the kitchen table. With trembling fingers he removed the stamp from his hat and laid it—merely laid it—in its designated place. At last the set was complete! Ecstasy! There they all were, the one peso of dusky red, the two pesos of green, the three of purple, the five of gray-brown, the seven of pink, the twelve of black, the fifteen of scarlet—and the twenty-four pesos of pale India blue. A perfect row of eight Dom Pedros, all twins, all exactly alike, all looking the same way, a complete harmonious family, now reunited with their elder brother.

Now who will contend that this was all foreordained? Was it not chance that blew open Meachem's showcase? Was it not chance that dislocated the precise stamp of all those therein with which Willie's fate was intertwined? At any rate it was chance that led the wind once again to put an English on the spinning ball of Willie's destiny and flick the twenty-four pesos out of the stamp book and into the kettle of blackberry jam that was boiling upon the range. Face down it fell, Dom Pedro's whiskers among the bobbing blackberries; squirmed for a moment in its death agony, and sank slowly beneath the purple flood. It was almost like suicide; suicide out of malice! Who was Dom Pedro, to have done such a thing to him? Willie stood horror-stricken, holding his breath. Why had he chased after the darned old stamp? He had only gone after it out of good will. He didn't have to! And now!

Stealthily and reeking with a cold perspiration he replaced his book in its secret hiding place. Anyhow, nobody had seen him with the twenty-four pesos!

But that night as he lay on his pallet under the stairs he was visited by fearful nightmares in which he was always running—always running—with feet of lead, carrying a kettle of blackberry jam, while just behind him, his gleaming eyes and glistening teeth not six feet away, followed a terrible person with fierce black bushy whiskers and turn-down collar and plaid necktie, breathing purple pesos—Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil.

The reasons Toggery Bill had not gone to the courthouse had been twofold. First, he had been obliged to go over his accounts; and second, he had suddenly been seized with a great idea—an idea of genius. He, like Willie, had been visited by a dream—in which dense throngs of people besieged his doors clamoring to buy his goods. He awoke, perceiving his opportunity. The people were there—right in Pottsville—only they were down at the courthouse. The thing was to lure them up to his store. How? That was the question. It was a perfectly good idea—a sound business idea and it had nothing at all to do with the Dom Pedro triangulares or a sense of humor. Yet somehow they all got pitchforked in together.

When Moses Meachem came back from the courthouse at five o'clock Toggery Bill was sitting on the wooden steps waiting for him. Though they conducted somewhat similar establishments they were not really rivals, for Meachem catered more to the feminine and juvenile trade.

"See what happened to your showcase?" inquired Gookin significantly.

Moses looked quickly up at it.

"Gol durn it!" he ejaculated. "Ain't that the luck!"

"Stamp missin', ain't there?" inquired Toggery Bill shortly.

"Yep."

"I know who's got it!"

"The dickens yer do!"

"Yep," complacently.

"Tell us."

"Willie Toothaker."

"The young devil!"

"Yep! He's got it!" affirmed Toggery Bill, thus deliberately creating the impression that Willie had unhooked the case and personally removed the stamp.

"By golly, you just wait till I get him!"

Moses Meachem clenched both his fists. He was a hard man, whom any dog would have avoided if it did not bite him.

"Better get after him quick then!"

Without another word Mr. Meachem turned toward the Phœnix House. Willie had just returned to the kitchen sink after wheeling into the crowded dining room a baby-carriage load of New England boiled dinner when Meachem invited him sternly to step out into the woodshed for a minute.

"I want that stamp!" he growled in low, fierce tones, and Willie abandoned himself to despair.

"I ain't got it, Mr. Meachem!" he wailed. "I ran after it to save it for you; an' then I just thought I'd see how it looked in the book, an' then all of a sudden the wind blew it into the jam kettle."

Mr. Meachem suddenly grabbed Willie by the neck.

"You young devil, you!" he hissed. "You miserable little scoundrel. You either give me back that stamp or you go to jail. I'm goin' right over to tell the constable."

Willie turned white.

"Oh, please don't, Mr. Meachem!" he begged. "I'll pay you for it—honest, I will!"

Meachem looked hard at him.

"Pay me! You ain't got five dollars!"

"I know—where I can get it—maybe."

Mr. Meachem stroked his chin.

"It's my duty to go right over and make a complaint. On t'other hand I hev the right and also the duty to try and get back my property. I dunno ——"

"Mr. Meachem!" besought Willie. "I'll give you fifteen dollars an' buy the whole set, if only you won't make a complaint! Honest. Cross—my—heart—I will! I—I—know—a man ——" He searched his mind vainly for an imaginary source of financial assistance.

Meachem relinquished his hold, but he stuck his lean visage close up against Willie's.

"I'll give you till—let's see, this is Wednesday—till Friday morning; an' if I don't get that fifteen dollars by ten o'clock I'll ask for a warrant for ye!" he threatened.

"Yes, sir. Thank you, Mr. Meachem!" choked Willie.

Then his heart sank. He could no more produce fifteen dollars by Friday morning at ten o'clock than he could produce a gold-plated armadillo!

"Willie! Willie! Where are you?" called Mrs. Best feverishly from the kitchen. "Why don't you fetch in the soup dishes?"

"Comin', Mrs. Best!" he answered.

Then whistling he kicked open the dining-room door, dragging the baby carriage behind him by a single finger.

Willie passed an almost sleepless night, fitfully interrupted by dreams in which Meachem and Dom Pedro quarreled for possession of his incarcerated body. So too did Mr. Tutt, for the prosecution had built up a damaging case of circumstantial evidence against Skinny the Tramp, proving many and divers threats made by him against the deceased, and what appeared to be an exclusive opportunity on his part to commit the murder. Skinny could only deny it—that was all. And upstate juries are prone to convict. Likewise, Mr. Toggery Bill Gookin slept but little, for the morrow was to see the disclosure of his great idea and it had been two A. M. before he had finished what he was doing in his store window.

But at last upon all three the morning dawned. Mr. Tutt walking to the courthouse found his way impeded by a large gathering of citizenry and neighboring farmers in front of Pottsville's principal dry-goods establishment, the window of which had overnight been draped with an American flag, partially clutched in the waxen hand of a lay figure adorned with one of Toggery Bill's ready-made suits.

In the center—and well down stage—stood a kitchen chair, on the seat of which in an upright position reposed a small barrel—a nail keg presumably—apparently filled with money, for it bulged forth ostentatiously—silver and copper coins, upon a substratum of what appeared to be genuine bank notes. Pasted in the window was a hand-painted sign, reading as follows:

Who can tell how much money is in this barrel?
Whoever *comes nearest* will *get it all!*
The next nearest will receive *free* one of our best eighteen-dollar "Nobby Spring Suits!"

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STYLEPLUS CLOTHES

Match Styleplus quality and see how much it costs!

We make no claims for Styleplus that are not backed up *by the clothes.*

Styleplus stand out for *style.* The clothes prove it in their appearance.

Styleplus stand out for *quality.* The clothes prove it in their wear.

Styleplus stand out for *moderate price.* The clothes prove it in their values.

Shop around a little with these three essentials in mind. See if you do not soon discover why these three big Styleplus features have made the clothes so strong with the men of America.

Known style and all-wool quality—nationally famous.

Known medium prices—printed on the sleeve ticket.

Each suit bears our trademark, familiar wherever men take a pride in their clothes and in their sense for value.

Sold by one leading clothing-merchant in most cities and towns. Write for name of local dealer.

Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc.
Founded 1849 Baltimore, Md.

The big name in clothes

Styleplus Clothes

Trade Mark Reg

$45-$50-$55-$60

And a limited assortment at $40

AMERICA'S KNOWN-PRICED CLOTHES

Copyright 1920
Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc.

Trade Mark Reg.

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By Floyd W. Parsons

Why Coffee is High

WHAT will be the effect of prohibition upon our consumption of such things as coffee and tea? This is a question one often hears in these days of Sahara drought. At any rate it is interesting to review briefly this problem of a national drink to tickle the palates of a thirsty population who have been deprived of those beverages that have been famed for their so-called kick. Ice-cream sodas may now increase in popularity, but there are among us several million ladies and gentlemen who will not be attracted by a drink so mild. Will we go in more largely than ever for coffee and tea, and if we do where will we get it and what will it cost?

Method of Coffee Transportation in Costa Rica

In the matter of tea consumption the British people hold the palm of championship. Back in 1908 the inhabitants of the United Kingdom consumed 275,000,000 pounds of tea each year. This consumption has steadily increased until the subjects of King George are now consuming about 320,000,000 pounds. Here in the United States during the same period of time the consumption of tea has remained stationary at something like 95,000,000 pounds. In other words, tea has not taken hold in the United States as it has in Great Britain and the English colonies.

When it comes to coffee, however, the people of the United States carry off the consumption trophy. Back in 1908 the total quantity of coffee used in the United States amounted to 875,000,000 pounds. Our present consumption totals about 1,000,000,000 pounds annually. Coffee consumption in the United Kingdom a decade ago was only 29,000,000 pounds and is now running at the rate of about 31,000,000 pounds each year. The French people consume about 250,000,000 pounds annually, while the Germans use more than 400,000,000 pounds each year, ranking next to the Americans as coffee drinkers.

Abyssinia was the original home of coffee and the original discoverers were the Abyssinian goats. A French monk noticed that the goats were unusually frisky after eating the whole coffee berries and in this way the potency of the berries as a drink for humans was discovered. The first coffee house on record was established at Mocha in 1285. In 1554 coffee houses were introduced into Constantinople and were largely patronized by literary men. Some time later the Turkish Government shut down all of the coffee houses in the country, believing that coffee harmed the human system. A wave of public protest forced the government to reopen them.

Reports of this new drink gradually drifted into Europe during the early part of the seventeenth century and coffee found quick favor with the French, being first introduced in Marseilles about 1644. From the Continent the fame of this new beverage traveled to England and a Greek servant by the name of Pasqua Rosse, who had learned to make Turkish coffee in Constantinople, opened a coffee house in London in 1652. The British people were told that this new drink "so closes the orifice of the stomach and fortifies heat within that it is very good to help digestion. It much quickens the spirits and makes the heart lightsome. It is good against sore eyes and the better if you hold your head over it and take the steam that way. It suppresseth fumes and therefore is good against headache."

Again the way of the coffee drinker became a rocky road when King Charles II ordered all coffee houses closed, not because drinking coffee was doing evil but because in those democratic gatherings there was "defamation of His Majesty's government." The decree apologetically said: "The retail of coffee may be an innocent trade, but as it was used to nourish sedition it might also be a common nuisance." The order was soon withdrawn, however. But by the end of the seventeenth century the alcoholic-drink interests in England, France and Germany succeeded in their determined opposition to coffee drinking and contrived to have heavy taxes imposed upon the importation of the product. At the same time these dispensers of fermented drinks spread the report broadcast that coffee was extremely harmful to health. It would appear now that more than two centuries later coffee has survived, though its early enemies have been largely vanquished.

Up until the end of the seventeenth century coffee had been grown only in Arabia. A little later the Dutch took the seeds to Java and from there to the West Indies. Now it is grown quite generally throughout the civilized regions of the tropical world. The climate of Brazil is just right for the growing of coffee and that country now produces upward of eighty per cent of the world's coffee crop. About two-thirds of the Brazilian production is grown in the state of Sao Paulo. Practically three-quarters of all the coffee consumed in the United States came from Brazil up until several months ago. The attempt of growers, aided by the Brazilian Government, to withhold something like 3,000,000 bags of coffee from the market is having the effect of introducing other grades of coffee into the American market.

There have been many improvements in the methods of growing the coffee bean. The coffee tree, or shrub, is pruned to be kept between six and ten feet in height, bearing two years after transplanting and yielding a full crop from its sixth to its fifteenth years. However, the principal advances in coffee have come from a better understanding of just how to brew the beverage. A proper understanding of the principles of grinding is the first essential of good coffee making. After the green beans are received in this country they are handled by the coffee roasters, who dump the beans into huge perforated revolving cylinders and after submitting them to a great heat for about thirty minutes they are drawn off into cooling boxes arranged on wheels. These boxes are moved over to an exhaust fan which draws the air down through the coffee, thus checking the further roasting of the beans. After this the coffee is dumped through apertures in the floor and is piped into receiving boxes on the shipping floor.

Each coffee bean is constructed of tiny cells, which are the packages wherein are stored the whole value of coffee—the aromatic oils. The grinding of coffee results in the opening of the cell tissue; and the finer it is cut the more easily are the juices released. The true strength and flavor of roasted coffee are ground out, not boiled out. With pulverized coffee the released oils are instantaneously soluble in boiling water. It should not be forgotten in this connection that when ground coffee stands in open packages the oils rapidly escape into the air. Ground coffee should be used at once, or should be confined in air-proof and moisture-proof protection.

Coffee should be brewed—never cooked. The aromatic oils in the coffee beans have already undergone the necessary cooking. Boiling coffee and water together prepares a liquid that is damaged in flavor and that contains such undesirable elements as coffee tannin. The aromatic oils constituting the whole true flavor are extracted instantly by boiling water when the cells have been thoroughly opened by fine grinding. Too long contact of water and coffee causes bitterness. The first brew is always injured by being boiled or overheated; likewise it is damaged by being chilled, which breaks the fusion of oils and water. Coffee tannin does not enter the brew in any appreciable amount when coffee is made by using a quick undelayed flow of water that has a temperature not less than the boiling point—212 degrees. Filter bags should be kept in cold water when not in use. Drying causes decomposition. The filter bags should be made of muslin and will keep sweet if kept wet. After a brew of coffee has been made if it cannot be served immediately it should be kept hot as in a double boiler. The quality of the coffee is destroyed if it is allowed to cool and is then heated again.

The increased price of coffee during the past year has been the cause of much discussion in the newspapers of the country. The average import price of coffee rose from 9.4 cents a pound in 1918 to twenty-two cents a pound last fall. The coffee people were so bitterly assailed because of this increase in cost that a number of Federal and state investigations of the situation were proposed. The coffee industry defended itself by stating that all during the war coffee remained stationary in price, the reason being that the South American coffee growers were cut off from European markets and the United States consumers benefited thereby. Now that the markets of Europe are open again, the South American planters have proceeded to raise prices. A large part of the population of Brazil depends upon the coffee crop for a living. Coffee is the sole source of revenue which enables them to purchase innumerable articles in the United States. American goods sold to the Brazilians have advanced in price from 200 to 300 per cent.

Then there are other reasons for the increase in coffee prices. A frost in Brazil reduced the 1919–1920 crop nearly forty per cent. This weather damage will also affect the future crops for the next two or three years, as the coffee trees are slow in making recovery. The friends of coffee point out that, even at a cost of fifty cents, a pound of coffee will produce from thirty to forty cups, according to

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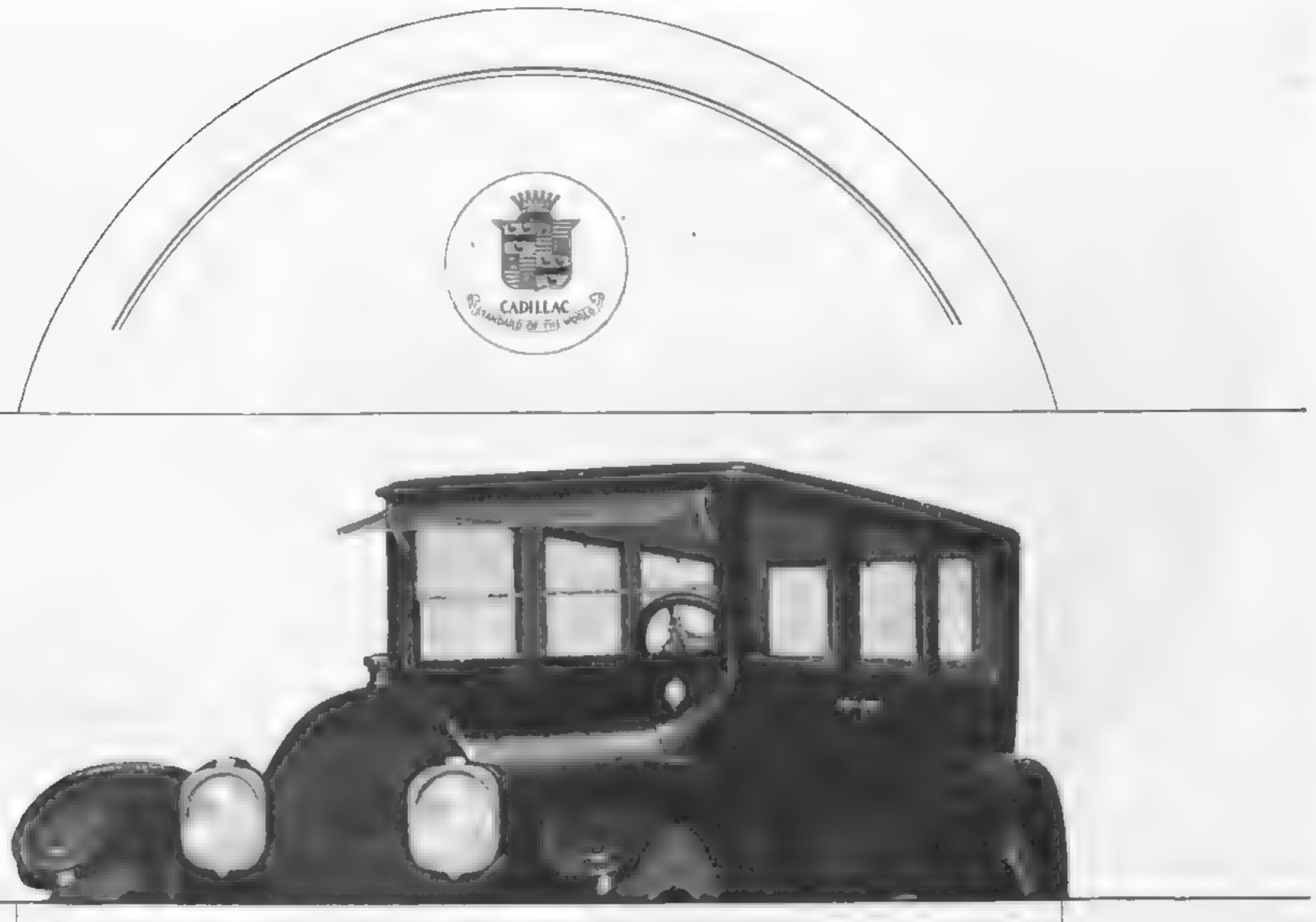


Do you realize the deep-seated satisfaction which Cadillac engineers, designers and craftsmen are deriving from the ovation that is being accorded the Type 59 at the motor car shows everywhere?

It is to them a compensation for years of patient and painstaking devotion to an ideal, which money could not measure.

It is something of the same satisfaction that comes, when recognition arrives, to the man who has produced a great play, or painted a great picture, or done any other worth-while work in which money is not the sole reward.

If that seems a far-fetched comparison, remember that the men who compose this group of Cadillac craftsmen, are artists, at least, in that they cannot conceive of standards too high, or too fine, for the Cadillac.

They know of no goodness too good, no beauty too beautiful, to be incorporated in this car of their creating.

Of course, there is a sense in which they know in advance —after building more than eighty thousand Cadillac cars of the same type—that their latest creation is bound to receive a royal welcome by discriminating people.

Nevertheless, they are the servants of their public, and the reward is not complete until that public has said: This is the best and the most beautiful Cadillac you have built.

The reward has come to them in such overwhelming measure, in Type 59, that we are moved to remind you again, that if you hope to own a Cadillac car during the year 1920, you owe it to yourself to talk with your Cadillac distributor at once.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT MICHIGAN.

(Continued from Page 36)

the method of brewing. This means that a cup of coffee with milk and sugar costs about a cent and half, which does not place coffee in the list of expensive luxuries, notwithstanding the recent price advances.

At the same time it would not be proper to overlook the fact that certain American and Brazilian coffee men have taken advantage of a combination of favorable circumstances to force up the price of coffee to high levels. This gambling, which started early last year, brought about a result that was hardly expected. The high prices fixed for Brazilian coffee caused American importers to place orders with other producers. As a result large quantities of mild coffee have come into the United States to supplant the Brazilian product, which has controlled the market heretofore. It was only toward the end of last year that the Brazilian growers commenced to realize that a large part of the American trade was becoming accustomed to other grades of coffee and that regardless of price these consumers might never again use the Santos—Brazilian—coffee in prewar quantities.

Aside from the large increase in the import prices of coffee, which are the prices of the product in the country where it is grown, there have been immense advances in the cost of transportation and in the charges for handling the coffee. I find on investigation that pre-war prices compare with present prices as follows: Storage has advanced from three to eight cents; labor from four to eight cents; cleaning from fifteen to twenty cents; dumping and mixing from ten to fifteen cents; marking from one to three cents; and labor at vessel from nine dollars a thousand to fifteen dollars a thousand. Cartage rates for coffee have increased from 150 to 200 per cent. All of these higher charges have helped to raise the price of coffee to the consumer. About the only remedy for these large additional costs must come from increased efficiency in the local methods of handling the coffee tonnage. Even the coffee men themselves acknowledge that present practice and present organizations are out of date and woefully inefficient. If anyone wants to start a cost investigation let him commence with the handling in our ports of all commodities which are brought to this country from other lands.

The amount of money sent out of the United States for the purchase of coffee since 1908 amounts to more than $1,000,000,000. Here again we find ourselves at the mercy of other nationals in the matter of this common product, which has become practically an everyday necessity to many people. Since we are the world's greatest coffee drinkers and as there appears to be good reason for believing that days of prohibition will increase our national consumption of this beverage, is it not advisable for us to pay some attention to the growing of coffee in Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines? The Porto Rican coffee has been the prime favorite with the French people. Comparatively little of this product finds its way to the United States. Some of the best coffee grown in the world is produced in the Hawaiian Islands. Only a little of it reaches us. Once upon a time Filipino coffee led the world. To-day the industry is almost extinct.

All three of our insular possessions above named are crying for a coffee tariff. People in the Philippines tell us that a duty on coffee in America would revive the industry in those far-off islands. If the French like Porto Rican coffee so well, why can't we drink it here? There are other ways to cure some evils than merely to stand and yell about them. It is never a safe position for a nation to be dependent upon a single source of supply for an essential commodity, especially if that source has no relationship with us in a national way.

Decorating With Light

ATTENTION has been called in these columns to the great value to industry that results from the intelligent practice of scientific illumination. It is estimated that in this country seventy-five per cent of all spoilage occurs during the time when artificial light is used. Careful investigators place the gain in production due to good lighting at from five to fifteen per cent; accidents are reduced twenty-five per cent; labor turnover is lessened and night shifts are made possible; all of which will result from better illumination that will cost not more than one half of one per cent of one year's pay roll in the average plant.

Industry is being converted rapidly to the wisdom of providing efficient lighting in factories and mills. In this connection, however, we may well ask: "What is the status of illumination in our homes?"

Most of the leisure hours of the average person are spent within his home. Ninety per cent of a man's waking hours in the house are spent under artificial light, and yet less than five per cent of the cost of the home is electrical equipment. Out of 24,000,000 homes in the United States about 9,000,000 are lighted by electricity. Notwithstanding this large use of electric lights in our residences, the art of home illumination has not been satisfactorily developed and is suffering from two things—glare and gloom, of which the greater is glare.

When the question of adequate lighting is put up to the average householder his reply is: "What will this do to my lighting bill, which is already as high as I feel I can afford?"

Right here it may be appropriate to state that the cost of light in this country had consistently decreased up until the commencement of the World War. If we represent the cost of food in 1896 by the figure 80 the cost of food in 1914 was 145. Comparing this with electric light we find that the cost of electric light in 1896 was ninety-three and had declined to sixteen by 1914. In other words, while food was nearly doubling in price the cost of electric light was being reduced to less than one-fifth of its former price. If the lighting bill in the average home has been running about $2.50 a month the head of the household considers that his cost of home illumination is running wild when the monthly bill climbs up to $2.90. Few of us ever assume that home lighting ranks in importance close to home heating. We pay five times as much for warmth as for light and accept the situation without comment.

The best estimate I can obtain for 1919 places the lighting load of central stations in this country at about 10,000,000,000 kilowatt hours, of which total one-fourth, or 2,500,000,000, consisted of residence lighting. If Noah or some of his contemporaries more than 5000 years ago could have lighted a thousand of our commonly used fifty-watt incandescent lamps and those lamps had been kept lighted night and day ever since, they would have consumed by now in the neighborhood of 2,250,000,000 kilowatt hours of electric energy.

Ordinarily we would expect that a practice so common as home lighting would have been developed to a high degree of perfection during the last twenty years of rapid electrical progress. It is a fact that marvelous advances have occurred in the manufacture of incandescent lamps. To-day's tungsten-filament lamp gives nine and a half times as much light for the current consumed as did Edison's carbon-filament lamp. The brilliancy of lighting equipment, however, has advanced with more rapid strides than have the measures for properly placing and utilizing modern light.

The chief problem in home lighting is the minimizing of glare. Most people know that dim light necessitates close-range vision, which overtaxes the muscles of the eyes and results in eye strain; fewer people understand that under a glaring light the pupil of the eye contracts to shut out the stinging brilliancy, thus overworking other eye muscles and according to oculists causing eighty per cent of our headaches.

The experts on home illumination now tell us that we can not only eliminate ugly and harmful lighting effects in our homes but that we can at the same time make our lighting play an important rôle in home furnishing and decorative art. These same authorities say that as an artistic medium it outclasses in possibilities draperies, rugs, wall coverings, pictures and bric-a-brac. It is actually within one's power to handle light just as an artist would use brush and pigment or as a decorator would handle the materials with which he achieves colorful effects. In the use of light the householder has three variables to work with—quantity or intensity, color and distribution. Color determines the hue and tints of furnishings, walls, draperies, and so on, while distribution brings in all the light-and-shadow effects so essential to an interesting interior.

One reason why light has been used more as a utility than as a decorating medium in the home is due to the ignorance of the average salesman of lighting fixtures in the matter of illumination principles. The salesman's talking points are price, popularity, finish and style. He makes no mention whatever of the lighting effects which might be made to harmonize with the psychological results which the purchaser is striving to obtain with his decorations and furnishings. The electrical salesman of the future will explain to the possible customer how light from fixtures as it is sprayed upon different areas of a room may enhance the artistic effects desired or may counteract them. The electrical-fixture designer's salvation lies in manufacturing lighting equipment that possesses a definite aim. Then it will be more easily possible for a clever salesman to muster forceful talking points that will convince the head of a household that light may be something more than a necessary evil in the home.

Outdoors amid the dominating magnitude of Nature we usually reflect Nature's mood, but indoors our personal moods desire to command us. Nothing possesses greater power to create or alter a mood in the home than a carefully constructed system of lighting. The greatest artist in the business explained this to me about as follows: The wall coverings in the various rooms should be of a light or medium value and not strongly colored; otherwise the mood of the room is largely fixed, for a redistribution of light cannot greatly alter the values. If the walls are of low reflecting power compared with the ceiling a great many times more light must fall upon them than upon the ceiling in order to make the walls appear as bright as the ceiling. If the difference in the reflecting powers is too great it is not practicable to rearrange the values by means of light alone. Hence medium or light shades are desirable in the wall coverings if variety in lighting effects is to be realized.

In modern lighting there should be one circuit to control outlets equipped with shades which direct the light downward and another which controls outlets equipped with a bowl or shades which direct the light upward. Each circuit provides a distinctly different mood or expression and the two combined provide a third one. By placing tinted lamps or colored mediums about the lamps which are connected in one circuit, variety in tint is introduced. Such a combination of distributing devices is a simple matter in the design of fixtures and the electrical manufacturers will be obliged to work toward this end as householders become more familiar with the potentialities of lighting in their homes.

Two circuits controlled by means of separate switches are fundamentally essential if a degree of variety in lighting effects is to be obtained. In an ordinary living room the desired flexibility in lighting may be obtained by means of portable lamps. The first requirement is a sufficient number of baseboard, floor and wall outlets judiciously installed. A generous supply of such outlets is rarely found in living rooms, notwithstanding their importance and low cost. A living room of moderate size should have from six to ten baseboard and floor outlets so that portable lamps may be placed wherever desired. If some of these lamps are equipped with two circuits controlling upward and downward components of light respectively it is obvious that a great variety of decorative effects may be obtained. Wall brackets should be cautiously utilized and in general they should be considered as ornamental objects. Any lights used in them should be of low brightness.

In a dining room there is a splendid opportunity to procure an expressive lighting effect. The dome which used to hang over the dining table is no longer considered to be in style. However, from the standpoint of actual results this fixture has not been greatly improved upon. The dining table should be the most highly illuminated area in the room. There is something conducive to cheerfulness in a distribution of light that hems the diners with semidarkness, for this concentrates their attention upon each other and upon the festive board. Such illumination possesses that elemental virtue which harkens back to the primitive joy of the camp fire. The

(Continued on Page 40)

PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL LAMP WORKS

The Lamps in This Room are Designed to Furnish Either Direct or Indirect Lighting, or a Combination of the Two. The Photograph Was Taken by Indirect Light

Old Love Songs

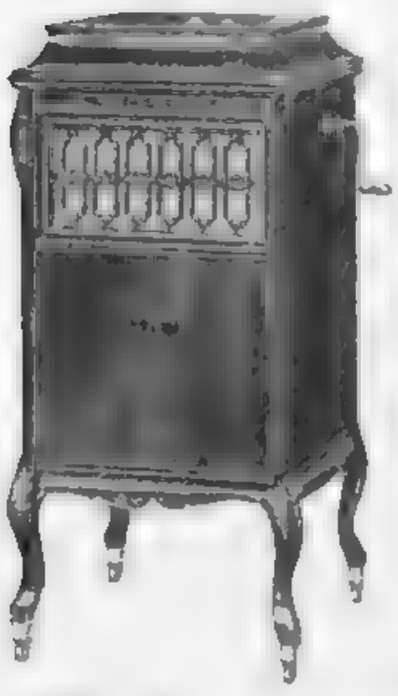
25009—COMIN' THRU THE RYE
The Wind's in the South
Grace Hoffman
Coloratura Soprano

27513—ROSE IN THE BUD
HOMING
Kathleen Howard
Contralto

40185—ROBIN ADAIR
Campbell and Burr
The Moon Has Raised Her Lamp Above
Lewis James and Turner Roe

40186—ANNIE LAURIE
Shannon Four
Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon
Lewis James

25004—SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD
Craig Campbell
Tenor
We've Been Chums for Fifty Years
Craig Campbell
Tenor



Chansons d'Amour

LOVE Songs—fit music for this, the day of St. Valentine—the patron saint of all lovers.

The songs of the heart endure.

Fashions in music change—but the love song goes on forever.

Among the Pathé Phonograph Records you will find the choicest and most exquisite love songs ever written: love songs of today—and the love songs of by-gone years.

Pathé

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COSTS NO MORE THAN THE ORDINARY

PHONOGRAPH

New Love Songs

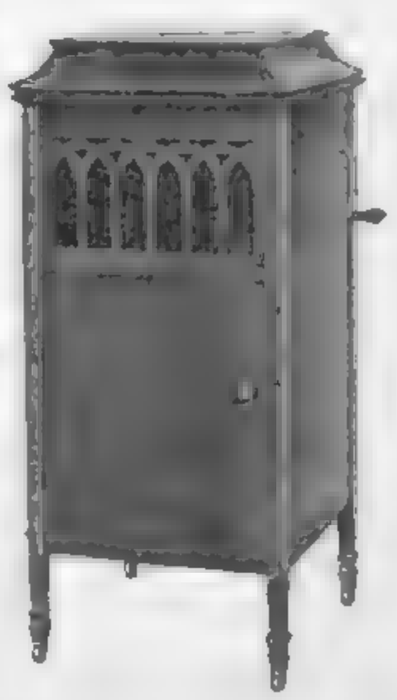
22158—SWEET KISSES
Acme Male Quartet
Hawaiian Lullaby
James and Hart

22242—WONDERFUL PAL
Lewis James
On the Trail to Santa Fé
James and Hart

22261—I NEVER KNEW
Henry Burr
Tenor
I'm Like a Ship Without a Sail
Campbell and Burr

22265—ROMANY WHERE LOVE RUNS WILD
Robert Bruce
Arizona Mona
Peerless Quartet

22200—YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO
Sam Ash, Tenor
Weeping Willow Lane
Lewis James and Elliot Shaw



PATHÉ FRÈRES PHONOGRAPH COMPANY

London, England — EUGENE A. WIDMANN, *President* — BROOKLYN, N. Y. — Toronto, Canada

(Continued from Page 38)

old-fashioned lighting dome, when properly designed and hung, produces this delightful effect, and many people are again showing their preference for this fixture over the so-called modern indirect fixtures suspended from the ceiling. A dominantly lighted table is far more desirable than a dominantly lighted ceiling. The dome used in the dining room may be equipped with two circuits so as to give both upward and downward lighting as desired.

Color has played a part in the lighting of the home through silk shades and tinted glassware, but a simpler procedure is to use tinted lamps, especially when an effect upon the room as a whole is desired. Strongly colored light has little application in lighting the home; in fact only the delicate tints are satisfactory for general illumination. These are well described as tints, which are felt rather than seen. In other words, the householder should be conscious of them only through the subtle influence of the atmosphere which they provide. The most satisfactory tints are the warmer ones, which approach the light given off by a candle flame. In attempting to utilize the charm of color in lighting a home the individual should never ignore the fact that color lives through contrast and dies through lack of it.

In lighting, fixtures and lamps are merely the means, and though they should be appropriate we should bear in mind that in the home illumination effects are the important and final result sought. In coming years householders will discover that light possesses a power of magical drapery that has greater potentiality than any other medium accessible to the hands of the interior decorator. Some of the greatest possibilities of life lie in the things that we already have but fail to use.

A Rival of Copper

PRIOR to the war it appeared that a majority of the really worth-while inventions were the work of Americans. At the present time a careful reading of the world's scientific literature seems to indicate that some of the valuable thinking to-day is taking place on the other side of the ocean. Perhaps Europe suffered more than we did, and they say that suffering sharpens the wits and stirs dormant ambitions. At any rate, Yankee ingenuity is being challenged as never before.

Now comes Dr. Georges Giulini, famous Swiss aluminum expert, with an invention that offers great possibilities. It is produced by putting ordinary aluminum through a special process by which it acquires the same mechanical qualities and capacities as bronze, copper and brass, without changing its specific weight. The price of the new metal will be relatively low, so that by reason of its smaller specific weight it will be able to compete with copper and brass very favorably.

For years many industries have been searching for a good electrical conductor that is light in weight. This new metal therefore should not only have a good market in the electrical trade but should also be in demand among the builders of motor cars, airplanes, ships and railway coaches.

Aluminum has heretofore seemed to lack only the quality of being a conductor, for as an element it is already malleable, ductile, lighter than glass, does not tarnish and is not affected by hot or cold water. Only thirty or forty years ago aluminum, though abundant in nature, was hard to extract from its ores. Then electricity came along and the reduction of the element was made easy. The price dropped rapidly from twenty dollars a pound to less than forty cents. Most of the metal in recent years has been used for making alloys, but this new invention is likely to open a new field and put the aluminum business on a firmer and wider foundation.

Necessity the Mother of Invention

UP IN Michigan a progressive contractor was erecting some buildings for a large manufacturing concern. The call for the completion of the job was most urgent. In the midst of the rush and at a critical moment in the construction work ten men performing an essential service in the chain of building operations went on strike.

At first glance it appeared that the whole job would have to be shut down tight. The superintendent in charge, however, refused to concede defeat and set about finding a way out of his trouble. All possible inventive ability was brought to bear on the situation and in a few days a couple of machines had been rigged up to do the vital work previously performed by the ten strikers. As the days passed the machines were improved and the cost of operating them, which at first was high, was soon reduced to a figure that totaled less than the cost prevailing before the strike was declared. Two men with the aid of the machines were able to do the work that formerly required ten men. The strikers were forgotten and the building operations went forward to completion. A certain class of labor had been dispensed with for all time.

PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL LAMP WORKS

The Same Living Room Shown on Page 38 Except That the Portable Electric Lamps are Illuminating the Room With Direct Light

Only recently more than one hundred periodicals in New York City were compelled to cease publication because of an unauthorized printers' strike. At first no effort was made to resume operations, but after several weeks had passed and no solution of the trouble appeared imminent some of the publishers in their emergency decided to resort to other methods than those that had been commonly employed.

Instead of compositors typewriting machines were used. The first editions of certain periodicals using this method showed a ragged edge on the right side of each column similar to that which appears on the right side of a typewritten letter. The second week a simple way was found to justify the lines and give columns with straight edges. One publisher in his third trial found it possible even to do away with photo-engraving and substitute for this method a lithographic process. This reduced costs and gave a better-looking page. The owner contemplates going ahead with his new method, which in reality is only an adaptation of processes already well known. He stated that he would not go back to the original plan of operation for some weeks, even if the strike should end at once. He wanted to investigate further and see if he could not perfect and permanently adopt the new scheme of printing a paper.

The important thought in the matter is: We never know what is possible until we are confronted by an emergency. The war was an emergency of the first order and such arts as aviation and shipbuilding were developed in a few years to a degree of perfection that would have consumed a decade or more under normal demands.

We are now facing a new kind of perplexing situation—a conflict that presents no less dangers to the nation than the fight we recently finished. Many industries are threatened with a stoppage unless new methods can be devised for doing things. Soon it will be impossible to concede further demands to most classes of workmen, for the limit of forbearance on the part of the public has about been reached.

The necessity of the hour is plain. The remedy now rests in the hands of the inventor and engineer just as it did in the urgent days of war.

A careful investigation of the foundation facts on which our industrial life rests does not reveal insurmountable discouragements. Practically all our efforts are based on an adequate supply of power, and right here is the starting point for technical brains. The best available estimates indicate that the total mechanical horse power used in the United States amounts to about 180,000,000 horse power, or nearly two horse power per capita for the entire population. Of this horses and mules contribute 25,000,000; automobiles consume 50,000,000; steam railroads, 50,000,000; manufactures, 25,000,000; central stations, 8,500,000; mines and quarries, 6,000,000; steam and naval vessels, 5,000,000; and street and electric railways, 4,000,000.

Recent examinations show that we should get at least 40,000,000 horse power out of our rivers and streams. This is nearly seven times what we have already developed and would more than operate every factory in the United States, besides running our street-car lines and furnishing us with an abundance of light and central-station power. The shipment of coal from the mines to the points of consumption is the economic blunder of the age. If an emergency rises that will stop this waste of energy by forcing us to generate power at the mine mouth, then the trouble—whatever it is—will be more than worth all the annoyance it can possibly cause us. Petroleum is becoming more important each day and requires almost no labor at all in its production and refining.

Let us aim for cheaper power. This will solve the servant question in our homes, for then electricity will make cooking, washing and cleaning a comparatively easy task. On our electric railroads the engineer has already perfected a type of automatic substation that requires no attendants at all. In dozens of industries the chief operations are now mechanical instead of manual. Cheaper power will enable a similar substitution all down the line.

If our present epidemic of useless strikes finally rouses the nation to put forth its supreme effort in the way of inventive skill it will prove to be one of those clouds that have a silver lining. Many a trouble can be avoided only by getting off the main highways and seeking new paths for a way out.

Remedies for High Prices

SAID I to myself, "There's so much talk about high costs, wages, and so on, that perhaps it would be well to try and further illuminate the problem with a statement of a few plain but pertinent facts." Every other person I had met in weeks either recited with confidence the definite causes of our present perplexing situation or proposed a specific and infallible remedy. Some did both. This encouraged my boldness and I started to investigate, entertaining the fixed belief that diligent search would uncover new and helpful truths, even though I might be guilty of the inexcusable crime of only adding more words to the overstocked literature on a subject important but trite.

First, I stopped in to see the interesting old gentleman who owns the laundry that has done my shirts and collars for several years. Said I: "How is it that you are charging me 18 cents for my shirts when I used to pay you 14?"

The old man failed to catch any smile in my voice and right away there was something doing. Down came his ledger.

"Do you see that ironing board over there?" said he, pointing to the first one in a long row. "Well, the fellow that works there got $20 a week two years ago; to-day he gets a weekly wage of $46.30. See? Here is the record—I only paid him an hour ago. Look at the muslin on those ironing boards! It lasts no more than a week. Formerly it cost me 9 cents a yard; now I pay 35 cents for the same thing. Ordinary soap used to cost me 5 cents; the present price is 18. Look at the twine on those bundles! Before the war the price was $1.20 for five pounds; now I pay 65 cents for one pound. The little buttons that go in the top of the shirts used to cost me 20 cents a box, but they are now 55. The same pins that were 25 cents a box now sell for 65 cents. Those are some of the reasons why I charge more. They are also some of the reasons why on a like volume of business I am making less than I did two years ago. Were it not for my larger trade the situation would be serious."

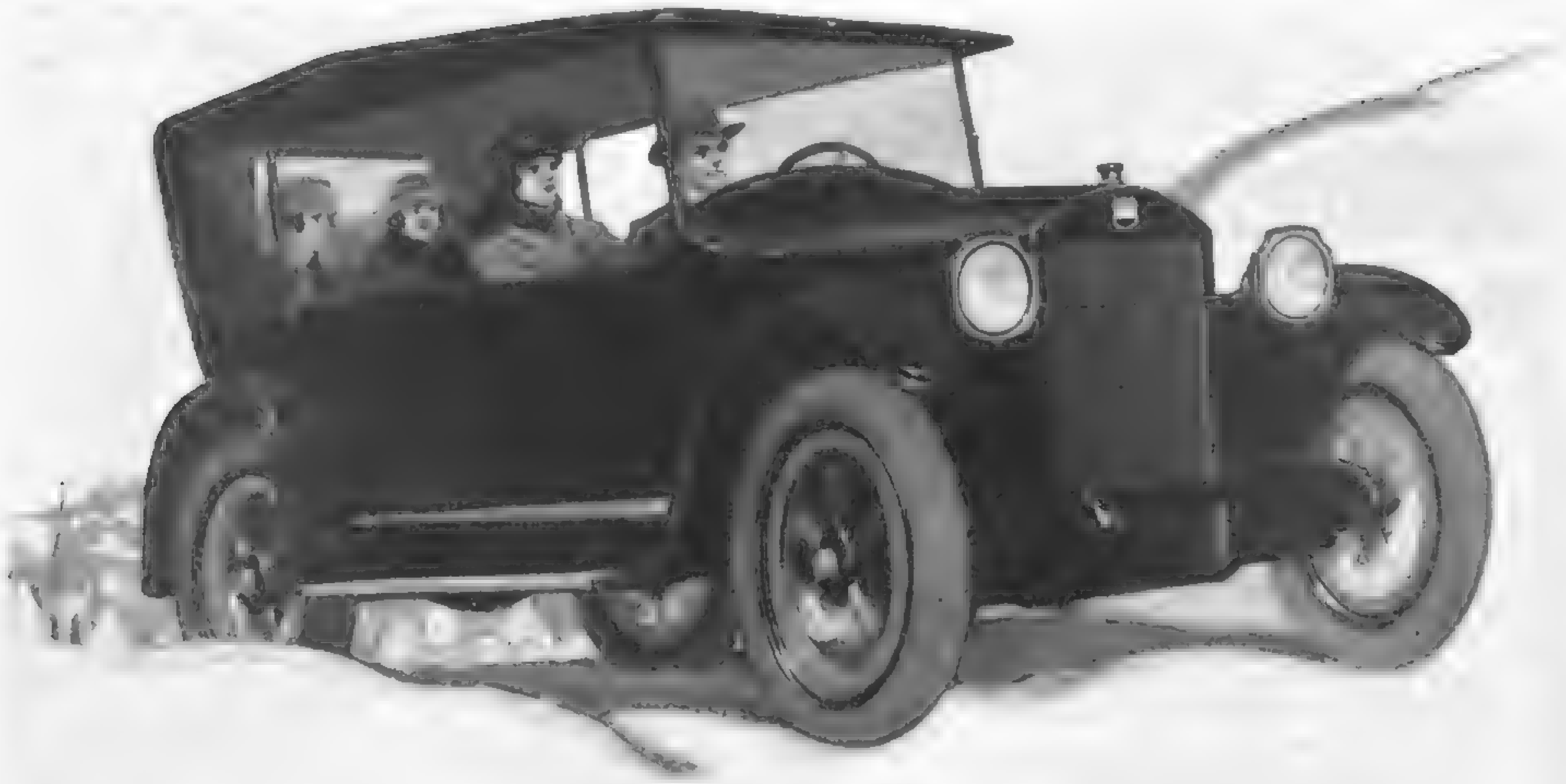
After thanking my friend of the laundry I crossed the street to the busy shop where Tony and his assistants give you a shine that literally has a conscience.

"How's business, Tony?" I inquired. "He vera big," replied the Italian, "but expense, him bigger."

When pressed to explain, Tony told me how the leather that used to cost him 43 cents a pound now costs him $1.25. As a consequence he had raised his price for heeling and soling shoes from $1.25 to $1.75. His shoe shiners formerly were paid $10, plus their tips; now they get $21 in addition to all their gratuities. His shoe paste has gone up from 75 cents a dozen to $1.35. Tony, like the laundryman, maintained that notwithstanding his larger business he was no better off than two or three years ago.

Next, I went to the candy man, the restaurant owner, the tobacco dealer, the grocer, the tailor and others, and in all cases heard practically the same story. Everywhere there was big business. People all seemed to have money and were spending it, but net profits in most cases were held close to those of prewar days by the ascending costs and the high Federal and state taxes. The tobacco man

(Continued on Page 55)



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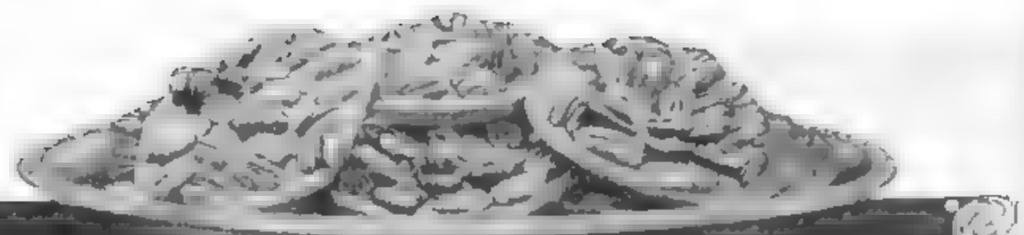

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OUT-OF-DOORS

First Overland Trip to California

THERE is in my desk an old copy of a sporting magazine called The Texas Field and Sportsman, which contained an article written by Thomas Speed Mosby, titled First Overland Trip to California. The keynote may be noted in the first paragraph:

"Although popularly ascribed to General John C. Frémont, the achievement of the first overland trip to California was attained by Sylvester and James O. Pattie, of Missouri, many years before Frémont thought of venturing into the vast and unknown regions between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean. The two Patties, with six others, reached San Diego, California, after four years of wandering in the wilderness, hunting, trapping and mining, and after a series of adventures among the most thrilling and daring recorded in American history."

This historical document goes back twenty years further than the Applegate story and it smacks much more of adventure, hazard and bloodshed—is indeed a mighty fair exposition of the Wild West when it actually was wild. The two Patties joined an American Fur Company expedition of one hundred and sixteen men at the mouth of the Platte River, in June, 1824. They had three hundred mules and horses and seem to have purposed to trade into the Southwest and not in the upper Missouri country. They got into the buffalo and Indian proposition from the very first. Just beyond the Pawnee Loups they killed one hundred and ten buffalo in three days. They began to see grizzly bears along the Republican, far out on the range, and killed several of them. One of these bears jumped their camp, killing a man and a horse, and these plainsmen seem to have entertained a deadly fear of the grizzlies, which increased as they went farther west. Out in what is now Cheyenne County, Colorado, if we are to believe what seems a mighty large bear story, they met about all the grizzlies in the world, for we are gravely assured that on one day they saw two hundred and twenty grizzlies and killed eight of them.

The rest seem to have got away. They now saw a great many wild horses and antelope—about the middle of September, 1824.

The trading caravan now broke south for Taos, which they reached October twenty-sixth. They reached Santa Fé just in time to join the Mexicans in a reprisal raid on some Indians who had casually carried off a lot of captives, including the lovely daughter of the governor, whose rescue seems to have gone to the credit of young Mr. Pattie. Their Mexican allies deserted them, but young Mr. Pattie brought back the governor's daughter.

The elder Pattie had been accorded the leadership of the expedition because of his earlier military experience in the War of 1812. It is not known how fully the expedition had held together at the time it reached the Gila River in Arizona on December fourteenth, but the trapping seems to have prospered. By January of the next year they had taken two hundred and fifty beaver, all the peltry they could carry, at about which time a war party of Indians set them on foot, so that they had to cache their furs; and later other Indians found their caches and took all their furs.

The two Patties seem now to have rounded up at the old Santa Rita Spanish mines, where the elder Pattie concluded to settle down and work a lease. James Pattie in 1826, however, strolled over to the Colorado River with some French trappers, where they had various adventures with different Indian tribes.

In one run-in with the Papagos they had the fortune of killing one hundred and ten Indians without losing a man of their own party. Colonel Cody could have done no more.

The Mohaves killed four of the beaver scouts of this party, but some of them reached the Grand Cañon of the Colorado in March, 1826. James Pattie is the first white man known to have visited the Grand Cañon since the Spanish discovery two hundred and fifty years earlier. The second man was Lieutenant Ives in 1857, and it was twelve years later that Major Powell descended the river in boats.

Our trappers seem to have entertained themselves by killing eight Shoshones, and then in the most casual manner in the world they appear to have started north into a country none of them could have known, after trapping along all the principal tributaries of the Colorado River and in Utah and Colorado. They went up west of the continental divide and crossed the South Pass east bound, the third party ever to make the traverse of the Rockies there. Now they were in country which the American Fur Company men must have known better. They struck north, explored the Big Horn and the Yellowstone River, and are said to have followed the latter river to its source—which sounds a trifle sketchy to a careful reader. All the time they were fighting Indians, killing and being killed.

On July 1, 1826, still moving and still fighting, they struck a bunch of Blackfeet on the Arkansas River farther south and lost three of their own men, though they killed many Blackfeet.

Wandering on in this same casual way, some of the party made the Rio del Norte on July twentieth and Santa Fé by August first. They had plenty of furs and all of these a Mexican governor cheerfully confiscated because they had not taken out

(Continued on Page 45)

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NORTHERN PAPER MILLS GREEN BAY, WISCONSIN

(Continued from Page 42)

any trapping license. Every time he passed near Santa Fé young Pattie called on the beautiful daughter of the governor whom he earlier had rescued, but he seems to have been overlooking his rôle as rescuer, for he failed to marry the girl and settle down. On the contrary he strolled down to the Santa Rita mines again to see his father, and then strolled down into Old Mexico, probably with some goods to trade, where he saw some interesting bull fights. On October 20, 1826, he reached Patoka, wherever that may be, and sold most of his merchandise; and then he struck west to Guaymas on the Gulf of California. Thence he came back east to Chihauhua and visited with Papa Pattie at the Santa Rita mines again on November eleventh.

Father Pattie told Son Pattie that he was too much of a wanderer, but son could not keep still—there was so much to see and to admire. So he strolled over to Rio Puerco with a bunch of other bullies and got into an Indian fight, where he caught an arrow in his chest and one in his hip. They got twenty-eight Indians, however, so he did not mind. On January fifth, at San Tepac—wherever San Tepac is or was—young Pattie met a friend who told him that out of the original party of one hundred and sixteen men who had started west together three years earlier there were but sixteen left alive. Western travel on the Santa Fé Limited in those times appears not to have been altogether safe.

About now the elder Pattie was ruined in business through trusting a young Spaniard with thirty thousand dollars which never came back. He concluded to recoup his fortunes by going into the trapping game once more, and with a party of fifty men they tried the Gila country again. By November of that year there were only eight men left of the party, some having deserted and some having been killed by Indians. They built canoes and floated down the Colorado River to its mouth in the Gulf of California looking for some Spaniards to whom they might sell their furs. They found themselves on foot in a bitter desert country. After the utmost privations they later found themselves under Mexican guard at San Diego, California, on March 26, 1828. This ended the first transcontinental trip to California after four years of wanderings barely touched on here and adventures such as scarcely are recorded anywhere. The men who actually turned up at San Diego were Sylvester Pattie, his son James Pattie, Isaac Slover, Jesse Ferguson and James Puter.

These men were cast in jail by the Spaniards and in jail Sylvester Pattie died on April twenty-fourth. James Pattie was released for a singular reason. At that time vaccination was a new thing, having been discovered in England only about thirty years before this time. Sylvester Pattie, for some reason or other, is alleged to have brought along with him a small amount of vaccine, and in some strange way this seems to have gone into the possession of his son James. The Spaniards had heard of vaccination and they told James to get busy. He must have had a lot of vaccine along, or else he discovered more or made more, for he visited seventeen missions and vaccinated more than twenty-two thousand persons. His reward is described in the concluding paragraphs of this curious old story:

"At the old Mission Dolores in San Francisco on July 8, 1829, Pattie was offered his long-expected remuneration. It was this: Five hundred cows, five hundred mules and sufficient land upon which to pasture them—on condition that he become a Catholic and a Mexican citizen. Pattie balked at the conditions and turned away in sorrow and anger. Thus the first American citizen who crossed the mountains and plains to set foot upon the site of San Francisco turned back penniless rather than abjure his allegiance to the land of his birth. After a cruise of a few months on the Pacific he visited the City of Mexico and preferred a claim against the Mexican Government for damages because of the imprisonment of his father and himself. He was cordially received in person by the Mexican President, Anastasio Bustamante, who expressed great regret at the treatment which had been accorded the Americans and stated that he had ordered the recall of the Governor of California. Pattie learned through Anthony Butler, the American chargé d'affaires, that President Jackson had just sent a communication to the Mexican Government asking the release of the American party from prison. But no damages were ever recovered and Pattie returned home in 1830 by way of Vera Cruz and New Orleans to add his name to those of other Americans who in that early period were so cruelly treated by the Spanish and Mexicans, and the story of his wrongs helped, both in Missouri and Kentucky, to recruit many a company for the Mexican War, which was soon to follow."

I am unable to put my hand on the source of this magazine story and do not know whether or not the Pattie expedition ever had earlier printed record. However that may be, it is first-hand history to-day. Of like sort is the original diary of Zenos Leonard, offered me for inspection by a gentleman in Los Angeles.

Memoirs in Frontier Adventure

IT IS an utter embarrassment of riches which lies in my desk to-day in the way of material which ought to find print in some permanent and extended form. I have half a dozen of these little first-hand histories printed and bound, two manuscripts which ought to be printed and bound, and several score letters, all of which are interesting. A manuscript which is especially interesting to me personally is one of a hundred pages sent in by Mr. J. M. Southwick, now of Springfield, Illinois. He calls it West of the Missouri River Fifty Years Ago. It tells of one of those curious old wandering lives of foot-loose America in the day when a man could advance from one thing to another and still not lose his business chances or his self-respect. In short, here is not only a splendid historical document but a splendid human document as well. We are not usually able to buy in the market places this twofold thing, and I wish that such books could find publishers.

This particular manuscript has unusual personal interest to me, because Mr. Southwick at one time was a frontier sheriff in my own old country, the high plateau of New Mexico between the Pecos and the Rio Grande Rivers. He tells of many things of which I knew personally. He writes to me personally, "New Mexico was my home for nine years. I find you are correct in stating that it was Deputy Bell instead of Deputy Johnson who was killed at Lincoln by Billy the Kid. I sent the Kid after his capture over to Lincoln for trial, and when I informed him that Ollinger and Bell were to be his guards he objected and wrote a letter to Judge Bristol saying that these men were his enemies and would kill him on the road."

This manuscript covers many important and unchronicled events which occurred in the early days—the Vigilante operations at Cheyenne and at Bear River; the Bear River riots; the murdering of men all along the Union Pacific Railroad. The writer had two years' experience in Utah and Nevada and two years in Arizona. He saw Vigilante work in northwestern New Mexico and had touch with the Apache wars in Doña Ana and Grant counties, New Mexico. One cannot quote a book of one hundred pages, but once more let us start west from the River in the old times before the film and the flivver had come, to the extent of at least the opening paragraph or so of this manuscript:

"In the spring of 1867 the writer started west. The main object was to better his condition and to satisfy a longing desire, stimulated by three years' active service in the Army, to keep moving. The first stopping place was Leavenworth, Kansas. This city was on the border of the western plains, then the Great American Desert and the gateway that supplied most of the western territories and government military posts with merchandise and provisions.

"It was an interesting sight. A town of normally twelve or fifteen thousand inhabitants had increased to twenty-five thousand. Men from all points of the compass had gathered here, mostly young men, a large majority of whom had served in the Federal or Confederate Army during the Rebellion. They were imbued by the spirit of adventure and were starting to explore the western wilds in search of mines and to better their condition. Their real destination was unknown. They were to follow fickle fortune wherever it might lead them.

"Fort Leavenworth, near by, was an important military post and the depot of

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supplies for all the forts in the western territory. Long lines of ox and mule teams laden with merchandise for the distant western cities were starting on their journey; for Denver, Colorado; Santa Fé, New Mexico; Prescott, Arizona; Salt Lake City, Utah; Helena, Montana, and stage stations along the great highways. Government mule teams, laden with provisions and army supplies for the various forts in the different western territories, also were starting west for their destinations.

"At that time a railroad extended from Leavenworth to Wyandotte and Kansas City. The Missouri Pacific was completed to Kansas City and a temporary depot was constructed at the lower point of the bluff. A cut led up to the village of Kansas City. A row of one-story shanties about one block long constituted the business interest of what is now the great western metropolis."

I regret bitterly that I must leave author and reader at this point. Yonder lies the great West of the old time and I wish that space offered to give every word of this first-hand story about that country whose allurement never palls.

The Midwest Frontier

A LITTLE book called Ten Years On the Iowa Frontier is written and printed with loving care by Mr. Harvey Ingham, editor of one of the greatest daily newspapers of the Middle West, in honor of his father, William H. Ingham, who died at the age of eighty-seven. His wife, who reached the age of eighty-three, died at the old home in Algona, Iowa, and this is the story of their life in Iowa when it was on the frontier. Not plains history but prairie history now, none the less keen, absolutely accurate, and wonderfully informing. This is real history, and if you wish to know what hardships those early men met and conquered this is a fine source of original information.

An old old lady, Charlotte Ouisconsin Van Cleve, is authoress of another little book, Three Score Years and Ten, which tells about the Minnesota frontier almost from the time of the first white occupancy. Mrs. Van Cleve's father, Major Clark, was an army officer who was ordered to go from New England out to Detroit and thence to the upper waters of the Mississippi River to help in the establishment of a military post near the mouth of the St. Peter's River. That was the beginning of old Fort Snelling.

This military party went from Detroit to Green Bay by boat and crossed the height of land at what is now Portage, Wisconsin, following the trail of the old Jesuit Fathers from the Great Lakes to the Mississippi River. At Prairie du Chien at the mouth of the Wisconsin River the future authoress was born and well-nigh died. You are dealing now with events which happened in 1819. If you wish to know how military posts were established and managed in those days here is where you may find the knowledge. You might find other things also. Did you, for instance, know that spignet root—whatever it is—was a certain cure for scurvy? The Indians round old Fort Snelling brought spignet root to the soldiers in the spring of 1820 and saved many lives. And did you ever really know how a keel boat got upstream? This party went from Prairie du Chien to the Falls of St. Anthony in keel boats, and the authoress tells how that was done.

"The keel boats, similar in construction to a canal boat, were propelled by poles all the three hundred miles in the following manner: Several men stood on the east side of the boat on what was called the running board with their faces to the stern and placing their long poles on the river bottom, braced them against their shoulders and pushed hard, walking toward the stern. Then detaching the poles, they walked back to the bow, and repeated this operation hour after hour, being relieved for intervals for rest."

It sounds simple, does it not? Not quite so simple as going to St. Paul on the limited to-day.

Still another friend has sent me a locally printed brochure, a series of letters contributed to the Tribune of Liberty, Missouri, by Judge Joseph H. Thorp, one of the early settlers of that state, under the title, Early Days in Missouri. Here we run square across some of the old trails of history and here are names which once caused boyhood thrills. I simply cannot refrain from quoting a paragraph or so telling how America once moved west:

"My father, Elder William Thorp, left Madison County, Kentucky, about the first of August, 1809, with his wife—Frances—and seven small children, with a few household goods and implements of husbandry packed on horses, and made his way through the wilderness to the western wilds of Missouri, landing at a place called Luther Island above St. Charles on the ninth of September following.

"There were very few Americans in St. Louis or St. Charles—mostly French Creoles and Indians. They were then used as trading posts. Part of the family raised a crop there. My father, with a few others, some of whose names I can't call to mind, but prominent among whom were Col. Benjamin Cooper, Capt. S. Cooper, John Ferril, Thos. McMahan, David McClain, William Monroe,—— Carson—father of the noted Kit Carson, the pathfinder and great mountaineer—Fugate J. Hancock, Thomas, Elisha, Joseph, David and Jonathan Todd—brothers—Still J. Banion, made their way still further up the Missouri River to a place called Boone's Lick, named after the old pioneer, Dan'l Boone, who had previously explored that region of the wilderness and found the salt spring from which he had supplied himself with salt by boiling the water in kettles. They raised a crop of corn without much labor, only what it took to prepare the ground for the seed, for it grew and yielded a bountiful crop with but little further labor.

"There are other names, I think, among them Harmon Gregg, father of Josiah Gregg, author of The Commerce of the Prairies.

"Buffalo, elk, bear and deer were plenty, just to be had for the shooting, and antelope not far away, with all the feathered tribe suitable to the climate. The turkeys certainly surpassed all other birds. They were very large and fatter than I ever saw tame ones on the farm. They were truly delicious when properly prepared for the hunter's table, which was a blanket spread on the ground. The best way to prepare them is to dress them nicely and spit them on a stick stuck in the ground before a good camp fire, turning them round until they are browned, not burnt, salt well rubbed over them before you begin, with a little bear's oil poured over them while roasting. When done, and a trough of honey, it is better than the king's table affords."

Judge Thorp, himself an officer of the courts of his commonwealth, writes thus regarding the simple days before the law:

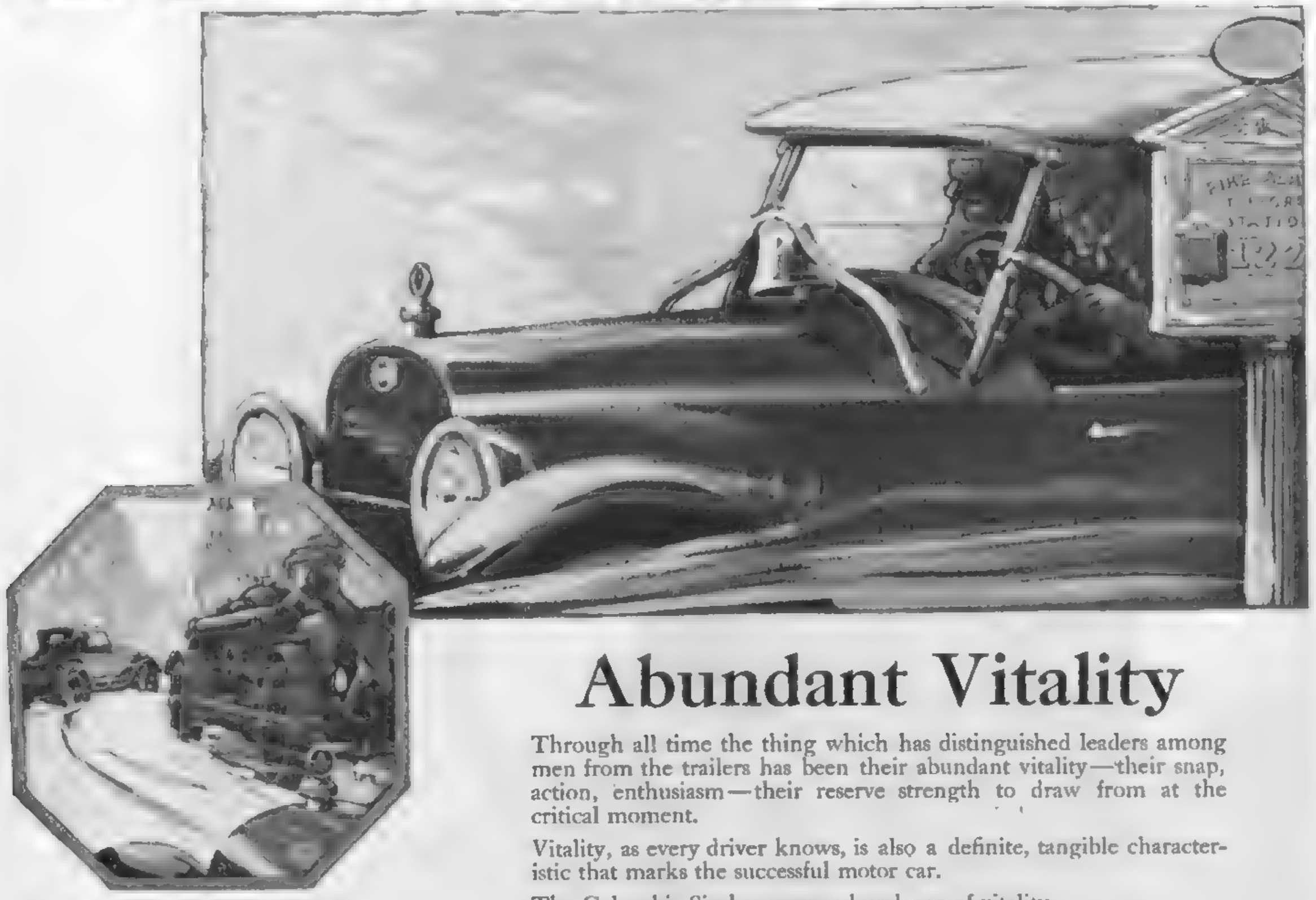
"The labor of the husbandmen was rewarded with a bountiful crop of everything that they planted. With plenty, they were happy and contented. We were considered out of the United States. There were no laws; we were a law unto ourselves. If a man committed an offense by defrauding or swindling his neighbor he was left to himself, no one giving him countenance or having any social intercourse with him, and he soon reformed or left the neighborhood; and men that indulged in liquor to its abuse were treated in the same way, and by a strict adherence to these rules they were soon rid of those that had no self-respect, so our neighborhood possessed a high type of manhood and moral honesty; their word was as good as a bond these days, and really better, for we frequently have to sue on a bond and enforce its provisions by law. Confidence in each other was such that they had no fears of failure. Not so to-day; those that can be relied on are like angels' visits—few and far between."

National Old Trails Road

OLD days and the old trails! Is the theme interesting to every American? To-day we begin to talk about a broader and deeper Americanism. How can we get that if we do not know about the America of yesterday, when Americans really were Americans? Perhaps it is well for us that at least a few are willing to stop long enough for the undertaking of tying the past to the present. The Daughters of the American Revolution have undertaken to restore some of the old trails of early America and have had introduced in Congress by Representative Borland House Bill 8011, known as the D. A. R. Old Trails Act, to

(Continued on Page 49)

Columbia Six



Abundant Vitality

Through all time the thing which has distinguished leaders among men from the trailers has been their abundant vitality—their snap, action, enthusiasm—their reserve strength to draw from at the critical moment.

Vitality, as every driver knows, is also a definite, tangible characteristic that marks the successful motor car.

The Columbia Six has a superabundance of vitality.

You soon come to feel confident that your Columbia has the ability to win the toughest kind of a road battle—whether it is with a blizzard, a bog or a mountain. And perfect confidence is the real secret of thorough enjoyment of a motor car.

Abundant vitality only comes from a clean record and sound, virile physical condition all the way through.

The Columbia Six has an enviable record behind it. No one has ever heard anything except praise concerning the Columbia. Every detail of the Columbia Six is designed and built with the extra strength to provide for the extra severe test. *It is good all the way through.*

The fire departments of many cities which choose equipment on the basis of dependability above all else have bought Columbias for their Chiefs' cars. Notice them.

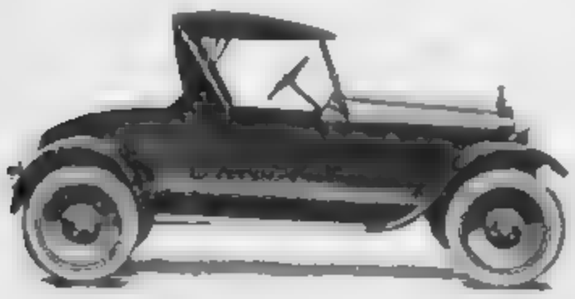
Any vigorous, red-blooded man will delight in the Columbia Six. It is built for him because it is built like him.

COLUMBIA MOTORS COMPANY
DETROIT
U. S. A.

For the Mechanically Inclined

The Two-Passenger Roadster — a recent addition to the Columbia line — is especially attractive to the younger generation because of the snap and verve expressed in its lines.

The spare wheel and tire is set flush in the rear deck so that it does not break the lines of the car. All the year around driving is made comfortable by curtains that open and close with the doors. Touring is made convenient by a large space under the rear deck for touring traps accessible through doors in the sides. These are provided with locks.



Gem of the Highway

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It has more than style— a Printzess is always individual

Printzess style creators have always recognized that each new season brings perplexing questions to the woman who desires to combine individuality with the accepted silhouette.

So all through the winter months, these master designers have been originating new spring styles —curving the lines of each model into perfect harmony with the figure of the woman for whom that particular coat or suit is intended. You are sure to find your own individual type among the many new Printzess creations.

In these Spring models, Fashion herself supplies her demand for slenderness. The long rever; the low, rounded bust; the narrow waist and thinning shoulder lines seem magically to take off pounds! The slender woman, also, finds the rippling swing she loves.

The Printzess label guarantees workmanship of infinite care together with authentic style and enduring charm.

Portfolio of Spring Styles and name of Printzess dealer in your town sent upon request

THE PRINTZ-BIEDERMAN COMPANY
Paris CLEVELAND New York

WATCH FOR ANNOUNCEMENT OF PRINTZESS WEEK (March 15-20) IN THE MARCH 13th ISSUE OF THIS PUBLICATION

(Continued from Page 46)

provide a national ocean-to-ocean highway over the pioneer trails of the nation. Its dedication is thus:

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the highways extending from Hampton, Virginia, and from the city of Boston, Massachusetts, to the city of Washington, District of Columbia, thence through the States of Maryland, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, California, Nebraska, Wyoming, Idaho, Nevada, Oregon and Washington, and variously known as the Boston Post Road, George Washington Road, Braddock's Road, National Pike or Cumberland Road, Boone's Lick Road, Santa Fé Trail, Kearny's Road, Trail of the Padres, El Camino Real, Oregon Trail and the California Cut-off of the Forty-niners, shall hereafter be known as the National Old Trails Road, maps and profiles of which shall be made and filed by the director of public highways of the United States Agricultural Department with the Secretary of State of each state through which said highway shall run, and in the offices of the Secretary of War and with the Agricultural Department at Washington."

No one could call House Bill 8011 a pork bill. It does not improve any backwoods stream or local crossroads. The people could not spend the people's money for anything of much more use to the people in general. The press has paid a certain amount of attention to this project. The St. Louis Republic, for instance, refers to the excellent trail-marking work already done by the Daughters of the American Revolution, whose markers are to be found in St. Louis, Franklin, and so on, marking the St. Charles Rock Road, the Boone's Lick Road and the beginning of the old Santa Fé Trail. Perhaps a little space might be given to a paragraph or two of mind-refreshing sort:

"The old Oregon Trail began at Independence, Missouri. It was here that travel from the East left the Missouri River and struck out overland for the blue waters of the Pacific. The Great Plains, the Great Basin, the Rockies, the far western slope were its path, and its final terminus was well into the Northwest at Fort Vancouver, two thousand and twenty miles away. The original Oregon Trail split off from the Santa Fé Trail in Johnson County and wended northward through Kansas, past Lawrence, Topeka and on up into Nebraska, through Washington County. A branch from Atchison joined the trail at Kennekuk.

"Overland wagons began passing over the Oregon Trail in 1832. From that time it became more and more important. In 1847 the Mormons passed over it, though rather general emigration toward the Northwest was in action before this time. But 1849 saw its entrance into great national importance.

"That was the year of the gold fever, which spread everywhere. Story after story could be told that will catch any imagination of this great trail—the most important trail in an overland sense in the history of the American continent."

Old Times in Arizona

SPEAKING of border days, the Review, of Bisbee, Arizona—which used to print a series of old-time articles by a man who, I believe, has now gone over the Divide—once in a while takes on the not-infrequent newspaper practice of quoting from its own columns. It can go back at least sixteen years and once in a while is guilty of reminiscence:

"During these good old days, which will never return again, many an honest, hard-working miner had to struggle for hours in order to get a seat at a poker table or a look-in at a faro game, only to be deprived of it at the last moment by some one slipping in ahead of him. And then the poor man, with gold burning in his pockets, would have to go to his lonely room heartbroken and pray for better success some other night. He may have been able, however, to force his way up to the polished mahogany bar and console himself with a drink or two before hying himself away in despair to his cold and gloomy room, but even this would be almost impossible on a pay-day night. Strange as the fact may seem, many a brave and rugged man has nearly died from thirst while waiting a chance to get one foot on the brass rail in front of the bar.

"Sixteen years ago Main Street was one of the liveliest little thoroughfares on the Western Hemisphere. Saloons, gilded and otherwise, with all kinds of good and bad things to quench men's thirst, and with all known and approved methods of enticing the fickle goddess of fortune, were the honored business enterprises which lined both sides of the street from the old fire house up to the floodgate. If at that time anybody had predicted that a street railway would at some future time run through the center of Main Street he would have been taken immediately before the lunacy commission at Tombstone. And if anybody had predicted that Main Street would some day become as dry and arid as the Great Sahara and Gobi deserts and that it would be almost impossible to buy a pack of playing cards or a box of poker chips an examination of the party's insanity would have been waived and he would have been packed off to the insane asylum with no hope for his recovery.

"All is different now, and these old scenes and sounds have passed forever. Now is heard the honk of the modern automobile, which has taken the place of the faithful cayuse and the handsome silver-mounted saddle and the braided horsehair bridles. The tick of wrist watches may now be heard, as well as the wails of silk hose of all colors extending over the tops of fifteen-dollar shoes, the nasty hiss of root beer as it foams and writhes in the glass as it is drawn from the fountain, and the smacking of mastication of chewing gum and many other such devilish sounds. Away with all this! Take me back sixteen years for a visit to the dear real old Main Street, just for a day and a night, when the word 'Mister' was not used, but men called each other by their first names, and said to each other, 'Come on, let's have something!'

"To pass through Main Street now fills me with deep sadness, for its pristine glory has vanished and there is something lacking, wanting, and the sun does not seem to shine so brightly. After this great change, do men seem to greet one another more friendly to-day than in the old days? Is the fair sex more highly respected to-day than then? Is a man who is broke more quickly staked to a meal ticket to-day and given a chance to get on his feet again than in the old days?

"In the words of the famous Hashimura Togo, I would ask to know."

The Frontier of the Far North

A FRIEND who once descended the Mackenzie River with me to the Arctic Circle spent some time en route in copying the ancient records of the Hudson's Bay trading posts, a commissioner having given his consent to this. He sends me random notes taken from the somewhat ponderous results:

"CHIPEWYAN, January 1, 1824.—Journal written by P. W. Dease, after whom Dease Lake and Dease River are named. Big blowout at New Year's. Eighteen thousand fish had been put up on that date. Several buffalo killed and the carcasses brought in.

"Jan. 13—Big comet observed—direction east to southeast.

"Jan. 20—Slave Lake party arrived, a month late. They were regaled with exhilarating cordial at their own expense.

"Jan. 30—L. Bouche and Charles Picotte arrived from Dunvegan with dismal news. Hunters there did very little on account of meat being scarce. Three of the hunters died of starvation. Two of the company's men were murdered by Beaver Indians at the forks of the Fraser the previous fall during the absence of Postmaster Yale.

"March 18—An augmentation of numbers has taken place by the birth of a son that Rondeau's rib was delivered of last night.

"Some great catches of beaver and kills of buffalo are mentioned in March. Enormous quantities of fish taken. Everyone that comes to the post is treated to rum, which was the trading medium in those days.

"April 5—Dease writes of having mounted a plow to-day.

"Considerable sickness. The sick men are detailed to pick oakum or make nets.

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"Good-Bye, Mr. Corn"

Millions count a corn as ended when they add a Blue-jay plaster.

All pain stops instantly.

In 48 hours the whole corn can be lifted out, save such stubborn corns as need a second application—and each package contains six plasters.

The corn is settled in one minute. The end is sure. In the meantime there is utter comfort. You forget the corn.

Most of your friends now end their corns in this simple, easy way. Ask them about it. Every Blue-jay user knows that corns are needless nowadays.

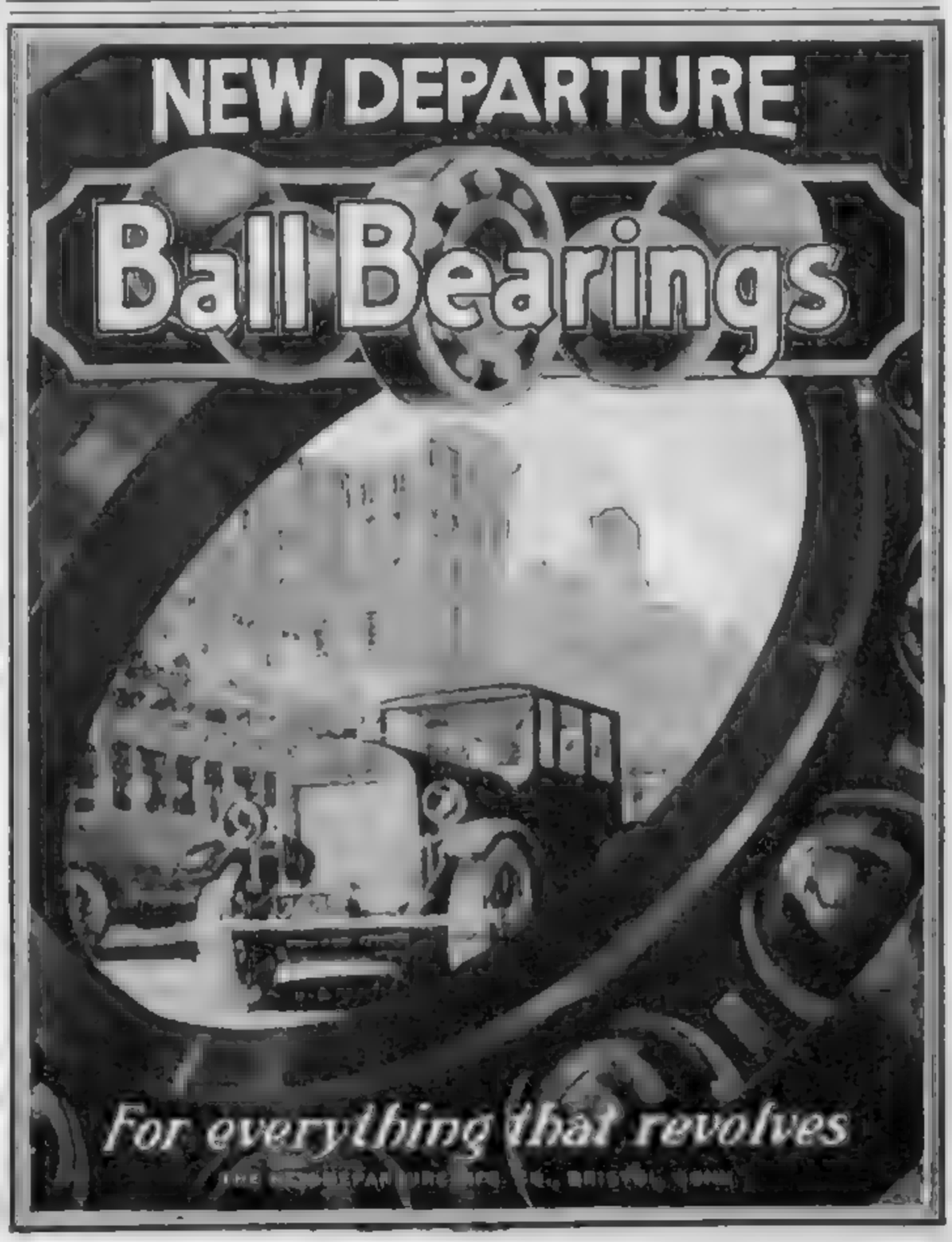
The Scientific Way

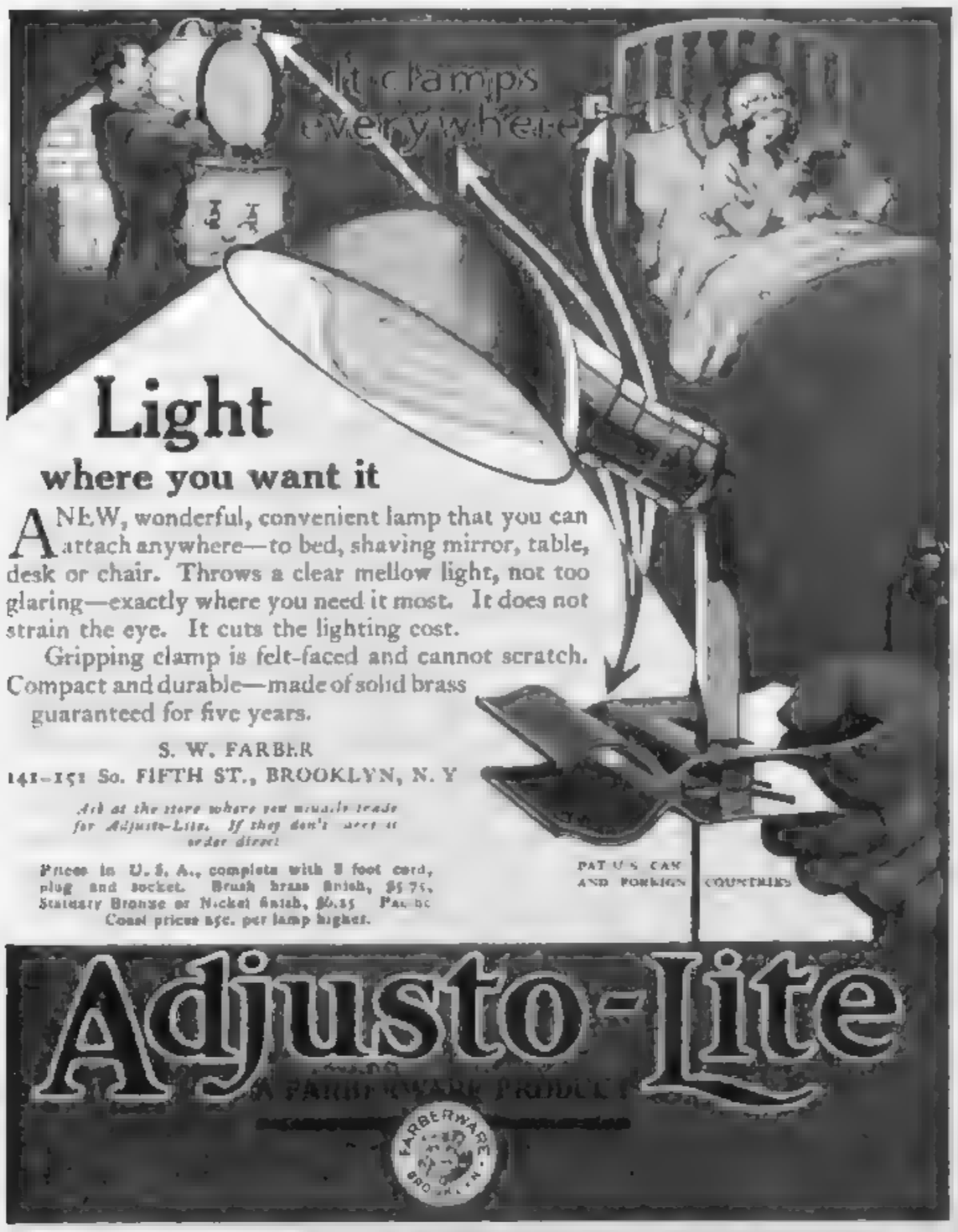
Blue-jay was invented by a noted chemist. It is made by a surgical dressing house known to every doctor. It supplants the old-time treatments. And millions have adopted it. Find out why.

B & B Blue-jay The Scientific Corn Ender

Stops Pain Instantly
Ends Corns Completely
Sold by Druggists

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago, New York, Toronto
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

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Light
where you want it
A NEW, wonderful, convenient lamp that you can attach anywhere—to bed, shaving mirror, table, desk or chair. Throws a clear mellow light, not too glaring—exactly where you need it most. It does not strain the eye. It cuts the lighting cost.
Gripping clamp is felt-faced and cannot scratch. Compact and durable—made of solid brass guaranteed for five years.
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141-151 So. FIFTH ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Ask at the store where you usually trade for Adjusto-Lite. If they don't have it order direct
Prices in U. S. A., complete with 8 foot cord, plug and socket. Brush brass finish, $5.75, Statuary Bronze or Nickel finish, $6.25. Pacific Coast prices 25c. per lamp higher.
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A FARBERWARE PRODUCT
FARBERWARE BROOKLYN

"A new Gennett!"
The
ELUSIVE CHARM
—the magnetic personality of the artists' original rendition of music, is the distinctive alluring appeal in Gennett Records. Hear new Gennett No. 1503. The rich, warm tenor and baritone of Hart and Shaw blend exquisitely in "Let the Rest of the World Go By,"—while the tenors of Kaufmann and Hall unite serenely pure in "We Must Have a Song To Remember." Your dealer will gladly give you a hearing.
THE STARR PIANO COMPANY
Richmond, Indiana
Los Angeles New York
Birmingham, Alabama
London, Canada

Glauber salts is the standard remedy for all ills, with bleeding in extreme cases.

"April 9—First duck killed.

"April 15—E. Smith arrived from Mackenzie River, having been a month on the way. Reported a quarrel between the Red Knives and the Dog Ribs in which the latter fell upon two parties of Red Knives, numbering seven and ten, and killed all but three. Dog Ribs threaten to exterminate Red Knives.

"It is recorded that all hands got a dram on Easter Sunday, after which service was held as usual.

"April 20—Snow fell heavily. Indian women preparing to go to Big Island to pick cranberries.

"April 21—Packet arrived from Isle la Crosse via McMurray. McMurray was not then a post—nothing there at all.

"Packet announced safe arrival at Fort Churchill of H. B. ship Prince of Wales.

"April 22—Women went for berries. Returned on twenty-seventh with small supply. Too much snow on ground.

"May 6—Mr. Linton was hit on the head by the lever of a fur press and knocked senseless. He was bled to the extent of twenty ounces.

"May 17—Employed Gagnon to collect red ashes to paint the summer hall.

"May 20—Began to plow barley field with the new plow.

"May 21—Commenced to work on upper garden.

"May 23—Peace River party of four arrived in canoes, ten days from Dunvegan. Report trouble impending among Indians round Vermilion. Brought word from Mr. Rowand of Edmonton that a scarcity of provisions was dreaded there.

"May 24—Garden finished. Planted three and three-quarter kegs of barley, six kegs of potatoes.

"Three hunters arrived and were given three large kegs and a few small ones. They retired to enjoy the reward of their industry in a temporary oblivion of their troubles by the circulating glass.

"Four new Indian chiefs were clothed and each given a half gallon of rum for good behavior. All arrivals are treated to booze, as Dease says, and there is a lot of booze fighting. Verily there is nothing new under the sun.

"June 16—Indians are well pleased.

"June 21—Everyone sober. Indians troublesome. Want grub and ammunition.

"July 8—Mountain Indian hunters arrived. They were given two gallons of grog and a lecture on indolence. They appear to have grown quite callous to all sense of pride or industry.

"July 15—Crees and Montagnais arrive from Isle la Crosse with stories of American opposition on Saskatchewan. Americans give a large blanket for five muskrats, and all Indians have joined them.

"July 29—Beavers and Chipewyans had a run in on the Peace in which two Chipewyans and six Beavers were killed.

"July 30—Potatoes badly touched by frost. Continuous rustle for meat and fish.

"August 19—Two of the four wives of Poitras, one of our post hunters, deserted him on the fifteenth, taking most of his provisions. I forthwith sent him one and a half gallons of grog to encourage him," says Mr. Dease, whose log runs to grog for the most part.

Romance of the Oregon Trail

SOMEONE out West—and I wish that someone would send in name and address to me—has contributed to these columns a really important volume in American history, though perhaps no professor of American history ever heard of it. It is bound in paper and printed locally at Roseburg, Oregon, under the title Recollections of My Boyhood. The author is Jesse Applegate, who subscribes himself as an Oregon pioneer of 1843.

If you subtract 1843 from 1920 you have a remainder of seventy-seven years. Mr. Applegate does not say how old he was when he wrote the book, but says that he started West in his boyhood. That was before Parkman began to write of the Oregon Trail—indeed before very many men ever had crossed the continent on that famous trail of the old West. He tells us that there were several hundred men and women in the expedition of 1843 and he gives the full list of the names of the heads of families and men old enough to do a grown man's work. That list of names is valuable historical material which ought to be preserved in Oregon and elsewhere. Those old trail makers were history makers also, though they were innocent of that intent. The Applegate family settled in the Willamette Valley, removing to the Umpqua country after seven years on the lands of their first selection. Members of the family had to do with the building of the new short-cut trail over which many later parties came out to Oregon. Indeed, if you wish to learn of the beginnings of the settlement of Oregon here is where you can get the facts as you can nowhere else. Here in simple and unemotional words you get the whole story of the long and weary journey across the continent, with all its hardships and all its dangers—as, for instance, the description of the loss of life of some of the party in passing the rapids of the Columbia.

The younger Applegate grew to manhood in Oregon, but his family, originally from Kentucky, started for Oregon from their last residence in the state of Missouri. Perhaps there may be interest for some readers in the simple description of life on the edge of things in those early days:

"My father was born in Lexington, Kentucky, my mother in East Tennessee, but from the time of my earliest recollection we had been living on the Osage River in Missouri. Our house stood in the edge of the woods which skirted the river bank. The prairie country from the house lay westward and up and down the river and was vast in extent. Our house was of hewed logs closely joined together and the spaces between were filled with limestone mortar. There were two buildings, one story and a half, under one roof, and a porch on the west side of the building; there was a hewn-stone fireplace and a chimney for each building. There were two doors and probably four windows opening on the porch, and a door toward the river, opening on a short walk to the small house containing a loom where cloth was woven. Near the river were several corncribs in a row, and sheds for stock. West of the house was a large corn field, cotton and tobacco patches, and garden.

"I have no recollection of any orchard, probably because as yet it had not supplied me with any fruit. Of forest trees, between the house and river, I can name the hickory of three kinds—black, shellbark and pignut, the last producing a soft-shelled nut. This variety grew between the dwelling house and the corncribs. Several large walnut trees grew between the corncribs and the river; a very large bur oak, also water oaks, persimmon and slippery elm and sycamore trees grew along the margin of the river. Of timber classed as brush there were redbud, sassafras, willow, line bark and hazel. I saw red cedar, chinquapin oak, pawpaw and pecan trees growing on the other side of the river.

"In the autumn season we always gathered several bushels of walnuts, pecan and hickory nuts. There was a wild plum of this country which for sweetness was equal to the petite prune, while its flavor was superior. When ripe it was pale yellow, but frosted over with a white flourlike substance."

Applegate says that his first schoolteacher was a fiddler as well as a pedagogue. The schoolhouse was a rough log cabin with fireplace and flue built of rocks, clay and sticks, and he says "The children used to pick clay out of the logs and eat it."

He recalls that the Oregon journey was talked of for a long time before the party was made up, but that no one dreamed what the march actually meant. He tells his boyhood impressions of the Osage Indians and other tribes, and the party had its later share of Indian horrors. He remembers Independence Rock and Fort Laramie and the level plains with their buffalo; remembers also crossing the two Platte rivers. He recalls Fort Bridger, but cannot say whether it was at Bridger or at Laramie that he saw the Sioux Indians with their painted cheeks, with several very pretty squaws and a number of papooses, almost white and very pretty. He speaks of these scenes as having been witnessed sixty years ago.

Parkman himself has nothing better than the Applegate description of an Indian war party on the march. Surely it would be interesting enough to quote page after page describing these old and vivid scenes now gone forever, but that cannot be done here. All I can do is to prize such a book and to keep it. It is in this way that we get American history actually at first-hand.

BREAD

BREAD for rebuilding tissue—bread to send energy tingling and sparkling through the body.

BREAD contains the essentials for both in the proportion the body needs them and yields them both to the last delicious crumb.

BREAD for boys and girls whose growth and activity demand the highest and best form of nutrition.

BREAD is rich in vital health elements; the most economical food in the world. *Order an extra loaf today and save on your food bill.*

BREAD IS YOUR BEST FOOD—

EAT MORE OF IT

Nearly all bakers use FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST because it makes the best bread

MATTERS OF OPINION

Dollar-Credit Propaganda

THERE has been no more active and ubiquitous propaganda than that designed to pave the way for a popular nationwide distribution of European securities in the United States. There is not the slightest doubt that Europe stands in need of financial assistance; nor is it to be denied that our selfish national interests dictate that we furnish some aid to help rehabilitate and normalize our trade with transatlantic customers.

However freely we grant these rather obvious premises we are still unable to perceive any good reason why we should swallow, hook, bait and sinker, the precise and arbitrary instructions that underwriters, interested producers and prospective borrowers thrust upon our notice.

No one can thoughtfully read many specimens of the dollar-credit propaganda without becoming aware of several significant facts: First and foremost, the whole case is so consistently presented from the European rather than from the American point of view that it is frankly a piece of special pleading. The expectant borrowers, through clever and insistent publicity, are attempting to take over the lender's prerogative of fixing the terms of the loan; and by means of a campaign of sentimental blandishment to secure more favorable conditions than circumstances warrant. They tell us with the minutest particularity just what they have decided would be the graceful thing for us to do and just how we can do it in order to create the most pleasant impression in Continental banking circles. Indeed, the whole matter is often treated as if it were one involving some intricacy of social etiquette rather than the business of the countingroom.

Another characteristic of dollar-credit publicity is the tone of large and easy generosity that pervades so much of it. Read it carelessly and it appears to be imbued with an altruism at once lofty and inspiring. Subject it to the test of serious examination and it is at once revealed as open-handed generosity with other people's money!

Some form of accommodation for Europe must no doubt be devised; but in defining its scope and terms and essential details there are certain insistent facts that must be borne in mind: Even with all the inflation to which the world's currencies have been subjected during the past five years there is still too little six and seven per cent money to meet the demands of trade and industry. Highly prosperous American manufacturers often have to pay eight per cent for the new capital that they are putting into extensions and replacements here at home. Liberty Bonds, the Gibraltars of government obligations, have been selling eight points below par, and can at this writing be bought to yield five per cent.

These simple facts that everyone knows serve as rough-and-ready standards that anyone can apply to whatever European securities may be offered to him.

If our transatlantic friends need dollar credits even half as badly as they say they do they must expect to pay a fair rate for American funds. They must give due and proper weight to the political, social and industrial hazards and the possibilities of destructive upheavals that they invite American investors to assume. Above all, they must remember the impairments that war has wrought upon their tangible assets and they must not take offense if in the interests of equity we expect them to give us as good security for our money as they are able to give us.

When all these conditions have been complied with and when those interests that will most directly benefit by the refinancing of European countries have contributed their properly heavy quota, then—and not until then—should the rank and file of American investors be approached.

Finding Work for Idle Books

SOME four thousand librarians who compose the American Library Association have outlined rather elaborate plans for a new frontal attack upon their old problem of putting more good books into the hands of those who can use them to advantage.

This movement is in line with current tendencies, for long forward strides in librarianship have been made since those old days when one thought of librarians as mere caretakers of book collections, whose work began with compiling catalogues and ended with getting the addresses of borrowers. Besides being able to do these things, the modern librarian must be scholar, educator, business man and salesman. Success in his calling is founded upon recognition of the fact that the wisest book in the world is a dead and useless thing until a reader brings it to life by opening it and unchains its wisdom and utility by reading it. The stacks in a marble library building might as well hold cordwood as books unless there are readers to break the spell of silence that is upon them.

Is it possible to make people read? Librarians say it is. The men and women who belong to the American Library Association hold that you can not only lead a horse to water but if you know how to go about it you can make him drink his fill. This knowing how involves mastery of salesmanship of the highest order, for it is not the simple matter of placing a good product at a fair price but of giving away a thing of value to persons who do not realize its worth and do not know they need it. The very fact that it costs nothing to borrow books at public libraries often belittles the benefits of reading in the eyes of those who need it most.

Many a man resists a half-formed impulse to enter a library upon the assumption that there is no printed information in regard to the particular subject he desires to study. Quite as likely as not his assumption is incorrect, for the new books published in English embrace eight or ten thousand titles each year, and books in the mother tongue have been appearing steadily ever since William Caxton set up his sturdy press in Westminster Abbey four hundred and fifty years ago. Knowledge too recent to be found in books makes its first public appearance in the scores of scientific, technical and trade journals which are to be seen in most public libraries, and many of these are so carefully indexed that readers can readily find what they desire.

Everyone who reads at all should make a point of paying an occasional visit to his public library, if only for the purpose of finding out what it can do for him. The librarian is apt to be a man of more than ordinary education, and it may be very well worth while to know what he is trying so hard to get you to accept and make your own. If you have a reasonably active mind you can no more stroll through a public library building without taking away new ideas than you can walk through the woods and not pick up burs. You may see some new technical book that is worth its weight in silver to you, or you may chance upon some old novel that you half read when on a visit as a child and never had an opportunity to finish. Very likely you will find posted on a bulletin board a list of books and articles bearing on some timely subject you feel you ought to know about, or you may bethink yourself that here is a chance to ask someone who knows for guidance in the selection of reading matter for your growing boy or girl. Possibly illness kept you from going to a play you had counted on seeing. Why not read it, pipe in mouth and feet on fender, without the discomfort of a hurried dinner, late hours and the war tax? Good plays make good reading.

Perhaps you have thought that with a little help you could write scenarios for better movie shows than those that come to your town, or even that you might devise a better industrial system than that which now obtains. That help is at your service. You have only to ask for it. You may read, learn, write, devise, invent to your heart's content. The world is yours. If knowledge is power you may have all you can absorb.

A library is not only a place to get books but the only place in which one can learn to use them. Familiarity with the use of books is like the possession of an atlas of all the continents of human knowledge. If you know how to use books and have a library at hand you need not dread being asked to write a paper on the Early History of the Motor Car, Japanese Art or the Prohibition Movement. It is merely a matter of finding and collecting a mass of scattered information and arranging it with a beginning, a middle and an end. You may select the most recondite subject you can think of and the results of a single evening's research will amaze you no less than the friends to whom you read your paper.

Most well-equipped libraries have a room for reference books, and anyone who has the merest nodding acquaintance with them can make them answer questions of ascertained fact with surprising ease and quickness. When a person to whom these books are strangers first makes their acquaintance his feeling is one of amazement that so many men have spent so many centuries getting ready to give an answer to any question he may put to them. No subject is so out of the way or so unattractive that men have not loved it and written about it. There are whole libraries on old coins. Earthquakes have been catalogued, and languages that were dead a thousand years before the Christian Era have been brought back to some semblance of life.

Books and periodicals are not the only sources of information. One of the best is the librarian himself. He has on the tip of his tongue the answers to thousands of questions commonly put by readers. He is so familiar with the tools of his calling that in five minutes he can indicate more sources of information on a given subject than a green reader could turn up in an hour.

Twenty or thirty years ago librarians were more accustomed to serving students than business men, but during the past generation a large and useful body of literature has grown up round American business, and the libraries have far more to offer to workers in that field than ever before. Librarians are not unaware of the connection between books and industry and they are doing everything in their power to make it closer and more profitable.

Realizing that books will not solve every problem, particularly in the newer arts and sciences, the American Library Association has in preparation lists of sources from which trustworthy information of a highly specialized nature may be had for the asking. These fountainheads include technical experts, schools of engineering, large industrial concerns and research laboratories. There is every reason to suppose that this supplementary service will be useful in direct proportion to the demands made upon it.

No one who spends much time in a free library that is up to the average standard can feel entirely cynical as to the sanity and utility of municipal undertakings. This is one city department where he is pretty sure to get all that he is entitled to and, owing to an amiable weakness of librarians, he is apt to get a great deal more if he asks for it.

Library service, like everything else, has its limits. No reader has a right to attach himself to a librarian as a barnacle sticks to a rock and to demand from him all that might be expected from a private tutor; but for all that, the ambitious young man or woman who is seriously resolved to round out a defective education or to pursue some special course of solid reading will rarely be turned away without skilful guidance and sympathetic counsel.

As some small return for these benefits, well-disposed readers will avoid wasting a busy man's time with foolish questions and will not expect him to do all the drudgery of thumbing catalogue cards and looking up subjects in alphabetical indexes.

The librarian is a capital person to consult when one wishes to buy books, for he can not only name the standard works in given fields but he can steer the prospective buyer away from the catchpenny books which flood the market and which are dear at any price. He knows good editions from poor ones. Even if you are buying so familiar a book as the Bible, your librarian will not knowingly allow you to purchase one of the unworthy reprints that are said to contain several thousand errors. If you desire expert assistance in forming your personal library he will advise you as to which books to buy and which to let alone. He will tell you where you can buy best and cheapest. He may give you the names of dealers halfway across the continent or perhaps across the Atlantic, but free catalogues, cheap parcel post and the prevailing honesty of booksellers make buying by mail both safe and simple.

A green book-buyer rarely gets much for his money unless he can have the benefit of expert advice, but that advice is readily obtainable if sought in the right quarter.

Readers should know and bear in mind that a well-equipped chief librarian is the equal in scholarship of the average university professor, with the difference that he must be master of a broader field. The services he renders should be valued for what they are worth rather than by their cost or absence of cost. The A. L. A. is right in believing that your librarian can do great things for you if you will only give him a chance.

An American Platform

FROM widely separated portions of this country are audible faint chirpings of many gentlemen of both parties, all in receptive mood in regard to the greatest, the gravest, the most responsible and most terrible job that any man can have on the earth to-day—the Presidency of the United States of America. We do not venture to choose that man, nor to choose a party for him, but we do venture to choose a platform for both—and to write it here. It is a platform upon which we believe the next President of the United States can be elected. If thereafter he prove big enough to live up to the platform he can write himself the third, perhaps the second greatest President this republic ever has had.

Our platform has four planks. These planks are: America, Law, Order, Work. Taken together, these spell no more than common sense. Taken together, they automatically will end hysteria. We think they also automatically will dispose of the question of which shall occupy the grave—Europeanism or Americanism. We are disposed, ourselves, to assign the rôle of the deceased to the former. It is time we buried anarchy in America and opened up a new country to actual law, actual order and actual work.

Pray observe, there is no labor plank in this platform. There is a better word. It means much that "labor" does not mean to-day. It is a short word, but one of the biggest and best in our language—Work!

The Aeolian-Vocalion

The Only Phonograph Possessing the Artistic and Wonderful Tone Control—

the GRADUOLA

PEOPLE are so accustomed to hearing the phonograph simply play itself, that it is not always easy to picture someone playing it. And it is practically impossible to realize the fascination of doing so without actual experience.

Yet the immense advantage the Graduola gives to the Aeolian-Vocalion is obvious.

Artists never play or sing twice with exactly the same feeling. Without changing their individual conceptions of their songs and compositions, they vary their interpretations in detail.

This is exactly what anyone can do by using the Graduola. Without actually changing the interpretation (tempo and phrasing always remaining the same) it can be *varied in tone color*, thus giving it a freshness and spontaneity which the ordinary phonograph performance never possesses.

And it is the fact that even when the player knows nothing of music, these changes sound well and add to the musical result, the explanation being that the arbitrary elements of interpretation, namely:—tempo, phrasing, and basic expression are unaffected by the Graduola.

Recognized Supremacy

Though the Aeolian-Vocalion has been upon the market only about three years, it is today recognized as the leading instrument of its type, not only in this country but also abroad.

This is because the Vocalion offers everything possessed by the best phonographs of ordinary type, and adds its own exclusive and important advantages as well.

For example:—You may search the market over and you will hear no phonograph with so rich, mellow and beautiful a tone; you will see no phonograph that reflects such genuine art in the simple elegance of its cases; and you will find no phonograph that allows you the great privilege of taking an active part in the playing of its records.

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY, AEOLIAN HALL, NEW YORK CITY

LONDON - PARIS - MADRID - MELBOURNE

Canadian Distributors: The Nordheimer Piano and Music Company, Ltd., Toronto

LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS *in the* WORLD

MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS DUO-ART PIANOLA-PIANO

Palmolive

is the utmost in a penetrating, soothing, gentle soap. It was developed by scientific men, made by modern experts, but based on Nature's skin-oil blend—on Palm and Olive oils discovered by ancient Egypt 3,000 years ago.

The Price of Beauty

The way to skin beauty was discovered some 3,000 years ago. It was carved in ancient hieroglyphics, was described by Homer, and was practiced by Cleopatra.

It was and is the combination of Palm and Olive oils.

In all the ages since, science, discovery or invention has not improved upon this blend, save in ways of application.

Nor will this ever happen, probably, until something supersedes the sun for bringing out the flowers.

The local help to a radiant skin—clear, soft and velvety—is this:

Clean out the pores with a penetrating soap. Remove the dirt, dust, waste and oil often and completely. Clogged pores do most to mar the beauty of the skin.

Cleanse them with soap, but use a gentle soap. Use a soap which, while efficient, benefits the skin cells. Use a soothing soap—one which contributes to skin suppleness and softness.

That means Palmolive Soap. It is the utmost in a penetrating, soothing, gentle soap. It goes below the surface—cleans deep down—yet leaves no irritation in its wake.

Palmolive is a soap developed by scientific men, made by modern experts; but based on Nature's skin-oil blend—on Palm and Olive—which man never can surpass.

It does all that soap can do.

As far as soap can go

Palmolive supplies these supreme requisites in a moderate-priced soap. By doing this, it enables millions every day to use this ideal facial soap.

This is due to gigantic production—to costly ingredients imported in vast quantities—to factories which never close, day or night.

Thus every woman every day can afford to use this matchless complexion aid. She does herself injustice if she doesn't. The face skin is most active, most exposed and most important. One does with Palmolive all that wealth could do with soap.

That's the price of beauty, so far as soap can go. The rest lies in good health, good food, exercise and light massage. Also in certain simple treatments, like ice for reducing pores.

Use it to foster natural glowing color, natural clearness, natural satin texture. Use it so that rouge need not hide pallor, or powder cover blemishes or grease.

The foundation of Beauty

Wash your face thoroughly with Palmolive before applying rouge or powder. The gentle, penetrating lather cleans out the pores, removes dirt, dust, waste and excess oil thoroughly and completely.

Oil of Palm and oil of Olive were both cleansers and lotions 3,000 years ago.

The Palmolive Company, Milwaukee, U. S. A.
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ontario

PALMOLIVE

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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 40)

conceded that his prices were up 100 per cent, but of this nearly 75 per cent went for taxes. Only a couple of years ago the tax on smoking and chewing tobacco was 3 cents a pound; now it is 33, and this holds true whether the tobacco is good or bad—expensive or cheap.

But I will not continue along this line, for I will assume that notwithstanding the rapacity of profiteering middlemen in various industries the cases cited have at least established that there is a national situation identical in most lines of business. Before advancing to the causes let us see if the condition is world-wide.

First, take Great Britain: Farm laborers in England before the war received $4 a week; now they get $10. In 1913 steam plowing cost $1.75 an acre; now it costs $4.50. Nitrate of soda, so largely used in agriculture, advanced from $45 a ton to $125 and on top of this the farmer's income tax has been doubled. Domestic coal in Britain has risen from $5 to $12.50. Eggs are $1.25 a dozen. Milk is 20 cents a quart. During the fall cabbages sold at 20 cents a head, and other things—such as clothing—have advanced in like proportion. The causes of high prices cited by the British Food Controller are increased consumption and diminished production.

The Statistical Bureau of Bern, Switzerland, made a careful investigation and states that the increase in present prices of foods and necessities in various countries over the prewar prices is as follows: Italy, 481 per cent; France, 368 per cent; Switzerland, 257 per cent; England, 240 per cent, and the United States 180 per cent.

In France the plans for reducing prices call for a reduction in paper currency, complete publicity concerning the values of things and intensive production. The French dislike the idea of price fixing, believing that such a policy delays the return of the normal system of the free play of economic forces. Middlemen are blamed for a large share in creating abnormal price conditions.

In Rome, a drastic order forced a fifty per cent reduction in the prices of practically all goods of common consumption. This resulted in the closing of many stores and as a consequence the authorities withdrew the ruling and prices again rose to a normal basis. At the present moment the local governments in Italy are attempting to establish maximum prices which will be fair to the consumer and still maintain production.

One recent order of the mayor of Rome is worthy of notice. The act provides that the cost price and the selling price must be marked upon each article. On most commodities the merchant is forbidden to charge more than 20 per cent above the cost price.

In the Philippines prices are at record figures. In China all classes, especially in the cities, are feeling the effects of steadily increasing costs. Rice has gone up and the Chinese coolies who are engaged in loading and unloading cargoes have banded together and presented urgent requests for small wage advances. This is the first instance of a union among the coolies. One British authority estimates that the prices of commodities in Shanghai have advanced about 85 per cent between 1870 and 1919. In 1870 rice was $2.85 a picul—133⅓ pounds—now the price is $7.45. Coal was $6.50 a ton, now it is $20.00. Other commodities, however, have not shown such large advances.

Exchange has saved this part of the world from excessive costs, but if the price of silver should drop suddenly practically the whole of Asia would suffer as never before.

In the large Chinese cities the wages of servants have gone up 40 per cent. A good cook used to be obtainable for $10 a month; now they ask $14. And, of course, the Chinese cook doesn't eat your food; he furnishes his own. No workman in China, with the exception of the blacksmith, gets as much as $1 a day. At present carpenters get 60 cents, bricklayers 55, painters 45, boiler makers 78 and electricians 64 cents a day.

The cost of living in Australia also has advanced in proportion to the rise in other countries distant from the recent seat of war. In Queensland the advance has been 61.6 per cent; in New South Wales it has been 51.8; in Western Australia the rise has been only 24 per cent. Prices of cattle and sheep in Australia, however, have never been so high. Prime steers now sell at $168; the former price was $75.

From Canada and South America comes the same story of advancing costs. In practically all civilized countries legislative bodies are attempting to enact laws to afford relief. Strange as it may appear, the government in Germany appears to be getting a better hold on the situation than authorities elsewhere. Coal and coke in Germany were advanced in June about $4 a ton, but a recent summary of living costs published in the Vossische Zeitung indicates that German prices have declined considerably since the signing of the Armistice.

Just to show the spirit of certain classes of German labor, it is worth noting that sixty thousand miners in the Ruhr coal district voluntarily declared their willingness to work overtime to produce sufficient coal to enable the nation to compensate Denmark for butter. In some mines the so-called butter divisions already work twelve hours out of the twenty-four, instead of eight as formerly. This is interesting in view of conditions elsewhere.

In England the miners now have the seven-hour day. The cost of mining coal at present in Scotland is $7.04 a ton; in England, $7.14; Transvaal, $1.34; Natal, $2.58; in India, $1.42; United States, June, 1919, about $2.80 for bituminous; France, $8.76.

In 1913 the cost of coal at the pit mouth in Great Britain was $2.46. Considering the great importance of coal to British foreign trade, the situation in England and Scotland is a serious problem. Nationalization of the British mines is almost certain to be full and complete and it is doubtful if such action will help materially in solving the problem. Both in France and America the miners are also asking for the nationalization of all coal mines.

Why this world-wide unrest, now that the war is over? Labor in the steel mills of the United States gets 169 per cent more than it received before the war. Printers in most cities are being paid 80 per cent more than in 1914. Stockyard men in Chicago got one increase and then in a few months demanded another boost of from 25 to 50 per cent. Milliners struck for a 44-hour week; got it, and then struck for a week 4 hours shorter. Bread bakers earned $25 to $30 weekly before the war, and put in a 9-hour day. Now they work 6½ hours and average from $58 to $61 a week. Taking the thing generally, the New York State Industrial Commission states that during the four years since March, 1915, wages in New York's industries have increased 107 per cent.

In England, J. H. Thomas, head of the British Railway Workers' Union, said that "there is nothing so ruinous to the cause of labor as the silly notion that the only way to solve our difficulties is to resort to wholesale strikes."

A few weeks later 600,000 railway employees in Great Britain stopped work. Here in America as I write this there are 310 strikes reported throughout the country and the President only a few weeks ago pleaded for a temporary armistice. The chief executive of the National Association of Manufacturers makes the announcement that strikes have cost the country $10,000,000 a day for 8 months. Thirty-four per cent of these strikes have been for shorter hours.

Governor Harding, of the Federal Reserve Board, attributes the present high costs and the accompanying unrest to "The destruction of life and property and the consumption of liquid wealth occasioned by the world war." He warns that the nation must hew to a policy of increased production on one hand and reduced consumption on the other.

A committee of great American merchants and manufacturers investigated and says: "The present level of prices and wages will be maintained indefinitely. Increased industrial activity through the world, with a shortage of labor, rising wages and higher prices, is inevitable. Manufacturers must realize profits through increased efficiency in production with the coöperation of wage earners."

George W. Perkins believes that in the matter of food costs and prices generally, "Federal control and regulations are necessary as a basic starting point. State and city control should be made to harmonize with Federal laws."

E. T. Bedford, president of the Corn Products Refining Company and other large concerns, thinks the big problem of the day is the salaried man, whose income is practically stationary amid the rising tide of costs.

He says that clerks, teachers, preachers and others of the professional classes are suffering the most. He says that motormen get 60 cents an hour, while many teachers and professors get only 18. He asks, "Which is the more important, minding the train or training the mind?" He states further that only 10 per cent of the laboring men of the country are members of a union and insists that an employer has no more right to require an employee to join a union than he has to order him to join a lodge or a church.

His emergency plan for helping the salaried man is to pay him a bonus, which should remain in effect until present abnormal conditions have passed.

In order to get round the present high living costs one great railroad union has approved a plan to establish a chain of departmental mail-order stores from which the members may purchase supplies. The scheme also includes the control and operation of certain necessary manufacturing enterprises. The Council of National Defense in Washington has submitted a report on costs that emphasizes the need for the perfecting of means whereby the nation may be kept informed regarding probable national requirements and current production and stocks.

The report calls attention to the futility of trying to reduce prices in the face of lower outputs. It says that the cotton acreage in 1919 was 9 per cent less than in 1918; that the production of boots and shoes for the first quarter of 1919 was 60 per cent—75,000,000 pairs—less than in the last quarter of 1918. It states a number of similar instances of curtailment and refers to all acts whereby output is reduced to obtain high prices as "the worst species of profiteering."

In England, Lord d'Abernon, famous British financier, blames high costs and social unrest on the currency problem. He declares that though there has been a steady depreciation of money for 700 years the fall in the value of currency during the war was equal to that which occurred during the 400 years from 1300 to 1700 and was much greater than the drop which came from 1700 to 1900. Lord d'Abernon suggests the adoption of a table of prices of a large number of commodities and then proposes that this sliding scale be used to determine the exact value of money. But Dr. Alonzo E. Taylor, noted food expert and economist, does not believe that the inflation of our currency has been a material factor in the increased cost of living here in the United States. In other countries, however, he sees depreciation of exchange and currency inflation as the big cost factors because the importations of other nations constituted so large a fraction of their consumption.

Doctor Taylor's solution is to change our standard of diet. He says that what we eat is excessively expensive.

"Our diet contains a luxurious amount of high-priced foods. It could be materially cheapened without being in the least deteriorated. We have the lowest consumption of cereals and potatoes of any people on earth. We complain of the high cost of living, but we refuse to change our type of living. We cannot move back along the road to normal prices until we increase our consumption of cereals and reduce our consumption of meats, fruits, poultry and eggs. The present diet in France consists of 60 per cent of flour and its products; in Italy, 70 per cent; in Japan the diet consists of 80 per cent of cereals. In all of these countries there is the full maintenance of normal nutrition.

"In the United States but one-third of our diet is cereals. Here we have a chance to eat more flour products and reduce our cost per person from $150 to $120 annually."

With this statement of facts and comment, I leave it to the reader to make his free selection of the remedies proposed. About the only solution that has not been suggested is to quit work, and my only

(Concluded on Page 57)

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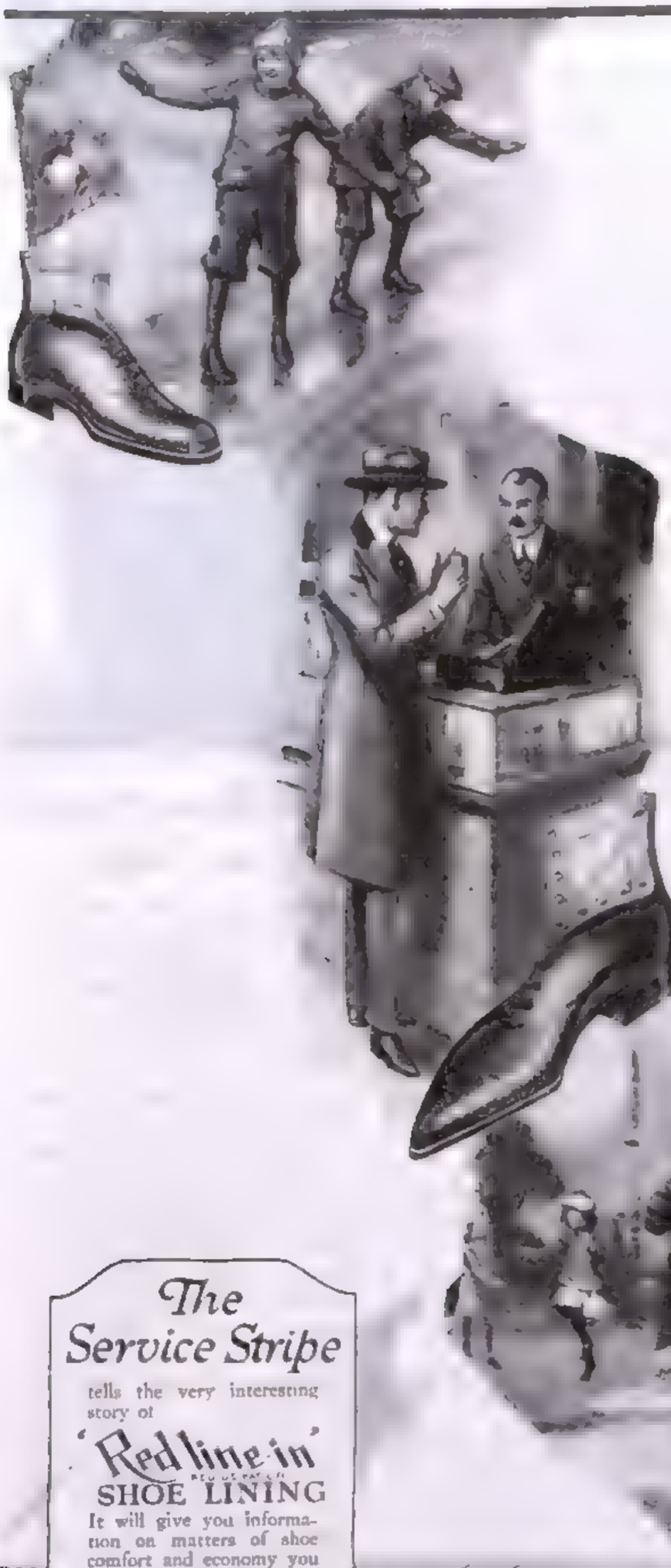
Reduce the Family Shoe and Stocking Bill



THE family demand for shoes—to say nothing of stockings—seems unending. "Buster" *kicks* out a pair of shoes every month or two, and Nellie *skips* out a pair almost as often. As for yourself, being on your feet all day, as your business requires, you seem to be always in need of a new pair.

Do you know that a shoe's *lining* has a lot to do with the size of your shoe and stocking bill?

A strong shoe lining reinforces the leather and seams, helps the shoe hold its shape, and thus increases the wear. Extra *inside* strength means greater *outside* strength—or wear—and greater comfort. An unbroken shoe lining saves stockings.

"Red-line-in" shoe lining is the strongest by test, heaviest in cotton, most satisfactory in wear. It helps to lessen the everlasting darning of stockings. *It insures dollars' worth more wear in a shoe.* Remember, shoes that cost least in the end are shoes that last longest.

It is easy to tell shoes that are made with "Red-line-in." A RED THREAD runs through the lining. Look for it in the shoes you buy.

FARNSWORTH, HOYT COMPANY
Lincoln and Essex Sts., Boston, Mass.
Established 1856

The Service Stripe

tells the very interesting story of

'Red line-in' REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. SHOE LINING

It will give you information on matters of shoe comfort and economy you probably never thought of before. Write for it.

'Red-line-in'
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
SHOE LINING

Makes shoes wear longer

(Concluded from Page 55)

excuse is that this particular remedy has been tried so much of late and with so little success I have purposely refrained from mentioning it.

Stronger Than Steel

THE principal virtues of steel and copper lie in the strength of the former and the noncorrosive properties of the latter. Over in Italy an Italian engineer has succeeded in producing a new metal alloy that is stronger than steel and less corrosive than copper. The product has already demonstrated its usefulness in the industries of Italy.

Careful tests show that the new alloy has the highest known breaking point, the highest limit of elasticity, perfect homogeneity, high resistance to thermic action and high resistance to chemical action. Though the substance is but an alloy of zinc and copper, eminent metallurgists have searched in vain for its exact composition.

Extensive experiments indicate a number of surprising qualities for the new product. It can be successfully cast, turned, drawn, rolled, forged and stamped. Though its full possibilities have not been determined, the alloy has proved particularly useful in aeronautic and marine construction on account of its light weight, great strength and noncorrosive qualities. In its different forms the product may be substituted advantageously for steel, brass and aluminum for certain uses. War research work is said to be responsible for the discovery.

Saving a City's Waste

SO FAR as I can discover, there are only two cities in the United States which are provided with mechanical equipment for saving waste paper. The two municipalities referred to are Pittsburgh and Buffalo. They both have waste-reclamation plants that are almost identical.

The rubbish brought into the plants is first dumped into bins and forked onto a conveyor belt. On each side of this belt are women picking off the most valuable materials. The first women pick off about 1500 pounds each, the second women about 1200 pounds and the last women procure only 800 pounds each. Eight hundred pounds is the minimum quantity which the city can afford to pay for picking.

These women pick off not only paper but rags, bottles, tin cans, rubber and metals of all kinds. The small pieces of paper and rag, which they cannot pick off, are carried by this endless belt into the incinerator, which generates power to drive the plant. In the Pittsburgh establishment there is enough waste burned to generate 60 horse power and I understand that practically the same amount is burned in Buffalo. Furthermore, a large amount of wood comes into these plants and does not go into the boilers at all, but is burned in a kiln outside. There is enough wood burned in the kiln to generate more than 100 horse power. This same quantity of wood if saved could be made to produce ten tons of wood pulp a day.

Prior to the war, when labor was comparatively cheap, foreign women and negroes in the lower-class settlements of cities could be procured to work ten hours a day for five or six dollars a week. At that time mixed-paper stock sold as low as six dollars a ton. At the present time waste paper is worth practically twice what it was then and the same class of labor will only work eight hours a day at a rate of no less than ten dollars a week. In addition this class of workers is not as efficient and does not produce more than seventy-five per cent of what it did previous to the war.

Such conditions as now exist with respect to our more common raw materials render it desirable that every town and city in the United States shall go into the business of saving every pound of material that can be reclaimed and again used. For several years paper mills have been employing wonderful machinery that will handle rubbish so effectively as to extract every fiber down to confetti. One manufacturer after making a study of the question of city waste came to the conclusion that this same machinery, with certain modifications, could be applied successfully to extracting paper and other stock from foreign materials. Accordingly arrangements were made for a careful test of the plan at a certain town in Ohio.

Seventy bales of rubbish were sent from Pittsburgh to the plant where the demonstration was to take place. This rubbish was not sorted except to take out large boxes or crates that had been collected by the city's wagons. The weight of the material was approximately 37,570 pounds. I will not attempt to describe the process of reclamation but wish to call attention to some of the results obtained.

At the reduction plant operated by the city of Pittsburgh the total reclamation of paper, metal and glass is approximately sixteen per cent. Ordinarily only seven per cent of real paper stock is obtained, the remainder being burned in the furnaces. At the demonstration in Ohio the recovery of paper alone amounted to 11,500 pounds or slightly more than thirty per cent, which indicates a recovery four times as great as that which takes place at the municipal plant in Pittsburgh each day. In the new process that underwent the test it was shown that only fifteen men working in three shifts are needed for the operation of the machines that are used. At the plant of the reduction company in Pittsburgh under normal conditions approximately one hundred men and one hundred women are employed to keep the plant going twenty-four hours a day.

It appears impossible to avoid the conclusion that greater care on the part of all American municipalities in the recovery of paper stock and other materials from the cities' waste would provide the nation with thousands of tons of materials that are now being burned or lost in all parts of our country every day in the year. We are confronted with a fast-diminishing supply of wood pulp and an ever-increasing demand for paper. Any indifference we exhibit in the application of the most modern methods possible to the work of conserving such a valuable resource is more than foolish—it is criminal.

Somebody's Negligence

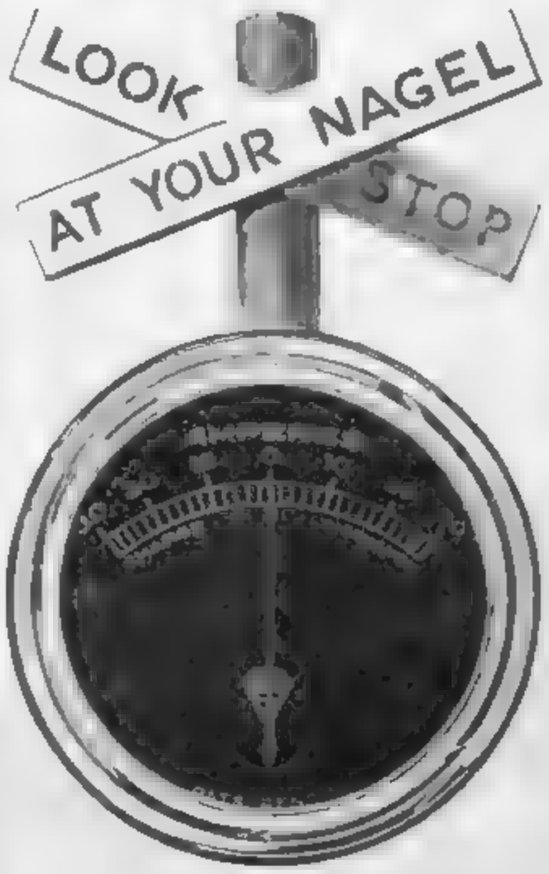
IN THREE of this nation's largest cities each year 7100 deaths occur as a result of accidents, most of which could have been prevented. If all of these unfortunate people were killed at one time the cry of indignation that would go forth would be heard from one ocean to the other. But this immense toll of lives is taken one or two at a time, day after day, throughout the whole year, and it is human nature to view lightly the little leaks which though fearful in the aggregate seem to be trifling when viewed as single isolated cases.

In the three communities mentioned 1500 persons had their lives snuffed out by automobiles and other moving vehicles. More than eighty per cent of these victims were run over by motor cars. Twenty-five per cent more fatalities occurred from this latter cause last year than was the case in 1917. For a number of years the total of automobile accidents per thousand of population has shown a steady increase. More children are killed than grown-ups and more males than females. The highest accident rate occurs between the ages of five and ten. All of which is an unanswerable argument favoring the stricter enforcement of traffic laws.

During 1918 more than 150 people were crushed by elevators and falling bodies. About 250 deaths were caused by falling downstairs; 265 resulted from falls from windows; 225 from electric surface cars; 240 as a result of their clothes catching fire; 275 from being scalded and 950 died from the inhalation of illuminating gas. Several hundred additional fatalities occurred from various other acts of carelessness, but the causes already cited were the most common dangers.

If the mortality rate from accidents throughout the nation is even three-fourths as great as in the cities mentioned, then the country is losing nearly 63,000 people through somebody's negligence each and every year. Such a situation is worthy of closer attention.

NAGEL AMMETER



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Mr. George B. Hunter, across the continent from Mr. Street, is quite as successful. His reputation and his pleasant, profitable business have been built up in Maine. He has only an hour and a half a day to devote to Curtis work, but it pays him well. His profits are permanent and ever-increasing, because he receives the same generous commissions and liberal salaries on renewals that we pay him for new subscriptions. He finds new business easy to get. He, too, counts on his spare-time Curtis work to bring him $100.00 A MONTH EXTRA.

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THE RISING IRISH TIDE

(Continued from Page 4)

anarchists, Bolsheviks, bomb tossers or advocates of the killing of officers of our own or of any other government with guns or any blunt instruments.

In addition to the restrictions imposed by the new law, wartime passport regulations are to be in force for one year after peace is officially declared. This means that every immigrant must not only have a passport from the authorities of the nation of which he is a citizen but also that his passport must be viséed by an American consul before he climbs aboard the steamer. This statement probably has no sinister meaning for persons who have never suffered the agony of getting a passport and a consular visé under wartime regulations; and for their benefit I hasten to state that as a difficult task it ranks close behind the struggle of a rich man to pass through the eye of a needle.

So much for generalization. Chief among the countries from which great masses of people have come to the United States is Ireland. There have been several years when the Irish element not only outnumbered all other immigrants from Europe, but even exceeded the total immigration from all other countries. In 1847, for example, the total immigration in round numbers was 235,000. Of these more than 105,000 came from Ireland. In 1848 the total immigration from all countries was more than 226,000, and nearly 113,000 came from Ireland. In 1849 Ireland sent us over 159,000 people out of a total immigration of 297,000. In 1851 Ireland broke all records by sending 164,000 people to America. She has never equaled that record since. For a score of years prior to the outbreak of the great war immigrants from Ireland averaged about 30,000 every year; and in 1918 Irish immigration fell to the low record of 331 persons.

The Hard-Boiled Island

Ireland, as is well known, is a rather egg-shaped island, snuggled up against England's concave shore. Whenever I look at a map England always reminds me of a kneeling person waiting patiently for a large hard-boiled ostrich egg to hit him painfully in the stomach—the hard-boiled egg being Ireland. The edges of the egg, as one studies a map, are somewhat frayed; and it is a bit lopsided. Considering the vicissitudes through which it has passed, and the buffeting which it has received from within and without, its raggedness and lopsidedness are not unreasonable.

From the noise and outcry and to-do which have emanated from Ireland in the past and are emanating with unabated vigor at the present moment one might be justified in imagining that the country was about as large as the continents of Asia and Africa put together, and that its population was at least triple that of China and Russia combined. Actually, however, the population of all Ireland is only a little larger than that of New York City. As for size, one can travel from Belfast, in the extreme north, to Cork, in the extreme south, in eight hours; or from Dublin, in the middle of the east coast, to Galway, in the middle of the west coast, in four hours. But what it lacks in area and numbers it makes up in concentration of purpose.

In search of immigration information I traveled from the north of Ireland to the south, and from the east coast to the west coast; and wherever I went I received one ton of political information for every ounce of information of other sorts. The only people in Ireland who don't insist on talking politics all day long and all night long are the ignorant, perpetually fatigued unfortunates from the agricultural slums of Southern and Western Ireland. They are too tired to talk about much of anything. But everyone else talks politics. The waiters talk it when they bring your meals. The jaunting-car drivers talk it while you are trying to keep from being jolted off the jaunting-car seat. The shopkeeper from whom you ask the price of a handkerchief manages to get into his reply a few passionate remarks against Sinn Fein or a series of black curses against England, depending upon his affiliations. College professors, farmers, janitors, bankers, fishermen, shipbuilders, hotel porters and linen merchants spend most of their days raving about Irish politics. Whenever they are fortunate enough to catch a stranger they transfix him with a glittering eye and fill him so full of the subject that his brain becomes a chaos of mangled thoughts. No matter how determined a visitor to Ireland may be to keep away from the Irish question, he finds that he can no more do it than he could keep a duck from swimming if it were placed in the water. All things in Ireland are hopelessly and inextricably mixed up with the Irish question.

Ireland is divided into four provinces. In the north is Ulster, the richest of the four provinces, and the home of the canny folk of Scotch descent who wish to be governed by England. In the south is Munster, on the east is Leinster and on the west is Connaught. These three provinces are Sinn Fein. To put the matter conservatively, they are against the government. They are against it heart and soul, body and mind, teeth and hair, neckties and boots. They see no good in anything that is English; and their perpetual song of hate against England is as bitter as any German song that was ever sung. That, briefly, is how the matter stands.

Most of the immigration to America from Ireland has come from the south and the west—from Munster and Connaught. These two provinces are the poorest in Ireland. Connaught is especially poor. Munster and Connaught are about on a level as regards the number of people which they send to America. Ulster is a fair third and Leinster a bad fourth. The emigration statistics of Ireland for the year 1914, for example, show that slightly more than 10,000 people went from Munster and Connaught to America, that about 3400 went from Ulster, and that about 1700 went from Leinster. These figures differ from the United States immigration statistics because our figures run from June 30, 1913, to June 30, 1914, while the Irish figures run from January 1, 1914, to January 1, 1915. Thus the Irish figures for 1914 are affected by five months of the war, but our own are not.

Tunnel Near Glengariff

Kylemore Castle, Connemara, Galway

Grafton Street, Dublin

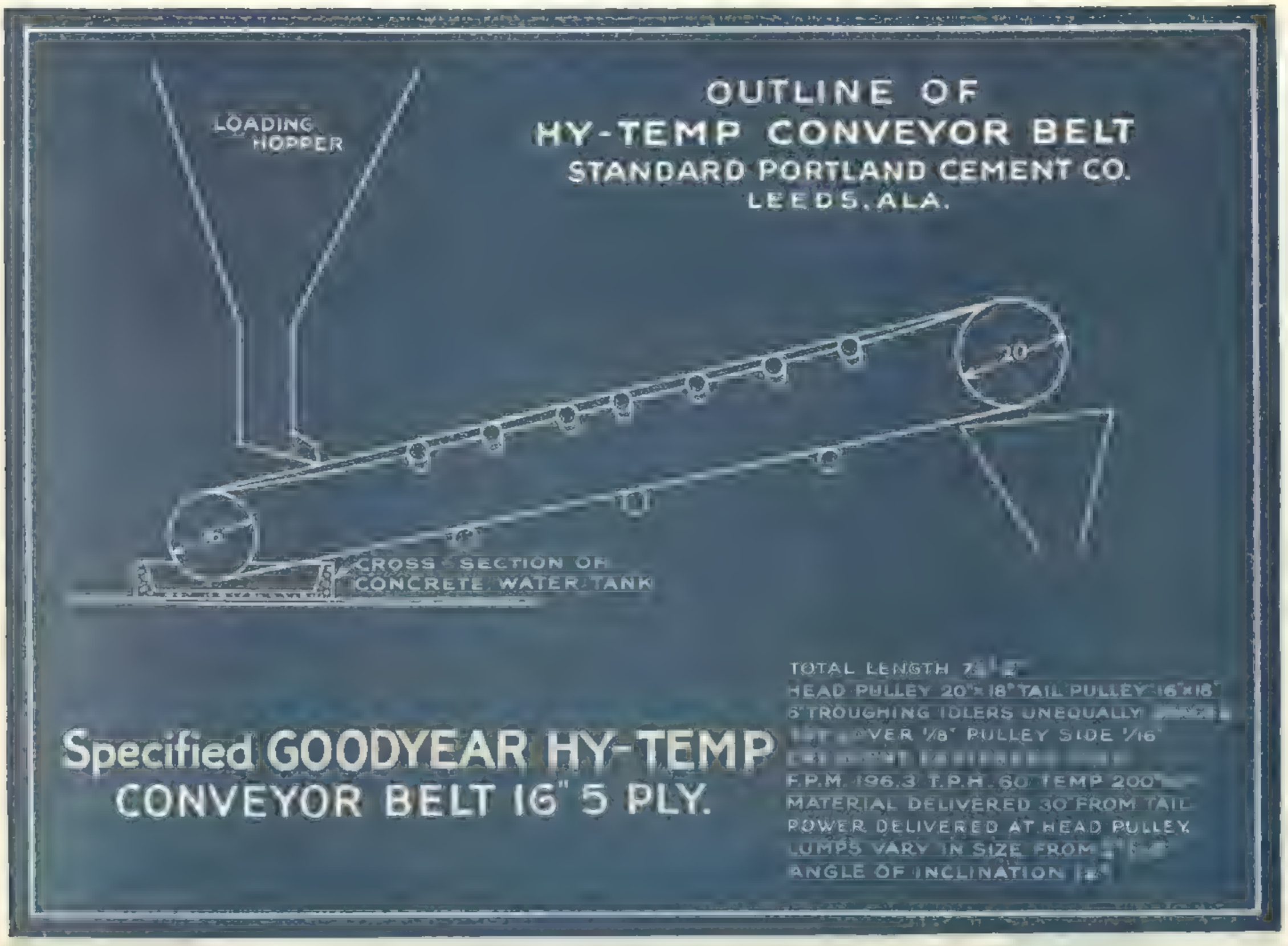
Misconceptions

After 1914 the immigration to the United States from Ireland gradually fell away to almost nothing. People who wished to leave Ireland were unable to do so because the passport regulations were very strict. But with the cessation of the war the number of immigrants has begun to work up very slowly. The first ten months of the year 1919 show that immigration to the United States from Ireland grew from a total of six persons in January to 247 in October. Its future growth will be steady and rapid.

The situation to-day should be an excellent lesson to the person who thinks that most of our immigrants come to America to escape religious or political persecution—that they are a sturdy and an upright band who prefer to brave the dangers of the vasty deep and the pitfalls of the gold-brick sellers rather than to stay in the old home where they cannot worship in the style to which they have been accustomed and where they are ruled by an alien monarch who means far less to them than a decayed egg. Whenever anyone ventures to view with a trace of alarm the dumping of one and one-quarter million aliens on American shores in one year's time there are certain persons who take umbrage at his alarm. They take all the umbrage in sight, and they even go far out of their way to borrow or to dig up vast quantities of umbrage from long-forgotten hiding places. They refer hotly to that celebrated day in 1620 when the breaking waves dashed high on the stern and rock-bound coast of Plymouth Bay, and the Pilgrims, staggering weakly over the bulwarks of the good ship Mayflower, proceeded to make Plymouth Rock famous. They refer passionately to this noted occasion, and they make frequent allusions to Puritans, Quakers and Huguenots, all of whom ventured into the trackless wilderness of this strange new world, where their consciences could have plenty of exercise and fresh air without rousing the ire of the police officials.

They refer to all these people; and they imply clearly, if they do not say so outright, that all the immigrants to America at the present day are moved by the same desires and ideals that led the Pilgrims to intrust their lives and their enormous amount of furniture to the frail sides of the Mayflower. This implication, I hasten to

(Continued on Page 81)



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Hot Clinker, a Conveyor—and the G. T. M.

Hot cement clinkers, 200° and over, to be carried from open storage to the grinding mills, were the crux of the conveying problem put up by the plant superintendent to the G. T. M.

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(Continued from Page 58)

remark, is about as accurate as that part of Mrs. Hemans' celebrated poem which deals with the stern and rock-bound coast on which the Pilgrims landed. As a matter of fact the Pilgrims landed on a sandy beach; and up and down the coast for miles there was—and is—nothing but sand bars and sand spits of a most unstern and unrocky nature. More than that, there are so few rocks in the vicinity, and the Pilgrims were so forehanded about furniture and other household utensils, that I have always suspected them of bringing Plymouth Rock with them for landing purposes. At any rate Mrs. Hemans' poem is good stuff, and when it is delivered in a heartfelt manner by a skilled reader with all the tremolo stops pulled out it is moving in the extreme and one is apt to indulge in a few quiet shudders at the thought of the sternness and the rock-boundedness of the coast on which the Pilgrims landed. In the same way the loud declarations of the umbrage takers to the effect that our immigrants are seeking the consummation of their ideals, the realization of their dreams of a golden freedom and the sheltering arms of the Goddess of Liberty are very apt to make many of us burst into pitying sobs and gaze with moist but contemptuous sneers at those so heartless as to view the aliens with alarm.

The people of Europe have just one reason for wanting to emigrate to America: They want more money. That is the one basic reason—more money. Those who wish to come to our stern and rock-bound coasts are not in search of religious liberty or of political liberty or of any other kind of liberty. They are in search of the coin of the realm in as large amounts as they can gather it up. Those who wish us to weep bitter tears over the pathetic and pity-provoking reasons that impel our immigrants to us may be successful, but they will be pulling our legs.

Ireland Becoming Prosperous

Ireland has been and is now less affected by the war than any portion of any country which has participated in it. There is less unrest among the Irish people, as we know unrest, than there is in almost any part of the world. They are in a condition of political unrest, as they always have been, but there is none of the social unrest that is gnawing away at the hide of this old world in so many inconvenient and unscratchable places. The Irish people, from shipbuilders and linen manufacturers down to the smallest farmer and peat cutter, have made money during the war. They haven't known conscription, they have not been subject to high taxes, and they have had whatever they wanted to eat and to drink when all the rest of the world was reduced to rations. Ireland is better off financially than she has ever been in all her history; but if there were no passport restrictions in force I venture the assertion that immigration from Ireland to the United States during the year 1920 would be treble and possibly quadruple the number of people which Ireland has sent to us during any year since 1890.

Some people will at once step to the fore with the declaration that England is persecuting the Irish people, and that they therefore wish to leave. This will be untrue. Sinn Feiners themselves declare that any Sinn Feiner who leaves Ireland at this time, when Sinn Fein Ireland needs him, must almost be regarded as a traitor. In spite of this many persons who sing the Soldier's Song and believe that all policemen are spies declared to me that they wanted to get out of Ireland and go to America. "There's nothing to do here," they said. "It's a dead place!" No; it isn't political oppression, either, that has anything to do with it.

Nor is it religious persecution. The Irish do as they please in all matters, it would seem. The priests do not care to have their parishioners emigrate, and they say so. They prefer to have them stay in Ireland. I went into house after house with a priest in search of emigrants and their reasons for wishing to go to America.

"Of course," the priest would say, "you'll be sending no more from this house. Some day soon we'll bring back the ones who have gone to America, and build our great docks and our factories, and we'll all work for Ireland."

At first there would be agreement; then the would-be emigrant would weaken; and finally the dam would break, and out would pour the reasons for wishing to go to America. It isn't religious persecution that sends them over, you can be very sure of that. It's the desire for economic betterment.

I mention these things to show that the sentimentalists are wrong when they describe the motives that induce immigration, and not to cast any aspersions on the Irish as immigrants. No matter what reasons bring them to our shores they are among the very best of our immigrants. They speak our language, they conform to our standards of living, and they come with the intention of remaining in America and becoming American citizens.

Conditions in the farming sections of the north of Ireland, for example, compare favorably with conditions in many rural districts in the United States; while the standard of living in Belfast, the Queen City of the North, generally speaking, is almost as high as one expects in American cities.

Wrong Ideas of Ireland

Preconceived ideas are peculiar things, and usually wrong. I found by questioning several people that most of them who had never been to Ireland had an idea that all Irish cities are small neat places, made up of scattered houses set in green fields that slope down to the water's edge. A picture of Boston in 1749 or of San Francisco in 1852 would answer fairly well to their ideas of Belfast to-day. It is somewhat of a shock to such people to come sailing up Belfast Lough and see the roaring metropolis that lies at the foot of the Black Mountain, and to work slowly up the narrow artificial channel of the Lagan between the mammoth shipyards and the coal yards and the warehouses that crowd the banks for a matter of a couple of miles. The greatest linen factories in the world; the greatest shipyards; the largest rope works; enormous tobacco factories, which find it not unusual to pay two to three hundred thousand dollars a week in custom duties; big plants for the making of whisky and aërated water—all of these unite to shame the eyes of those who expected to find a neat, inconspicuous little Irish city. There are 400,000 people in Belfast and they are all busy. Even the sea gulls that make their living out of the waters of the Lagan are dingy-breasted from the soot and oil and grime which fill the stream into which they plunge. Belfast is neat enough, but its inconspicuousness is not visible to the naked eye.

A great many of the north-of-Ireland people are of Scotch descent, and consequently are thoroughly familiar with work in all its aspects. In this they differ from the delightful folk in the south of Ireland, whose standards are not so hard. In the south of Ireland a day's work for a bricklayer, by union decree, is the laying of 300 bricks. In Belfast, in the Black North, a day's work is the laying of 1100 bricks. It's hard to tell whether the Irish call the north of Ireland the Black North because rain falls so frequently or because the people work so busily that their mood is usually extremely dark when they mingle with the general public at the end of a day's toil. It's probably the rain.

Men From the North Coming

An American manufacturer built a large factory in a city in the south of Ireland. He offered wages so high that the eyes of the workmen almost popped out of their heads. He was fairly swamped with laborers, so that it wasn't necessary for him to pick and choose. The laborers were obliged to punch a time clock; but the time clock meant no more to them than a metronome or a sextant would have meant. They came drifting into the factory late, and they drifted out for lunch and came back late and on some days when the weather was particularly nasty they wouldn't bother to come at all. A great deal of time was devoted to political chitchat. The southern-Ireland workman is a great hand for political chitchat. He can work himself into a tremendous lather over it at any hour of the day or night. In this particular factory of which I speak the factory floors for a long time were more like a good old hard-boiled Democratic caucus than anything else. And when at the end of the week the workmen found less money in their pay envelopes than they had expected they couldn't grasp the big idea. It was all Greek or hog-Russian to them. They made a fearful outcry over the outrage. The manager had to fire three factoryfuls of workmen before he could finally convince his men that they must work. Workers from the south of Ireland went in large numbers into the north to take the places left vacant by Ulstermen who had entered the army. They worked when they were in the north. They work hard and well when they come to America.

Even though the people in the north of Ireland are hard workers, even though they live in better circumstances than people in the rest of Ireland, even though there are plenty of positions to be had at good wages—they none the less emigrate in larger numbers than the people from any of the other provinces of Ireland. But whereas the migration from the three other provinces is almost entirely to America, the migration from Ulster is only a little more than half to America. The rest of the Ulstermen migrate to Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. In 1914 the number of Ulstermen that went to America was 3379, while the number that went to Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa was 2793.

The year 1920, in spite of the passport restrictions with which emigrants must struggle, will unquestionably see as large a migration from Ulster to America as there was in 1914. If the passport restrictions were not in force more people would come to us from Ulster than have come for many years. And similarly, more Ulster emigrants would head for Canada than ever before. It is evident that in the future the Ulster people will go to England's colonies in greater numbers than to America. The reason is very simple: Canada, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand are keenly desirous of immigration from England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. They are home folks; and in addition they are good immigrants no matter where they go. Consequently the colonies bid hard and high for immigrants from Ireland. An agency in Montreal, for example, makes a deal with an agency in Belfast whereby the Belfast agency collects and ships over little troops of them—servant girls mostly.

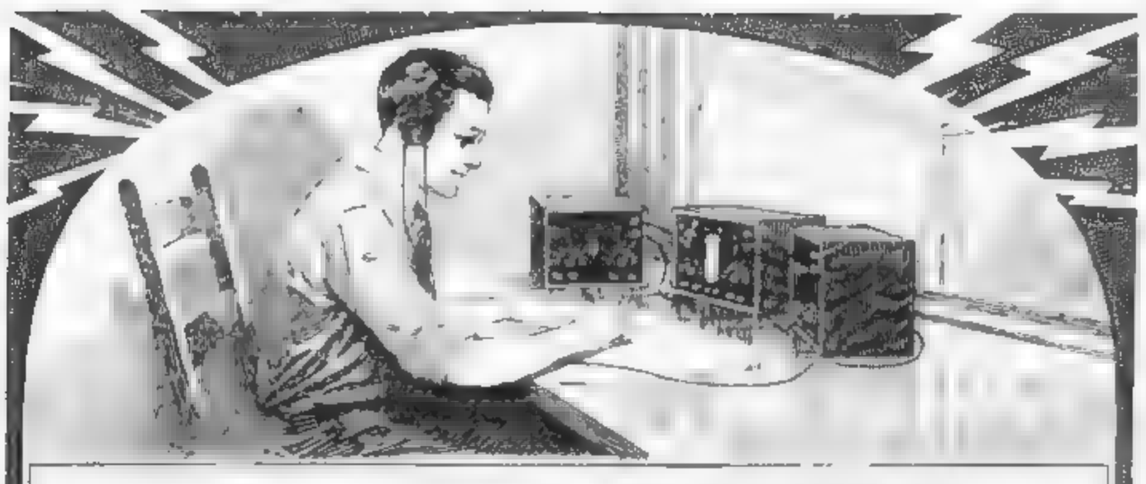
For each desirable immigrant the Canadian Government pays a certain bonus. Before the war these bonuses amounted to twenty-three dollars per person. The Montreal agency, on receiving the load of immigrants, collects the bounties and sends one-half to the Belfast agency. The same story applies to immigrants to Australia and New Zealand. It is a delightfully simple manner for the agencies to make money, and it is quite natural for them to do all in their power to stimulate emigration to places that are willing to unstrap the wallet in token of appreciation. The Canadian Government gives free transportation from Great Britain to Canada to soldiers' dependents. In steamship and ticket offices in the cities of Ireland one sees the following booklets: Dominion Lands; Handbook for the Information of the Public; Plain Facts About Ontario; Canada for Golden Opportunities; Canada, the Land of Opportunity; Woman's Work in Canada; Duties, Wages, Conditions and Opportunities for Domestics in the Dominion; Canada, Improved Ontario Farms for Old Country Farmers; Prince Edward Island, the Garden of the Gulf; New Brunswick, the Country and its People and the Opportunity it Offers to Other People; Canada's Farthest South, the Niagara and Lake Erie Fruit Districts.

Letters From Across the Water

Emigration from any country is usually stimulated by letters from people who have taken the step and like it. Immigrants in America, for example, write back to their friends and relatives that they like it, and that it's almost as easy to make money in America as it is to make strong tea in Ireland. Thereupon the friends and relations become poignantly desirous of getting a slice of the money, so they take the big step. Then they in turn write home of the glad, mad, moneyed life that they lead, and the good word goes forth with greater and greater resonance.

The number of people who have emigrated from Ireland during the past twenty years has varied very little from year to year so long as conditions were normal; and the percentage that goes to Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa is going to increase from year to year as more and more people write back from those places to Ireland. Some of the steamship agents and government officials in Belfast went so far as to predict that during the coming year seventy-five per cent of the emigration from the north of Ireland would be to Canada and Australia, and only twenty-five per cent to America. They based their arguments on the premise that the Protestant Irish preferred to be in British possessions. This premise, I think, is incorrect. Neither politics nor religion enters into emigration. Emigrants go where they can get the most money or the largest amount of money equivalent. Witness the Sinn Feiners from the south going into the north to take positions vacated by men who entered the army. The emigrant tide has been dammed up in Ireland for four years, as it has been everywhere else. People from the north of Ireland as well as the south are anxious to get away. The passport restrictions for those wishing to go to America are severe, but this aspect is

Belfast From City Hall



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offset by the larger numbers of steamships that will be running to America than to British possessions. It is probably nearer correct to say that fifty per cent of the emigration from Northern Ireland will be to America, and fifty per cent to British possessions.

The people from the north of Ireland who wish to emigrate to America are for the most part unmarried men and women between the ages of twenty and thirty. The women wish to go as servants and the men as laborers. They all have relatives or friends in America, and they have letters from their relatives or friends urging them to come or asking them to come. Without such a letter a would-be emigrant finds it well-nigh impossible to obtain from an American consul the official seal of approval on the passport which he is obliged to procure from the officials of his own government before he can board a steamer for America.

"Hope you can have some luck and get away," read one letter which a Belfast chauffeur had just received from a friend in America. "Gasoline is only twenty-seven cents here, and I hear you are paying three bob"—seventy-odd cents—"a gallon. Everybody will give you enough tips so that you could live on it, and you can make more in one week here than you could in Belfast in a year."

The Belfast chauffeur is almost willing to commit perjury, arson and several other kindred crimes in order to get away.

A young woman who works in a Belfast linen factory heard from her cousin in New York: "I am getting forty dollars a week sewing buttonholes, and you can get thirty dollars easy; that is more than six pounds. There is something doing every minute; I don't see how you can keep on living in that slow place; honest, I think I would go crazy if I had to live there." The Belfast linen factory is about to lose a skilled laborer in the immediate future; and the ticket agent with whom she is planning her campaign admits coyly that she is trying to fix things up so that five of her friends can go along with her and pick up some of that easy thirty dollars a week.

The Lure of High Wages

The minds of some of the young women of the north have been terribly inflamed by hectic reports from friends who are working as servants in the sweet land of liberty. A young farmer's daughter in Carrickfergus—which is a semidefunct town north of Belfast, noted as being the place where William of Orange landed in Ireland on the expedition that was to make orange such an unpopular color on. March seventeenth—received a highly exciting missive from an erstwhile playmate:

"You don't know what you are missing. You would be treated like the queen over here, and they would pay you twelve dollars a week for doing it, and maybe sixty dollars a month and all your food and clothes and everything and go out two nights a week or four, Lord knows, if you will only ask her for it. Anything to keep you in the house they will do, giving you auto rides and letting you get away with almost anything, and whenever you are not suited you have only to holler and everyone will break their necks to suit you. Oh, I tell you this is the life and you better get over here while the getting is good and before some of those wild men from Dublin start a war or something and then you could never get here!"

The young woman from Carrickfergus will realize to the full the worth of the statement that stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage; for Carrickfergus is going to seem like a reënforced concrete tomb until she succeeds in deviling the American consul in Belfast to visé her passport and let her take a running jump at the heaven of wealth and unrestricted license so graphically portrayed in her friend's letter.

Here and there in the north of Ireland there are folk who have recently returned from America. Some of them have returned for a visit, while a few of them have returned to stay. It is rarely, however, that the Irish come back to stay. That's one of the reasons why they make desirable immigrants for the United States. They come to us to become citizens. To a great extent the Irish who go back to Ireland to live have been unsuccessful in the United States. There are exceptions, of course, but not many. Those who do well stay in America.

But here is a noteworthy fact: Of the people who returned from America to Ireland every one with whom I talked or of whom I heard—every one, without a single exception—cursed the day he left the States. Every one of them wanted to get back at once. Some of them had not become citizens of the United States and had therefore had difficulty in getting their passports. Some of them had been stuck in Ireland for two years because the war and the scarcity of ships had made it impossible for them to get away. To say that they were frantic would be to be hyperconservative. Their entire existence was one prolonged shriek of annoyance.

The reasons for their fretfulness were varied; but the chief reason lay in the fact that they had returned to Ireland expecting that the good American money which they brought with them would buy endlessly. Instead of that they found that their money wasn't worth much more than it was in America.

One Irish Woman's Plaint

In a town north of Belfast I found a woman who had returned to Ireland from a Pennsylvania city. She had intended to visit relatives for a short time, play the part of Lady Bountiful, and return with the grateful homage of the crowd hovering thickly round her. Instead of that she found it so expensive to live that she spent all her money, and a steamship agent actually advanced money to her so that she could get back. In the coarse but expressive phraseology of the younger generation she was fit to be tied. That is to say, she was fit to be tied to any place in the United States. Nothing would have induced her to be tied to any place in Ireland. I asked her to tell me the sad story. She did so.

"Like a fool," said the lady, "I thought things would be cheap here. Wasn't I the great fool? I was that! I was several of them. Look here, now!" She seized a pair of horrible-looking shoes from a cupboard in the corner. They were very ancient looking, and had the dissolute air that usually results from continued association with ash heaps. The uppers were almost entirely separated from the soles, and they were cracked and frayed and generally unhealthy in appearance. "Do you see these shoes? You do! Well, those shoes are work shoes that I bought for my sister-in-law two months ago for fifteen and six"—approximately four dollars. "They are made of paper. To-day they're worth nothing. The money was wasted. Those shoes used to cost a dollar. Shoes that cost nine dollars here can't compare with the shoes that I have on, and that I bought in America five months ago for eight dollars. A brave pair of boots for the boys used to cost only five shillings, but now it costs seven shillings for a pair of wooden-soled clogs. Butter is two and eleven a pound"—about fifty-five cents—"and milk is ninepence a quart instead of the threepence that it used to be. A wee bit of a chemise for the little girls that used to cost fivepence has gone up to one and ninepence. Blankets that used to be fifteen or sixteen shillings have gone up to seven and eight pounds. The things that we want the most have risen to three and four times the price that they used to be, and how far do you think that the money I brought over here will go?"

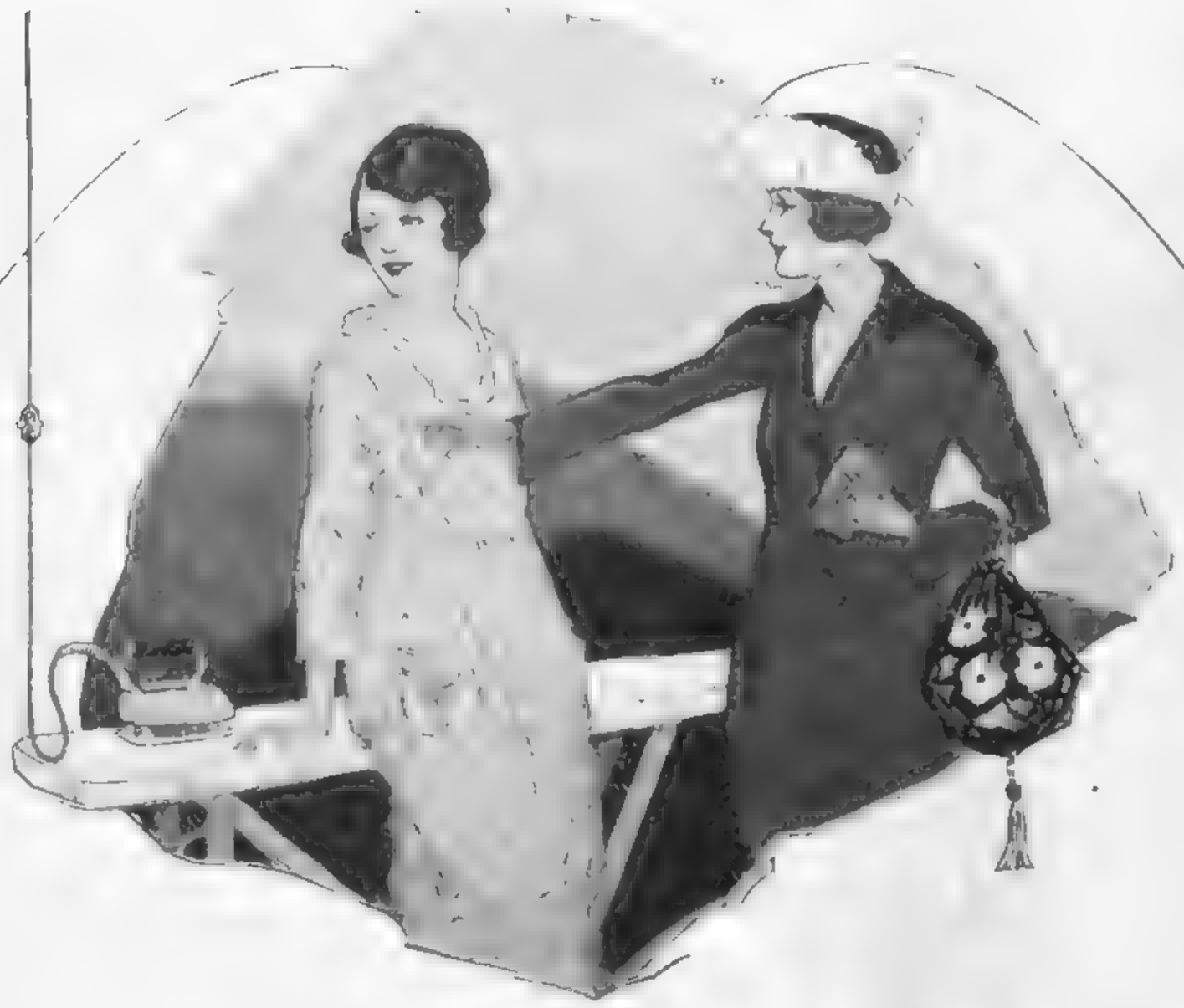
I thought that it might go out of sight in nothing and one-fifth seconds.

"Out of sight!" exclaimed the lady bitterly. "It goes a million miles further than that. I wish I was back in dear old America; and believe me I will be in about three weeks! And this time I stay there!"

A man on the outskirts of Belfast had been in America for eleven years and had saved twenty-two hundred dollars. He had come back to Belfast in the autumn of 1919 with the intention of buying a nice little five-acre farm and a thatched cottage. He knew exactly what he wanted. When he left Ireland that place could have been bought for one hundred pounds. As soon as he reached Belfast he asked about that place. It could be had at a ridiculously low figure—eight hundred pounds, or more than one thousand dollars more than the misguided wretch had saved. His anguish at the situation was touching in the extreme. If he couldn't get a passport he intended to walk over to Galway and try to swim across the Atlantic.

Others who have come back complain bitterly of the climate. They say it depresses

(Continued on Page 65)



That Little Switch is as Great a Convenience as the Electric Iron Itself

THIS little switch, costing but 75c, has doubled the convenience of toasters and irons in use, for nearly a million women. With it there is no longer need to pull at the cord or hot connector plug in order to turn off the current. No cord or connector plug has yet been made that will indefinitely stand continual "yanking." Sooner or later they give trouble and then the iron is put out of service.

Manufacturers know this and that is why the better modern irons, toasters, etc., are equipped with the *C-H Seventy-Fifty Switch*. With it you merely push the light or dark button to turn the current on or off. No danger from fire; a glance tells you whether the current is on or off. No spilling of toast, or slopping of the coffee, because instead of yanking off the hot connections, you just push the button.

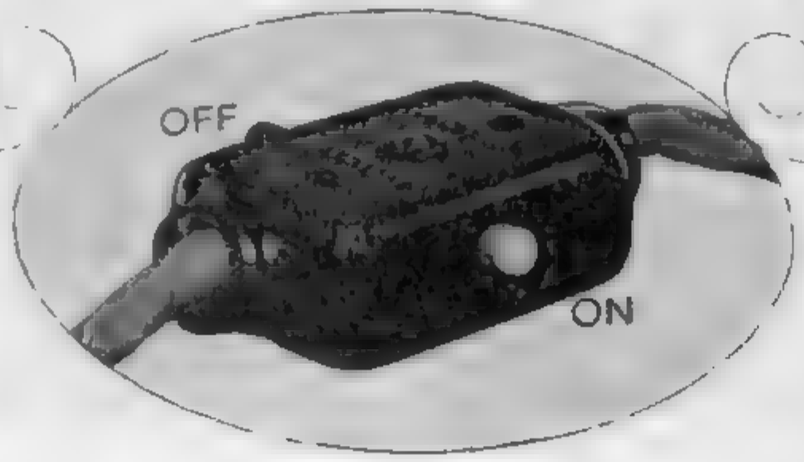
Every time you connect or disconnect your iron, toaster or percolator, think how handy the push-the-button way would be. Your dealer will attach a *C-H Seventy-Fifty Switch* to the cord of your iron, toaster or percolator for 75c. Take your toaster or iron cord to your dealer today and have him attach a switch with the letters "C-H" on it. They are your guarantee of satisfaction. Tie a string around the cord now to show the dealer where you want the switch attached.

The ***C-H Seventy-Fifty Switch,*** *which is standard equipment on the better appliances, is made by The Cutler-Hammer Mfg. Co., the world's largest manufacturers of Electric Controllers, Space Heaters, Electric Magnets and many other electric utilities.*

THE CUTLER-HAMMER MFG. COMPANY
MILWAUKEE AND NEW YORK

In Canada the C-H Seventy-Fifty Switch is made by Benjamin Electric Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto

C-H Seventy Fifty (70-50) SWITCH



WHAT SHOES WOULD A CAREFUL MAN BUY?

Foreman Roberts of the Nettleton Lasting Room knows a street-car conductor who will only buy Nettleton shoes. He asserts that his friend would wear Nettletons "even if they cost $20.00." The street-car man told him: "They always hold up and keep their shape, look good, and last longer than anything else I can get."

After walking 3320 miles with one pair of Nettleton shoes, Night Watchman Henry Rightmire, of the Nettleton Plant, will never wear any other kind. For 332 successive days he walked 10 miles a night, and figures that he walked across the Atlantic and half way back. "There are 4 or 5 months' wear left," he declares. "I never had a pair that wore so long and were so comfortable. They have never been repaired since I got them."

Foreman Essig of the Nettleton Cutting Department recently had to buy a different kind and only wore them three weeks until he gave them away. "My feet were so accustomed to Nettletons that when I tried to wear cheaper ones I felt the bad effect right away. There was something peculiar about these shoes—they fairly burned my feet." Mr. Essig, by the way, cut the first pair of Nettleton shoes 41 years ago

L. F. Sawmiller, another member of the Nettleton organization, found an acquaintance recently in blue denim jumper and overalls, feeding his poultry. His friend wore a fine pair of glazed kidskin Nettleton shoes—a light shoe usually worn for dress. "This was the footwear of a gentleman doing his regular day's work," declared Mr. Sawmiller, "and he said they were the cheapest and most comfortable he could buy."

An interesting letter from Sergeant Gerald N. Stanton, formerly with the A. E. F. in France, says:

"I bought a pair of your shoes while in Spartanburg, S. C. They carried me from Brest to the front, over all kinds of Flanders and French roads—over mud and Hun mire—through swamps and over grassy hills—up to St. Suplet and back home. I have hiked over 1000 kilometers in them—slept in them—swam in them—they have done their bit and are still doing it. No better shoe is made and I know shoes I have worn."

Shoes of Worth

Nettleton

IF you're a "careful buyer," call at the store of the nearest Nettleton dealer and see what style is built into a Nettleton shoe in addition to economy about which these men are so enthusiastic.

A. E. NETTLETON COMPANY
SYRACUSE, N.Y., U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 62)

them. They say that the rain falls constantly. Others complain about the dullness and dreariness and monotony. They want the life and the bustle and the lights and the crowds of America. They may or may not be sincere; but their frantic desire to get back to America, once they have come away, is all that is heartfelt and fervent.

All of this applies to the north of Ireland, which is opulent and hustling and proud. To get the more typical immigrant it is necessary to jump a train and head down into the Sinn-Fein country.

In the Jumpy Town of Dublin

To go from Belfast, in the north, to Dublin, in the middle of the coast which faces England, takes only four hours on the train. Halfway between the two cities one passes through the town of Dundalk. Dundalk is the northern outpost of Sinn Fein; and if Sinn Fein and Ulster ever fight, the first line of trenches will probably start a little north of Dundalk. At Dundalk I caught my first glimpse of armed policemen. Seven policemen plodded along the station platform, heads bent to the cold drizzle of a November night. Three of them carried rifles slung across their backs. Behind them a group of young men jeered and laughed and sang the Soldiers' Song—the song which Sinn Fein sang during the Revolution, and which it sings to-day, though the singing is prohibited. It runs:

In valley green, on towering crag,
Our fathers fought before us,
And conquered 'neath the same old flag
That's proudly floating o'er us.
We're children of a fighting race,
Who never yet have known disgrace,
And as we march the foe to face
We'll chant a soldier's song.

CHORUS

Soldiers are we whose lives are pledged to Ireland,
Some have come from the land beyond the wave,
Sworn to be free, no more our ancient sireland
Shall shelter the despot or the slave;
To-night we'll man the Barna Weal
In Erin's cause, come woe or weal,
'Mid cannons' roar and rifles' peal
We'll chant a soldier's song.

People who write down things in notebooks in Ireland are viewed with great alarm. They are thought to be detectives. Several people in Belfast honored me by asking whether or not I was a detective. One woman assured me cheerily that if I were mistaken for a detective in Dublin I would be shot instead of being questioned. The woman was wrong. My notebook caused me to be mistaken for a detective several times in Dublin; but nobody shot me. However, one has an uncomfortably crawly sensation when writing in a notebook in Dublin. If there is anybody who is trying to cure himself of the pernicious habit of jotting things down in a notebook I would suggest that he go to Dublin for a couple of months. I confidently predict that at the end of that time the sight of a notebook will give him a sick headache.

The shooting of detectives and policemen is a very popular form of amusement in the south of Ireland. Just to name a few recent Dublin killings: Detective Officer Wharton was shot on a crowded street at half past six in the evening; Detective Sergeant Smith was riddled with shot while entering his home at eleven o'clock at night; Detective Officer High was shot as he was entering the barracks at half past ten at night; Constable Downing was shot on one of Dublin's leading streets; Detective Sergeant Barton was shot right beside Trinity College wall; James MacPherson, Under Secretary for Ireland, narrowly escaped being shot a short time after I interviewed him. I have a feeling that he may think that I did it. That's the sort of feeling that a stranger has after being in Dublin for a short time. He thinks that everyone suspects him of being something that is very undesirable.

Dublin is the jumpiest city I have ever seen. It is jumpier than Siberian cities that are expecting Bolshevik outbreaks at any moment. If you come up behind a man on the street and ask him a question he jumps as you speak. When you speak with a Dublin resident on political matters—which is about the only subject on which a Dublin resident will permit you to address him—he constantly darts glances from side to side and behind his back. Sinn Feiners assure you in hoarse whispers that everyone in sight is an English spy. Englishmen and Ulstermen assure you in repressed tones that the man at the next table is a violent Sinn Feiner. I visited Sinn Fein headquarters at 6 Harcourt Street at different times. Each time a raid was expected, and I was hustled out of the building so that I wouldn't be arrested. I had a long talk with Prof. John MacKeill, of the National University, former President of Sinn Fein, and a member of Parliament. He refused to sit in Sinn Fein headquarters and talk. I assured him that I should be delighted to be arrested for the sake of the experience, but he seemed to be singularly unenthusiastic. Possibly it was because England had just announced that no distinction would henceforth be made in Ireland between political prisoners and any other sort of prisoner, which means that hunger strikers will be permitted to starve.

So we went out in Stephen's Green and walked restlessly up and down and round the duckpond, where the mallards were squawking and squabbling over the bread that the children were throwing to them, and up and down some more. The professor was a very charming gentleman, as were all the Irishmen whom I met. I loved them all, though I can't say the same for their arguments. What I can say is that I fear their nerves will go all to pieces at once if they insist on talking the same old chaotic mass of politics continually. That, I think, is the reason for the jumpy condition of Dublin, and not the constant murders of policemen and raids for arms.

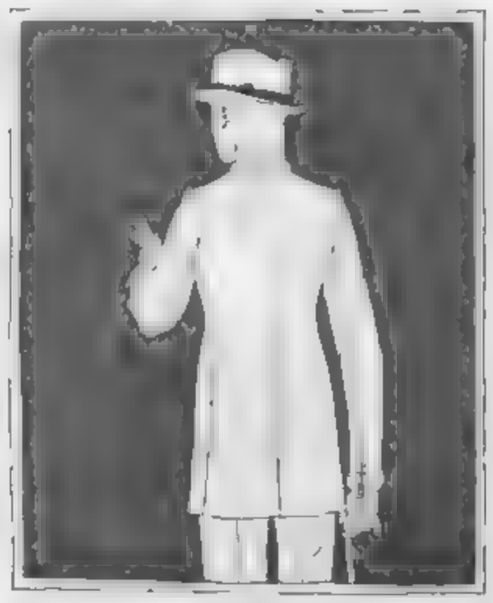
Future Emigration

It is generally understood, I believe, that Sinn Fein does not defend the murder of policemen and the cutting off of the noses of cattle and similar acts of violence. I talked with a number of Sinn Feiners, and all of them took the ground that the shooting of policemen was justified. Strangely enough, practically all of them cited the acts of Americans in the American Revolution as the chief reason why it was quite all right for Sinn Feiners to shoot policemen at the present day. My recollection of American history may be inaccurate, but I fail to recall that the acts of the American farmers immediately after the battles of Concord and Lexington, when they fought British troops from behind stone walls, can be compared with the act of a man who steals up behind a single policeman and shoots him. Yet that is the comparison which is made by the Sinn Feiners. They are greatly addicted to the habit of digging up ancient history and treating it as something of immediate and vital importance.

A man in Dublin needed some building done. He sent for a carpenter who had a wife and several children, and who stood very much in need of all the money he could earn. The carpenter arrived; and even before he had finished unpacking his tools he fell into conversation with a paperhanger who was laboring in the same room. The Battle of the Boyne, which took place about two centuries before the year of the Big Fog, was referred to; and the carpenter worked himself into such a passion discussing it that he packed up his tools in anger and left the house, in spite of his need of money.

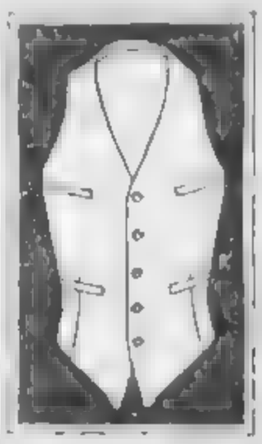
During the closing ten weeks of the autumn of 1919—a period which is an extremely dull immigration period—nine hundred emigrants from Ireland to America obtained visés to their passports in the American consulate at Dublin alone. At a dull period, and in spite of severe passport restrictions, nine hundred people obtain the right to migrate to America from a single port. As time goes on the restrictions are bound to become less severe. That, coupled with the fact that spring always sees the tide of emigration from every country rise to its greatest height, means the emigration from Dublin and the districts to the west and south is going to be about as large as it was in the years immediately preceding the war, when there were no passport restrictions whatsoever. In fact, I believe that it will be considerably larger.

Prominent Sinn Feiners are going to America without passports or visés by working their way across as coal heavers. American seamen who make port in Dublin are greeted with extreme affection, and drinks are bought with tremendous fluency by acquaintances. Frequently these seamen recover consciousness with a head that weighs seventeen pounds and a mouth that



Should the Coat Accent the Waist?

A FIGURE worth having is a figure worth showing, judging by the new styles for young men that I have been taking notes on lately along Fifth Avenue and at the hotels and clubs of New York.



The vest takes account of well-muscled shoulders and a slender waist

"A splendid piece of designing" is the way I have heard this new idea spoken of in the fitting rooms of a score of the better New York clothiers.

And it *is* splendid—this brisk, attractive way of making the most of muscular young shoulders, chest and arms. But this springtime tailoring is especially splendid in the way it handles the waist-line.

It seems we have passed beyond the "loungy" period in men's clothes and with the new season we emerge into a style era in which the proportions and development of the young man's figure are given full display. The correct contour for the new season is one of military set-up and athletic poise.

The new waist-line, as I have seen it here in the best models, comes somewhat above the trouser-band so as to give the right flare to the skirt of the coat over the hips. The coat-buttons draw in the waist smartly without constraining and the lapels roll softly down to them, giving the "chest-out" effect of the parade ground. Straight shoulders without padding and sleeves snug enough to make the best of a good arm bring out the upper silhouette with nicety and clean-cut precision.

Brief pocket flaps are used in the jackets of the most effective suit models I have seen, and pockets themselves are set at an angle or curved to vary the monotony of the straight lines of former years.

The light overcoat for spring carries out the figure lines of the suit

The vest also, of course, defines the waist-line but without wrinkling or impeding the freedom of the body. The vest is without lapels or pocket flaps and has either five or six buttons, according to its length.

Trousers are snugly fitted as before and in many of the models favored along Fifth Avenue a very slight flare or bell-shaped effect is to be noticed at the bottom.

"'Round About New York"

is the title of an illustrated booklet of authoritative styles for Spring and Summer. It is prepared for your use by the designers and makers of Cortley Clothes. It shows what young men are wearing in New York, where we will see today at the fashionable resorts of the city, as well as in New York's hotels, theatres and interesting spots where well-dressed men congregate.

A post card with your name and the name of the best clothier in your city will bring you a copy.

I give credit to the makers of Cortley Clothes for having interpreted the trend of the new season's styles with remarkable dignity, sincerity and faithfulness. Various Cortley models show all of the features I have found dominating in the clothing from the best men's shops of Manhattan. Cortley Clothes undoubtedly achieve a new, high excellence in the tailoring of young men's garments. They are notably well styled and well wrought.—*H. L.*

Cortley Clothes

by

COHEN & LANG

Style Authors
In the City of New York

TEMCO

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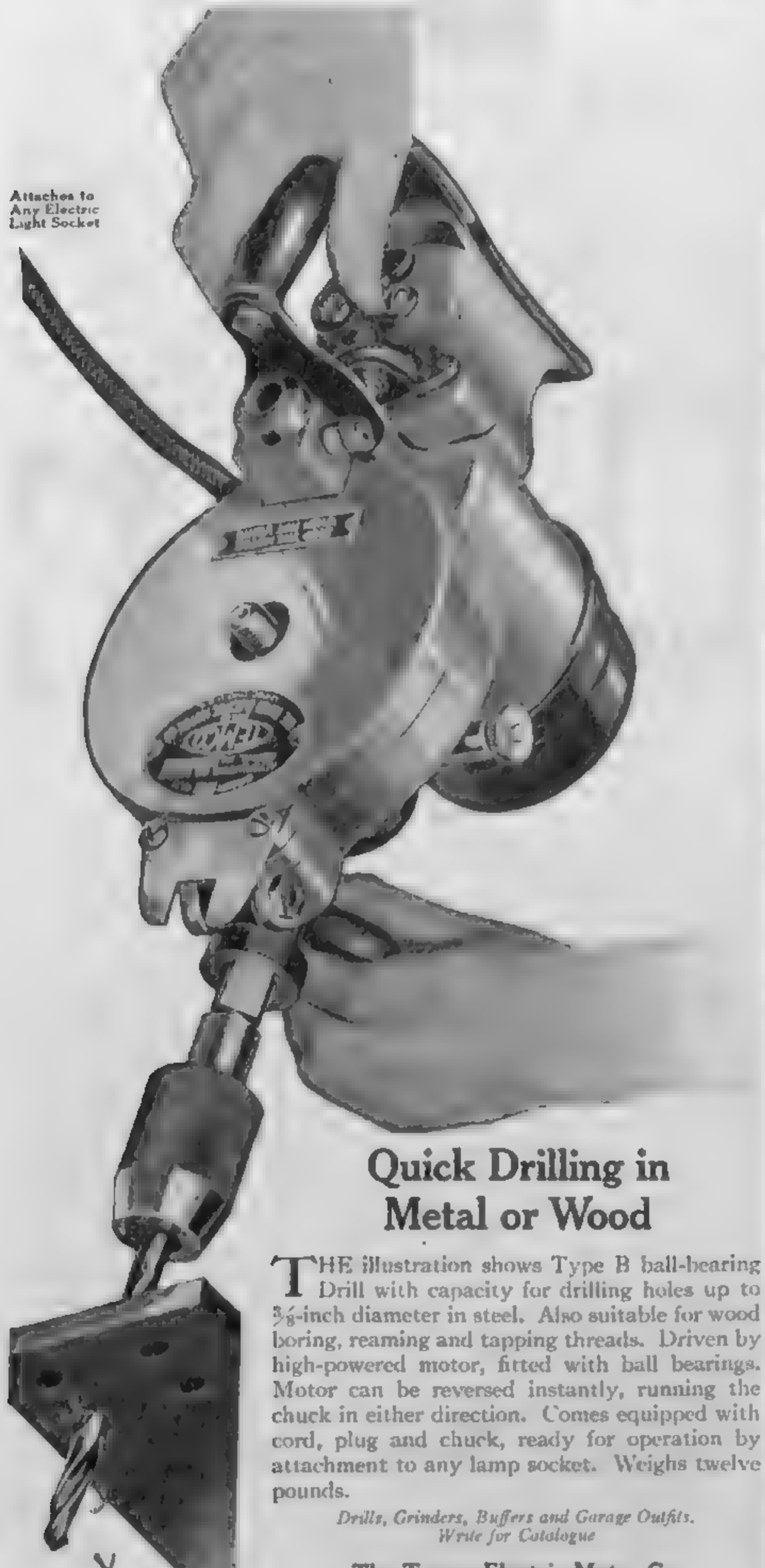
Portable Electric Tools



Quick Drilling in Metal or Wood

THE illustration shows Type B ball-bearing Drill with capacity for drilling holes up to 3/8-inch diameter in steel. Also suitable for wood boring, reaming and tapping threads. Driven by high-powered motor, fitted with ball bearings. Motor can be reversed instantly, running the chuck in either direction. Comes equipped with cord, plug and chuck, ready for operation by attachment to any lamp socket. Weighs twelve pounds.

Drills, Grinders, Buffers and Garage Outfits.
Write for Catalogue

The Temco Electric Motor Co.
Leipsic, Ohio, U. S. A.

feels like a soiled flannel wrapper, only to find their papers gone. And a little later a prominent Sinn Feiner trickles unobtrusively into America on the same papers.

Most of our Irish immigration comes, as I have said, from the farming districts of the west and south of Ireland. We get a very large percentage from County Galway and County Mayo, on the west coast of Ireland.

Galway is four hours from Dublin by train—four hours of travel across mile after mile of perfectly flat unfenced land, for the most part marshy looking and treeless. Occasionally a mournful-appearing town is encountered; but for the rest of the way there is seldom more than one tiny house in sight at any one time.

Galway itself is a venerable gray town of melancholy and depressing aspect. The eye strikes occasional abandoned and ruined factories of gray stone. Everything seems very ancient and run to seed. There is the ruined wall and window at which the notorious Mayor James Lynch Fitzstephen attached a halter to his son's neck and personally attended to his hanging. There is the mayor's old castle, a great square stone house with strange gargoyles ranged round the top story. If any American would care to live in this castle, which happens to be standing empty, he could rent it for the not unreasonable sum of fifty pounds a year, or two hundred dollars at the present rate of exchange. And if he were wishful of taking it back to the States to grace a corner of his private golf links he could probably have it and welcome for a matter of eight thousand dollars.

From Galway itself there is little emigration, but from the County of Galway there is a great deal of it. We get more immigrants from Galway and its neighboring county, Mayo, than from any other part of Ireland.

The conditions in which the country people of Galway and Mayo live are misleading in many instances. In the first place, the poverty in Galway is frequently a deception, and a relic of the old days when poverty was the best policy. In the old days when a farmer made money his landlord could and often did raise his rent. Now landlordism is at an end in Ireland. Rents are fixed, and by paying rent for a certain number of years the rent payer eventually owns the land outright. It won't be many years before the last Irish farmer owns his land and ceases to pay rent to anybody. But customs die hard in the out-of-the-way corners of Ireland and many an Irish farmer cannot bear to show any signs of prosperity.

An Era of High Prices

In the second place, if the poverty is real it is often due to laziness. The Irish farmers have made more money during the war than they ever saw before in all their lives. Things have doubled, tripled and quadrupled in value. Take prices in Connemara, the poorest district of poor Galway, for example: A Connemara pony sold for five pounds before the war. Now it sells for twenty-five pounds. A cow sold for ten and fifteen pounds; now it sells for fifty and sixty. A bonham—as the Irish call a little pig—brought a big price if it brought a pound before the war; and to-day it brings four and a half pounds. And peat! Peat could only be marketed for three and a half to five shillings a load before the war; now it can be sold for twenty to twenty-five shillings a load. Peat needs no grooming, no cultivation, no feeding, no fertilizing, no anything. All the farmer has to do is to slice it out of the ground.

I have seen sterile farms in various sections of New England, and I have seen poor living conditions in many parts of the world; but I have never seen a farm so wretched as some of the farms of Connemara, and I have never seen living conditions any worse than they are in some of Connemara's thatched cottages.

Once out of the city of Galway and on the road which skirts beautiful Galway Bay, the fields are tiny, some of them no larger than a large blanket, and the biggest of them pitifully small. These fields are so small because of the so-called "rundale" system which obtains. The rundale system, or the laying out of the countryside in "quilted patches," was due, as far as I can discover, to the fact that when a man selected a few acres of land long, long ago, he chose the richest patches he could find. The next man chose the patches which he considered next richest, and so on till all the land was gone. All the Connemara fields are littered with stones and outcropping ledges; and each field is set off from every other field by a massive breast-high stone wall. On every side, as far as the eye can see, these stone walls stretch away endlessly, so that the landscape presents the appearance of the ruined foundation work of a building more enormous than can be conceived. Mile after mile one rides along that dreary road, and the gray stone walls continue without a break on either side.

It was strange-looking land and there were strange people on the road; little men with queer, sugar-loaf-like hats and odd bristly whiskers under their chins. And there were little parties of boys, many of whom wore red petticoats which hung halfway between their knees and their ankles. Red petticoats, mind you! And on boys! Red petticoats for boys is one of the oldest stories in the west of Ireland; but it's new stuff as far as I'm concerned.

By the roadside or down little lanes are the little white stone houses with their thatched roofs. Sometimes they occur singly, and sometimes in little groups, and sometimes in villages clustered round a church; but always these houses are the same. I went into house after house, and they varied scarcely at all, save in the number of children who lived in them. Sometimes there were only four or five children and sometimes there were eight or ten; but apart from that they might have been hewn out of the same block by the same hand. I will tell you what one house in Loughanebeg was like; and that house is like thousands of other houses in the west of Ireland.

In Connemara

This house was built of whitewashed stone, and it had a thatched roof. All round it were high stone walls, and it stood at the end of a narrow lane, which also ran between high stone walls. The lane was a muddy lane, and the mud was very black and very liquid, so that as one walked through it it rose up unctuously against the trousers.

From the mud of the lane one stepped directly into the main room of the cottage. The room was about twelve feet square; and its floor—if one is sufficiently careless of the English language to call it a floor—was also mud, which was kept in a state of fluidity by the wanderings of a pig, seven hens and a heifer. The pig and the hens were very active, and the pig made a joyous investigation of the trousers of the visitors in the evident hope that they might prove to be sufficiently succulent to enable him to devour them for tea. The heifer leaned contemplatively against the door jamb; but she did her part in stirring up the mud on the floor by shifting her weight from her left legs to her right legs, and vice versa.

In addition to the pig, the hens and the heifer, there were four children in the room, and a small peat fire. The fire burned on an open hearth; and the acrid, frowsty-smelling smoke of the burning peat made the air so heavy that I am sure it could have been baled out like water. Two of the children were girls and two were boys. The oldest was about seven and the youngest about four. The little girls were beautiful. Their complexions were more delicately pink and white than those of far more carefully nurtured children. The little girls had on sadly soiled dresses of an unpleasantly red material; and I think they wore nothing under the dresses. The peat fire gave little warmth to the room; for the door was wide open when we entered it and the cold wind of a late November twilight was blowing out of the north across Galway Bay. I could feel the chill of that room through my stout boots and my warm muffler and my heavy coat.

When we entered, the children were just sitting, that's all. Merely sitting; saying nothing and doing nothing. Their mother came in after a few moments and pushed the heifer outdoors. It made me wish that she would push the fire out too. The mother was a cheery soul, who talked English and Gaelic with equal fluency. She had two brothers in America. As soon as the little girls were grown up they would go to America too. And then the boys. . . . Yes. The farm was too poor. She had only five acres, and milk was too expensive for the children to have any. . . . Yes. They lived on tea. . . . Yes; tea. And potatoes. Tea and potatoes for all the children. Soon they would be going to America, where they would have whatever they wanted, and send money home into

(Concluded on Page 68)

Ultimately, The Thinker Chooses Made-to-order Clothes

IN the course of his long-trousered career, the average man purchases 104 sack suits, 52 overcoats and 12 special occasion "turn-outs."

Representing, at current market prices, an investment of close to $10,000!

These are carefully gathered statistics—not casual estimates.

So in considering the clothes question, as it affects your pocket-book, bear in mind that it involves, not the cost of a few boxes of cigars, but the price of a house and lot!

If you're going to spend $10,000 for clothes during your mortal sojourn, don't you want to get the best and the most the money will buy?

Prices being equal—wouldn't you prefer to have those clothes made to your exact measure, your special preferences, your specific taste?

—the cloth, the style, the trimmings, each selected separately and individually to your fancy—and dovetailed to your precise body dimensions?

T R·T

No man, however well-to-do, wants to invest $10,000 carelessly.

You're going to spend that much, or more, in your earthly clothes deals. Think before you spend!

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CHICAGO · NEW YORK
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

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That's what Royal Tailor Service offers you—the utmost in made-to-your-measure custom-tailor clothes at the prices you usually pay for ready-mades.

For Royal Tailor Service has built up a vast national selling outlet for retailing the best custom tailoring, in great volume, on small profit margins.

You don't have to accept a substitute for tailor-made clothes through motives of economy.

10,000 local Royal dealers are now displaying the Royal Custom-Tailor Woolens and Styles for Spring 1920.

—to your order at $40, $45, $50, $60, $65 and $70.

THE CLOTHES THAT REAL MEN WEAR · ROYAL TAILORED-TO-ORDER CLOTHES

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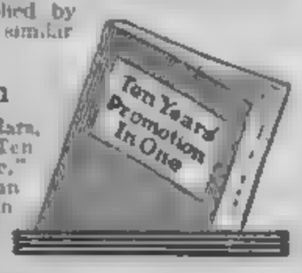

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Name

Present Position

Address

(Concluded from Page 66)

the bargain. She had two brothers in America, but they were married and they had stopped sending money. God send the children would live to get to America.

From every house in Connemara someone has gone to America. Letters come from America to almost every house at intervals. Someone is going to America from every house

In one of the Connemara villages I stopped for a talk with the gombeen man. The gombeen man usually keeps a small store, and he loans out money at high rates of interest to the poor people. Often he is a great curse to the countryside. Sometimes he is a good man and a helpful one. This particular one greeted me with a jug of the colorless home-distilled Irish liquor known as poteen. It is strong enough to remove paint from a battleship. After he had had two slugs of it he began to weep at the thought of the mental anguish of the people who were waiting to go to America. His heart bled for them.

"They've been piling up here for four years," he said. "They're wild and crazy to get away. There's nothing for the girls to do and there's nothing for the young men to do. They're sick of it and all. I never saw any people so sick of anything as they are of staying here. And why not! Most of 'em live on a ha'penny herring and they don't see a piece of meat from one week to another. There are no industries for the poor creatures to work at. Fifty years ago there was spinning and carding, and every bit of cloth that was worn hereabouts was made by the people with their own hands. Then they got to thinking that they must wear foreign cloth, and they lost the knack of making it. To-day they'd like to wear the old handmade cloth, but they've forgotten how to make it. They do nothing but sit round the fire and stare into it. If it wasn't for the business of passports, now, there'd be more go out of here this year than in the five years before the war."

A Disconsolate Exile

I asked him about people who had come back from America to live in Ireland.

"Ah," said he, "they're a sorry lot, those that have come back. Those that come back have saved a matter of two hundred pounds, and, for the most part, they are people who never saw the inside of a theater or anything but their boarding houses while they were in America. And now that they're here they can't get away quickly enough. They go fair crazy with nothing to do, and the dirty little houses, and the everlasting tea, tea, tea! What does a body want of tea? And it's all they drink in this awful place!"

Shuddering visibly the gombeen man poured himself four fingers of poteen and swashed it down like so much of the beverage which he affected to despise.

Down toward the shore from Loughanebeg was a little cluster of houses—eight of them. Two of the men folk from the houses had found a strange object on the shore a short time previous, and had got it into a cart and carried it up to the houses. Six of the eight families had gathered round it and speculated over it and pounded it contemplatively. Unfortunately it was a little wanderer from a mine field; and at one of the pounds it went off and exterminated the six families and wrecked most of the houses.

I went down to look over the ruins; and in one of the unharmed houses I found a man who had returned to Ireland from America six days previous. He had been employed by the Boston Elevated as a janitor, and had saved enough money to come back to Connemara and live, as he thought, comfortably. The Elevated had paid him thirty dollars a week, and it was hard to save; but he had done it. A suit of clothes in Boston had cost him thirty-five dollars, and a pair of shoes eight dollars; but here in Ireland, where he had expected that all things would be so much cheaper, a suit of clothes cost forty dollars and a pair of shoes cost ten dollars. If he could he'd go back to-morrow; but he was a British subject—the more fool he for not becoming an American citizen—and the time and expense connected with getting back were going to be very great. If that man ever gets back to Boston, where he has spent the last nine years of his life, he'll start after his naturalization papers with such velocity that the Federal Building in Boston will think it has been struck by a cyclone.

A friend of this disconsolate ex-Bostonian joined us during the conversation, and broke it on the strength of having two brothers and a sister in Portland, Maine. He owned four acres of land, and he said that he was so poor that the children could eat nothing but tea and potatoes. He took us over to his house, where his venerable mother sat before the fire. She accepted and smoked a cigar with deep gratitude, after ejecting the heifer and the bonham from the living room. Our host explained to us how many pieces of land went to make up his four acres under the rundale system. Two pieces were in Taughmore West, about a mile away; two more were in Taughmore; another lay at the foot of the mountain; there was a small garden half a mile away in Loughanebeg; there was a plot about seven feet square a quarter of a mile away; there was another five yards square that he had to go through the land of five other persons in order to reach; half a mile to the north of the main road was a piece of half an acre; half a mile away were two more small gardens; just below the next house was another small garden; three-quarters of a mile away there was another; a mile away there was a plot eight feet by eight feet; near the strand—the shore was another that was flooded in the autumn and winter, but middling dry in summer; two miles away by the tortuous boreen—lane—was another piece ten yards square; nearer was another the size of the haggard where the hay and the heifer were kept; and behind the trees was a very small one six feet square in which he put the donkey.

That is the result of laying out the countryside in quilted patches; and that state of affairs may be found extensively through the west and south of Ireland. Eventually the Congested Districts Board hopes to remedy the situation which makes it necessary for a man to walk twenty to forty miles in order to visit his magnificent four-acre holding.

Just outside of Galway, at Furbough, is the Irish College, where scholars from all over England, Ireland and the Continent come to study Gaelic. That celebrated German savant Kuno Meyer put in several months of study there just before the war. There are a number of astute persons in the vicinity of Galway who have a strong hunch that Gaelic was not the only study which Herr Meyer was pursuing in the Irish College. Near this college, by the way, was born Michal Breannac, or Michael Walsh, who at the age of twenty-eight, when he died, was considered to be the greatest linguist in the world. He died of tuberculosis, which kills an appalling number of persons in the west of Ireland, and particularly in Connemara, each year.

Back in Dublin I found that the opinions of the steamship agents concerning migration from Ireland to America were substantially the same as those of the gombeen men. They claim that the enormous demand to go is shown by the great number of applications in spite of the small number of prepaid passages. Before the war a large number had their passages paid by relatives in the States. To-day, though the cost of going to America has more than doubled, and though there are practically no prepaid tickets, they are fairly clamoring to go.

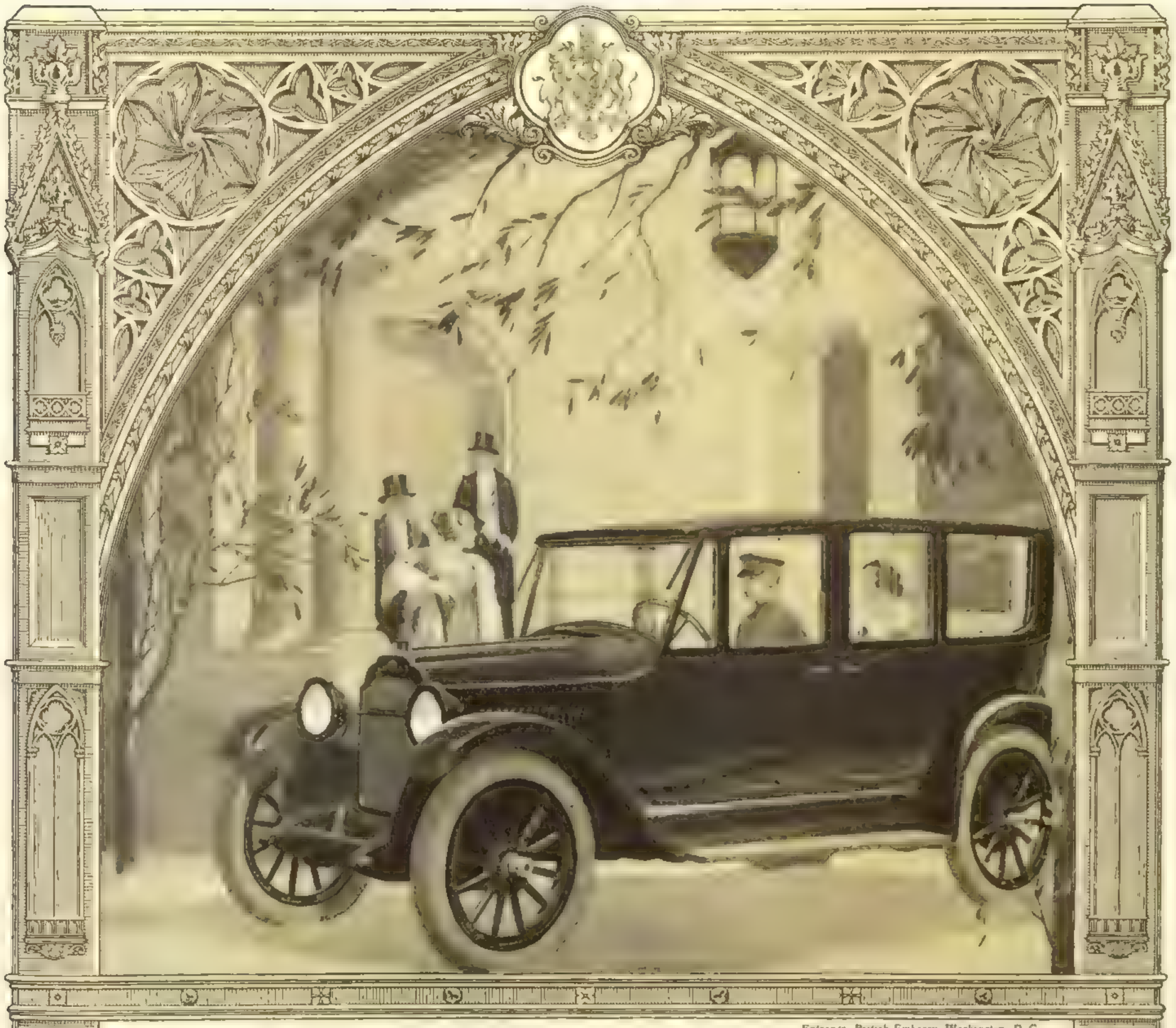
Jazz? Not for Dublin!

I repeat that Ireland is less affected by the war than almost any other place in the world. There is none of the hectic unrest that is so apparent in America and France and England. The home life of the Irish is untouched. They don't know the modern dancing craze. A low person attempted to get a permit to bring a jazz orchestra into Dublin while I was there. A tremendous outcry resulted, and there was a general impression that such things were too noisy and vulgar for words. There was a long and solemn argument as to whether the grimaces supposed to be indulged in by jazz musicians constituted an immoral act, and whether jazz dancing to barbaric music could be either healthy or harmless.

Ireland seems to be the one place in the world where one can have all the sugar and butter and bacon and whisky that he wants. There is, it is true, a small coal shortage; and more than one person in speaking of the coal shortage declared bitterly that they were more inconvenienced by the cessation of the war than by the war itself.

None the less, the Irish want to emigrate, and the bulk of those who want to emigrate want to emigrate to America.

After looking the ground over I formulated the theory that emigration from Ireland to America would be about the same in 1920 that it was in 1914, and that it would increase each year for three years, reaching its crest for the year 1922, and that it would then sink back to normal. I advanced that theory to James MacPherson, Under Secretary for Ireland. He thought it sounded reasonable. In fact, he agreed with it. So unless we're both wrong the servant problem in America may soon be somewhat less acute than it is at present.



Entrance, British Embassy, Washington, D. C

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THE owner of a Willys-Knight always knows what to expect from his sleeve-valve motor. Instead of deteriorating it *improves with use.* Its *only* change is a change for the *better.*

Dependable, quiet, smooth power is always at the owner's command. So perfect is its performance and so free from troubles, that he is almost unconscious that there is a mighty motor under the hood.

Owners of Willys-Knight cars naturally place a high valuation upon the fine coach work and luxurious appointments—but, more on the extraordinary advantage of owning cars that run *better* the *longer* they are driven.

Willys-Knight Booklet on request

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., *Toledo, Ohio.*
WILLYS-OVERLAND LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA

Willys Knight
SLEEVE VALVE MOTOR
IMPROVES WITH USE

AT NIGHT— a thorough bath for your Face

If you want a skin that is clear, brilliant with color—let it breathe at night

TINY, invisible dust particles—always, always falling on your unprotected face! In crowds—in shops—in theatres—all day long while you are going unconsciously about your occupations—the delicate skin of your face is exposed to millions of unseen enemies.

That is why a thorough bath for your face *at night* is so important.

During your eight hours of sleep the skin of your face should be allowed to rest—to breathe. The delicate pores should be freed from the dirt and dust that have accumulated during the day.

For remember—authorities on the skin now agree that most of the commoner skin troubles come, not from the blood—but from bacteria and parasites that are carried into the pores from outside, through dust and small particles in the air.

If, from neglect, or the wrong method of cleansing, your skin has lost the flawless clearness it should have—if it is marred by blackheads—by disfiguring little blemishes—begin tonight to change this condition. You *can* make your skin just what it should be. For every day it is changing—old skin dies and new skin takes its place. By giving the *new skin*, as it forms, the special treatment its need demands, you can make it as soft, as clear and smooth as you would like to have it.

The famous treatment for blackheads

Perhaps, in your case, failure to use the right method of cleansing for your type of skin has resulted in disfiguring little blackheads. This condition can be overcome and your skin can be smooth and clear in future.

To keep your skin free from this trouble, try using every night this famous treatment:

Apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then, with a rough washcloth, work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a *piece of ice*. Dry carefully. To remove the blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in the treatment above. Then protect your fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

Use this treatment regularly and you will begin to notice the greater clearness and attractiveness it gives to your skin.

The right treatment for a tender, sensitive skin

If your skin is exceptionally sensitive or delicate, it is especially important to free your face each night from the irritating fine particles of dust and foreign matter that have accumulated during the day. Modern authorities now discount the old idea, formerly held by some people, that washing the face with soap was bad for a delicate skin. Dr. Pusey, the great authority on the care of the skin, says: "The layer of dirt and fat that such persons accumulate on the skin is a constant invitation to various disorders."

If your skin is so tender that the ordinary method of cleansing seems to irritate it, try each night the following treatment:

Dip a soft washcloth in warm water and hold it to the face, then make a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and dip your cloth up and down in it until the cloth is fluffy with the soft, white lather. Rub the lathered cloth gently over your skin until the pores are thoroughly cleansed. Then rinse the face, first with warm water, then with clear, cool water, and dry carefully.

After a week or ten days of this treatment you will begin to notice a decided improvement in your skin—a greater firmness and power of resistance against irritation or exposure.

Each one of the famous Woodbury treatments has been formulated to meet the needs of different types of skin. Look in the little booklet that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap find the treatment that your particular type of skin demands · then use it regularly each night before retiring. You will be surprised to see how quickly your skin will gain in attractiveness—how smooth, clear and colorful you can keep it by this care.

The very first treatment with Woodbury's will leave your skin with a slightly *drawn, tight* feeling. This only means that your skin is responding to a more thorough and stimulating kind of cleansing than it has been accustomed to. After a few nights the drawn feeling will disappear and your skin will emerge from its nightly treatment with such a soft, clean, healthful feeling that you will never again want to use any other method of cleansing your face.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. Get a cake today — begin using it tonight. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks.

Would you like a trial size cake?

For six cents we will send you a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury facial treatment), together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 15 cents we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address

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THE COUNSEL OF THE UNGODLY

(Continued from Page 27)

generation wants to enjoy itself a war is the last thing to start."

"There was the inspiration of one's men," said the major, looking like a frontispiece portrait of Coningsby Dawson.

"The only way I managed to live though, having men under me," Francis said, "was to assume a disguise. I wore an expression that made them think I could raise the devil if they made me mad. The result was they never did."

We all laughed, and the major—who had miles to go—began making his adieus. I was surprised that his elaborateness had not impressed me at Rosemount.

When he came to me I said: "I understand you are a nephew of my old friend, Barbara Denton."

"I am, sir," he said.

"Where is she now?"

"At Saratoga."

"How fortunate! We go there from here."

He did not look so pleased. His expression reminded me of my first glimpse of him.

"She will be charmed," he said, and thanked me for inviting him to dinner.

After shaking hands with most of the company he made an inclusive bow and said, "Good evening, everyone," and withdrew.

"Who is your Austrian grand duchess, Cousin Peter?" Francis asked.

It was rather pat, and I laughed.

"An old friend of Mary's," I told him.

He said "Oh!" in a disgruntled way that pleased me.

Mary came up and slipped her hand in my arm.

"I didn't know we were going to Saratoga," she said.

"Didn't you, dear?" I asked, then added as a reward to Francis for having pleased me, "Your Cousin Francis is going to motor up with us."

I did not think it necessary to mention the fact that her knowledge of that destination and my own were almost simultaneous.

■■

I ROSE from the wrong side of the bed on Wednesday. It was the day Dorothea had consecrated to our trip to White Brook Inn. It was of course perfect for motoring. I knew it would be. Dorothea is one of those hostesses who threaten Providence with such horrors if the weather for her excursions turns out ill that that overworked office simply lacks the energy to thwart her. It had rained just enough during the night; there was a glory of sunshine and a glimmer of freshness in the wind.

Dorothea, Mary, Francis and Pierre went in an open machine. Nicholas and I escorted the two elder De Missiacs in Nicholas' great limousine. That was arranged without consideration of the fact that I do not like a closed car.

Madame de Missiac disliked fast driving, or Nicholas pretended she did to allow himself to pamper his pet theories about the limitations of a heavy machine. I sat in one of the miserable little seats and sulked. The fact of the matter was that I had consumed just as large a dose of Nicholas' hospitality as I could endure at one time.

"Mary and I have to leave for Saratoga to-morrow, Nicholas," is practically the only remark I can remember making.

When he said, "Why? What possible urgency can there be?" I had to say, "What kind of a tree is that, Nicholas? It is perfectly exquisite."

He hadn't seen it, so he insisted on turning the car and going back, then sitting and pondering a long time before he remembered that it was a Judas tree, which I had known all along. The result was that we took a tremendous time going to White Brook and that the other car had been there some time when we arrived.

I am not psychic in the least, but when I saw a big plum-color-and-scarlet car standing in the inn driveway covered with flannel pennants, chief among them a yellow one bearing the black device "Excuse My Dust," I knew what was before me.

As we got down from the car I saw Major Estabrook on the porch. He had not been asked with our party and I remember feeling convinced that he had heard someone mention our plan and meant to maneuver himself into our group. Of course it was a public inn and he had every right to be there. He came across the veranda toward me, fairly teetering with excitement.

"May I speak to you, sir?" he addressed me mysteriously.

"Certainly," I replied. "I didn't expect to see you here."

"I happened to come over with the Mounts." His voice sank. "Those people are here," he said sepulchrally.

As I have said, my intuition had told me, but I asked, "What people?"

"The Davisons," he answered with a climactic movement of his brows.

"How delightful!" I snubbed him. "Where are they?"

He looked at me reproachfully.

"I tried to be useful," he said. "Mrs. Van Hoeven is very much distressed. She is in our private room with the Mounts. She wants you to get Mary and join us there."

I have seldom been more enraged.

"Take me to her!" I cried melodramatically.

Then I faced Nicholas and realized he was annoyed at this whispered conference—as I should have been.

"Wait here," I told him. "I will get Dorothea."

We started, then I had an idea and turned back to the De Missiacs.

"The people who brought up my niece are here," I said in French too rapidly for Nicholas to understand. "They are very kind, very ordinary people. We will join them for luncheon. Can I ask it of our friendship that you be very nice to them?"

"Of course," said the marquise.

"Understood," bellowed her husband.

My reserves were martialed; I followed the major. I had to be introduced to the Mounts, who were evidently very pleased at the chance which had thrown Dorothea into their clutches. After I had been decently polite I turned to my cousin.

"Madame de Missiac wants to see you, Dorothea," I told her.

"Where is the marquise?" she replied.

As soon as we reached the hall we dropped our masks and our manners.

"I have never seen such terrible people as Mary is with, Peter," she informed me. "I have never seen such terrible people in my life. I will not join them. I will not have the De Missiacs meet them. I've told the Mounts we would eat at their table. Don't look at me like that!"

"I have always thought you quite capable of being unkind," I retorted, "but I never thought you bourgeoise before. You and Nicholas may lunch with the Mounts, if you please. I join Mary with the Davisons and I think the De Missiacs will go with me. Where is Pierre?"

"I asked him to go and buy some flowers," she confessed, "to get him out of the way. I was desperate. I don't know where Francis is. You may do as you please, but the marquis and the marquise are my guests and I've already spoken to the Mounts."

"Dorothea," I bit out, "I have already told the De Missiacs that Mary is with the Davisons and described them rather accurately. If you stay with the Mounts I shall simply tell them the truth—that you are ashamed of people who have been more than kind to your own flesh and blood. Possibly you and Nicholas do not mind being considered what they would think you—I should. Shall I tell them?"

"I believe you would," she snapped back.

"I think Nicholas will be getting impatient," I said "He was already annoyed by the atmosphere of mystery when I left."

She turned without a word and started for the porch. Pierre met her at the door. In his hands was a bouquet of lilacs and syringas dismally reminiscent of Decoration Day.

"They are all I find, Mis' Van Hoeven," he explained. "Not very beautiful."

Dorothea said, "Put them down," in a tragic tone, not even adding "thank you."

He dropped them in a chair and followed with a puzzled look. Before we reached the group Dorothea leaned toward me.

"Don't tell Nicholas," she said fiercely. It was her gesture of surrender.

(Continued on Page 73)

Major Estabrook Was Not a Bad Chap—Only Shallow and Infinitely Dull. He Wanted to be Everything—But He Never Wanted to be Any of Them Very Hard

Q·R·S PLAYER ROLLS *are* BETTER

The Dealer Who Recommends Q·R·S Player Rolls Is Protecting Your Musical Welfare

If you don't own a player piano, you are denying yourself the most wholesome enjoyment in the world.

(Continued from Page 71)

I led the way into the dining room. Mrs. Davison sat at the head of the table and Mary beside her holding her hand. She wore a black-and-white plaid coat and a white-chiffon veil decorated with black ten-cent pieces.

"Well, if there ain't Jacob!" she said as I came in. "You're a sight for sore eyes."

As I returned her greeting I observed the rest of the table. Mame sat by Burns Bell and I think they, too, were holding hands under the tablecloth. If so, it had become subconscious for both of them, and Mr. D., the loquacious, sat spellbound listening to Francis, who was giving an account of hunting the blood-sweating hippopotamus in its native swamps that kept them suspended between wild laughter and hair-risen horror.

"May we join you?" I asked.

"Say, I dare you to do anything else," Mrs. Davison challenged, "and it's my party. My little girl's friends is mine every time."

I began the presentations.

I find in reviewing this chronicle that more food has been consumed in its pages than the temperate reader may find it easy to digest. I shall omit the details of that luncheon. Nicholas sat on one side of Mrs. Davison and treated her with an appalled courtesy that no one who knew him less well than I could have admired so profoundly. She and old De Missiac, who sat on the other hand, were friends at once. Her clarion tones were the only rival worthy of competition that his voice had ever encountered. They boomed at each other affably and incomprehensively all through the meal.

I think Pierre thought Mame some new kind of *cocotte*, for he rivaled Burns Bell in squeezing her hand and roared with laughter when she told him she knew better than to trust a foreign nobleman.

My dear marquise acted as though Burns Bell was the most exquisite manifestation of Western chivalry she had met—and perhaps she thought so. I will never know.

I will say for Dorothea that she behaved very decently. Mr. D. confided in me that he'd thought to be scared to death of her, but found her a real home body, which I took as unmitigated tribute. What there was about her infuriated civilities that gave him that impression remains a mystery.

After they were seated I went and explained to the Mounts that we could not lunch with them as I had already made arrangements with the Davisons. They were chagrined—and curiously enough I think they were a little impressed.

At least the major came in to bid us good-by—in a manner that indicated that we had not entirely forfeited his respect. The Mounts nodded expectant good-bys to Dorothea from the doorway.

"You've got me into that," she accused me, meaning the Mount connection.

"I disclaim that responsibility, Dorothea," I told her, "but I do want to thank you for being so kind to-day. I have told Nicholas he should be proud of you for meeting this awkward situation *en vraie grande dame*."

She looked at me almost gratefully. I had known that she was really very afraid of Nicholas' disapproval. My power was that she knew Nicholas was a little afraid of mine.

"Must I ask them home to tea?" she inquired in a voice that would have done credit to Boadicea just before her regrettable end.

I spared her, but I made use of the fact that she was feeling somewhat beaten.

"I would be very grateful if you would do me one more favor," I told her.

"What?" she asked.

"Advise Mary to marry Major Estabrook."

"I don't think she should," she protested. "I should loathe having him in the family."

"I merely asked you to advise it, my dear Dorothea. I want it far less than you do, but I want the subject aired."

"I don't know what you mean," she said, "but I will." And she added, "I am ashamed of myself, Peter."

It was the only apology I ever heard her make, and it left all the honor on her side.

Mary came to the door of my dressing room that evening after we had come up for the night.

"Cousin Dorothea says she thinks it would be a good thing if I married Major Estabrook," she informed me.

"Well?" I said helpfully.

"Do you?"

"Are you in love with him?"

"No—I don't know. He never proposed. Oh, Uncle Peter, I can't help it!"

"Why should you help it?" I said with an insouciance I was far from feeling.

I am sure it was better I should know exactly how things stood, but as a result of my knowledge I went back to bed from the wrong side and had disagreeable dreams about Dorothea and the major and a blood-sweating hippopotamus—which turned out to be the man come early to pack.

XXI

BARBARA DENTON stood in the center of the drawing-room of her cottage in Saratoga and greeted me.

It was a room quite terrible with the elegance of the Centennial, but possible because of her presence. It struck me as a very pleasant place.

"I knew it was nonsense about never seeing you again," she said, "but I am absurdly glad to find I was right. Do you insist on staying at the hotel, or will you move up here?"

"I am fond of the hotel, Barbara," I returned. "I am sleeping in a black-walnut bed that appears to be the same one I occupied as a child in the days when I was taken for carriage exercise in my mother's victoria down these very streets. Moreover, your theories concerning my finances were so pronounced that if we moved up I should feel like an inmate of the county farm."

Barbara looked about the curious room and purposely misconstrued my remark.

"It is rather terrible," she said, "but I like it. I am so very tired of fashionable houses and fashionable antiques. Why didn't you bring this niece of yours this morning?"

"She had to entertain Francis Locker, who motored up with us," I explained, "and besides that excellent reason I have things to discuss with you which I don't care to have her overhear."

"How very interesting that sounds," she commented.

"I understand one Major James Estabrook is your nephew."

"You may take that fact as admitted."

"There is something strange about him," I went on. "Do you know what it is?"

It was a trap. I knew Barbara could never resist so open an opportunity for melodrama as that would be if matters stood as I suspected.

"There is something decidedly strange about him," she asseverated. "He stole money from a fund intrusted to him in France."

I must have looked delighted, for she immediately regretted it.

"That's perfectly confidential," she told me. "No one knows it but me and I had no business to mention it to you."

"Barbara," I said, "must I waste a great deal of your time and my energy in wheedling you? I warn you I shall do so until you tell me the whole story. Surprising as it may seem to you, it is not idle curiosity that prompts me."

"I suppose there is no use wearing us both out," she returned, "and I know I could never resist you if you decided to be charming. Where shall I begin?"

"At the beginning."

"The beginning of all stories with people of our time of life is when we were young, isn't it? Well, I'll start it in our generation. He is the son of my sister Jane. Jane ran away and married a nasty creature who taught us riding, and I suppose James is what we had every right to expect.

"My sister and her husband naturally went through every penny they could lay their hands on and died quite happy without a regret, a care or an asset in the world, leaving James to the rest of us. We kept him in boarding schools and gave him allowances. I suppose there is something to be said for him; it couldn't have been very good for a boy.

"When he was through college he went into a broker's office and people invited him about—you know the sort who would. He's good-looking in his way."

I am sure I was paying perfect attention, but she stopped long enough to inquire, "Why in the world have I launched into this biography—would you mind telling me?"

"Because I asked you to, as you perfectly well remember."

"That doesn't seem an entirely adequate reason, but I suppose I can't stop here.

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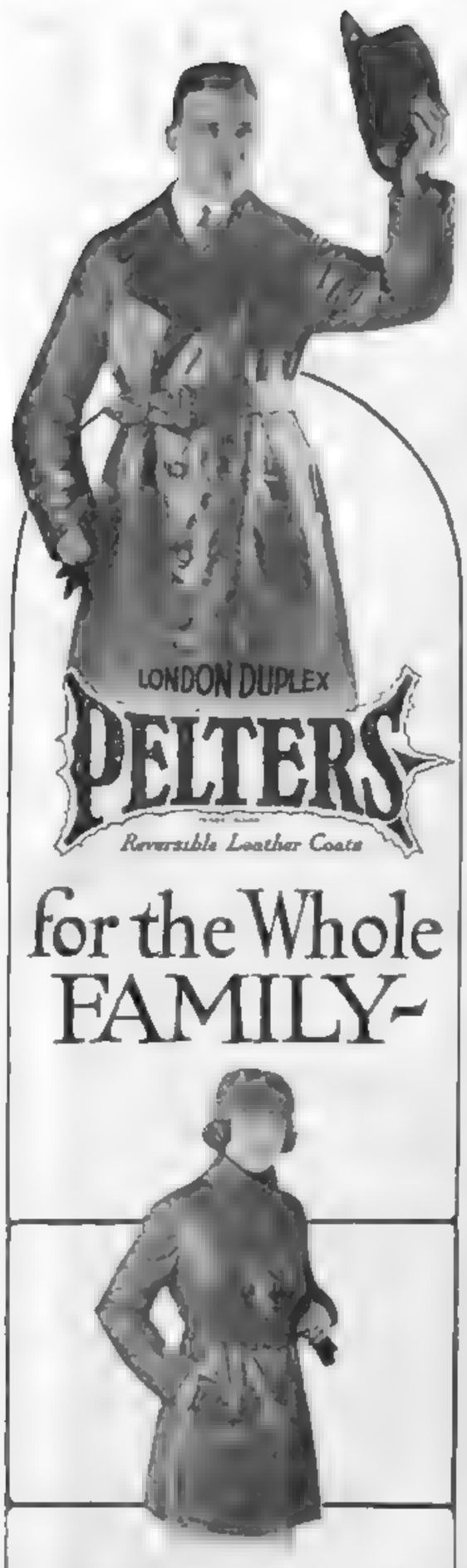

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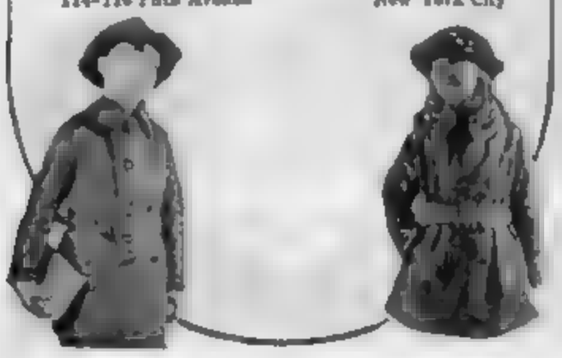


"When the war broke out he surprised us all by going immediately, getting to be a major and generally making us proud of him. I suppose every one in the family remade his or her will. I know I did and I invited him to visit me.

"He did well at the Front—awfully well. He talks about it too much, but he did. Then just as I was reduced to the last sentimental depths of aunthood he appeared. He made desperate efforts to please me and of course succeeded. Then one night I asked Pierre de Missiac to dinner. Pierre had met him in Paris and talked about some *jolie femme* and *grande conquête* in a way that a Frenchman wouldn't have minded, but which made James furiously angry when spoken before his presumably puritanic aunt.

"His anger made me suspicious and I wrote to every one I knew in Paris and asked about him. It was pure guesswork on my part—or possibly I should say impure guesswork—but I was right and I found out about the entire affair.

"I'm sure I don't know whether it's puritanic or not, but I think it is horrid for a fairly nice American boy, with our nice traditions, to go and get mixed up with a horrid French woman and that's what he'd done—nothing more or less.

"We had a horrible scene and I sent him packing. 'It may be perfectly all right,' I told him, 'but I don't see how you can afford it. I understand they are very expensive and I'm sure they look so, the horrid creatures, with the marvelous clothes they wear. Anyway, you can leave.' He left."

She looked at me slyly.

"Well, that's all, I guess," she said.

"It is very interesting," I replied, "but the point of the story you started out to tell was the theft of certain funds."

"I hoped you'd forgotten that," she admitted. "It does make me ashamed. After he'd left my house and written me an abject letter or two a nice-eyed young Lieutenant Cook appeared one day and asked for me. He explained that James had sent him. James was to be court-martialed for stealing almost a thousand dollars in some rather clever way. He said he'd regarded it as a loan and expected to get enough from me to make it good.

"I was horrid to the nice boy. 'Why should you tell this to me?' I asked. 'It doesn't interest me in the least.'

"He explained that James thought I might intercede with his colonel. His colonel was Eddie Bendish, whom I'd known since time when. I gave Lieutenant Cook tea and said I'd do nothing of the sort, but he was so nice and so sorry for James, and James was my nephew, and finally I was weak enough to let him take me to Eddie Bendish's headquarters in his car—which was against Army Regulations and great fun.

"Eddie was upset. He'd liked James and didn't want him disgraced, but what could he do? James had been brave at the Front, but that didn't make up for the money he'd taken. To make a long story somewhat shorter, I finally said I'd take up the post exchange fund, or whatever it was, on one condition—that Eddie should give James the lesson and fright of his life.

"Eddie agreed, so he didn't tell James I had paid, but sent him back to the States. Said he'd be court-martialed there unless the money was refunded. Lieutenant Cook told him I was considering the matter. I guess it did frighten him pretty thoroughly. Eddie waited until he and the whole regiment were ordered home; then that kind little Cook sent a telegram."

"Saying, 'She came across, congratulations,'" I interrupted.

"Have you been letting me tell a story you already knew?" she demanded.

"You've been clearing up a mystery," I informed her.

Then I told her Mary's story with nothing left out at all, and she was entirely absurd—particularly about my becoming a servant; and completely delightful—particularly in her rage against Major Estabrook.

"The cad!" she said. "The horrid, heartless little cad! I suppose he thought if they were engaged she'd pay the money to get him out of the scrape."

"I doubt if it was anything as definite as that," I tried to soothe her. "I think he just felt the need of the comfort of being able to have a fortune if he cared to take it that way. He was down and out, you know, and being frightened is a lonely business."

"Rats!" was her impolite reply. "He was thinking of a definite way to save his skin—and he should be boiled in oil. I would do it myself if I had a large enough boiler in the house. What do you want done about it all?"

"How much power have you over him?" I inquired.

"More than it is good for one human being to have over another," she answered.

"Then I want you to ask him on to visit you while Mary and I are in town."

She was really surprised—and it is a treat to surprise Barbara Denton.

"I dare say you are being very clever," she said, "but your genius is too near to madness for me to understand."

"I want him to propose to Mary," I explained. "You once told me that I had as much worldly wisdom as anyone you knew—only I never applied it to my own pursuits. I am applying it as well as I know how to my Mary's happiness. She is going to walk—entirely unconsciously—in the counsel of the ungodly. I am going to cure her of this infatuation if a cure is possible."

"Don't you think you take the affair with my nephew a little seriously?" she asked.

"For another girl perhaps, but not for Mary. Do you remember Ann Alexander, Barbara?"

"Perfectly," she replied with the alacrity of a person who sees a closed subject she has long wished to discuss suddenly opened.

"Ann and my brother Richard were in love with each other when they were both gloriously nineteen. Dick wandered off to a dozen other affairs, but Ann never forgot, not entirely, not even when Jack Boone persuaded her that she had enough to marry him."

"She was a lovely creature," Barbara said. "I suppose Jack Boone made her very unhappy."

"So unhappy that one fine day when Richard came back and the old love flamed up the thing happened that so appalled you and me and all the rest of our little world."

She did not speak, and after a moment I had to go on, though it was harder than I had thought it would be.

"Mary is very like Ann. It was that which first made me think she might be Richard's daughter. She would never do as Ann did. She has too much strength, but she would suffer all the more perhaps. That is why I want to make sure she doesn't lay away any dangerous dreams between the roses and lavender of her girlhood. Do you understand?"

"Quite," she answered.

"You will help me, I know."

"Of course I will." And after a pause, "You cared for Ann, too, didn't you, Peter?"

I was surprised at her for asking it and my face must have shown the fact. At any rate she changed the subject with more speed and less adroitness than I had ever known her to use.

XXII

I HEARD Mary's laughter as I crossed the court of the hotel to our cottage—light peals of it. Francis' deep voice ran in an accompaniment of what were apparently directions. She met me at the door.

"I can't kiss you, dearest," she explained, holding out villainous hands. "I'm too dirty. Francis was inspired. We bought a darling white rabbit and we're dyeing him."

"What color?" I retained the presence of mind to ask.

"Purple. We're going to call him Orchid, and he's so frightened. He doesn't know how cunning he'll look."

"We're going to try it on generations of 'em, sir," Francis added, "to see if we can't give Nature a hint, so that finally we'll just have purple rabbits without all this trouble. You aren't to tell about this. Just say he's one of those rare orchid rabbits from Gypsophalia. Isn't he handsome?"

He unwrapped the bath towel he was holding and displayed a little rack of bones with strange purplish hair sticking to it wetly.

"Sure it won't hurt him?" I questioned.

"It's guaranteed not to injure the dyer's hands, so it shouldn't hurt the dyee's hide. Pretty proud, aren't you, Orchid?"

Orchid wriggled and shook himself and began trying to dry his face with a licked paw.

"Steady there, steady!" Francis commanded. "Mustn't interior-decorate yourself. Bring the lettuce, Mary."

Mary brought a crinkly leaf and Orchid fell upon it.

"Francis has been telling me about the place he is going to build," Mary informed me. "Orchid is part of the plan."

"It's for my drinking friends," Francis said. "They're to come when they get depressed about prohibition. There's going to be a high wall all round the place and a still in the exact center."

"Won't that irritate the police?" I inquired.

"Oh, it's only going to be a mock still—like silence at a woman's club. It'll just distill water, which will be colored. But the whole place is going to be built to give the impression of drunkenness. The stairs are to be escalators with chronic hiccups, the walls built in wriggles, and the floors at the pressure of a spring will rise up and push the guest in the face.

"Why, when some prohibition-stricken old alcoholic rises from that restless floor and sees a drove of purple rabbits running across the uneven lawn he will fall on his knees in a prayer of thanksgiving."

"I'm to be the only woman allowed," Mary boasted.

"As a reward for having sense," Francis corroborated her. "She's to have the job of opening my mail and taking out the infernal machines and poisoned paper the other women who can't get in will send me."

"I didn't know you were such a misogynist," I said.

"I regard the birth of a woman child as the saddest event that can happen and a proposal of marriage as the next," he announced. "Women are poor creatures—Mary admits it."

Orchid had finished his lettuce and was trying to dry himself again. I drew their attention to the fact. He was stoked with another leaf.

"Francis is the only great genius of our time," Mary proceeded. "He is ashamed when I tell you, but he has just told me and I don't think it's fair to keep you in the dark."

"I have to be," he explained. "My name has thirteen letters and the lines in my hand are blood red. Besides I know about plumbing and I haven't written any free verse or humiliated my masculinity by proposing to any woman alive."

"That is a superb list of accomplishments," I admitted.

"I suspect a man who writes free verse of open perfidy and secret vice."

"And a promiscuous lover of tendering false currency?" I suggested.

"Don't interrupt with your impertinent flippancies," he said. "I was going to explain to you how a man who puts a woman in a position where she can refuse to marry him and gloat over her refusal is a traitor to his sex, but I see it's not worth while and I'll go and wash. Mind the rabbit while I'm gone and don't let him bite you."

He left and I said to Mary, "There's a delightful young idiot."

"He's a darling," she answered.

I thought it a propitious moment.

"You'll be interested to know that your Major Estabrook is coming to visit his aunt, Miss Denton, to-morrow."

"Is he?" she asked.

"Aren't you glad?"

"Of course he ——"

"He what?"

"Is Orchid asleep?" she changed the subject. "How funny and cunning he looks!"

The little beast was almost dry. She went over and rubbed his tiny head. He opened his eyes. There was something glazed and frightened in the look.

"What's the matter, Orchid darling? You're not afraid, are you? It's all over. Come, hop here and eat some more lettuce."

The little thing tried, but there was something the matter with its legs and suddenly it writhed.

"Francis! Francis!" Mary screamed.

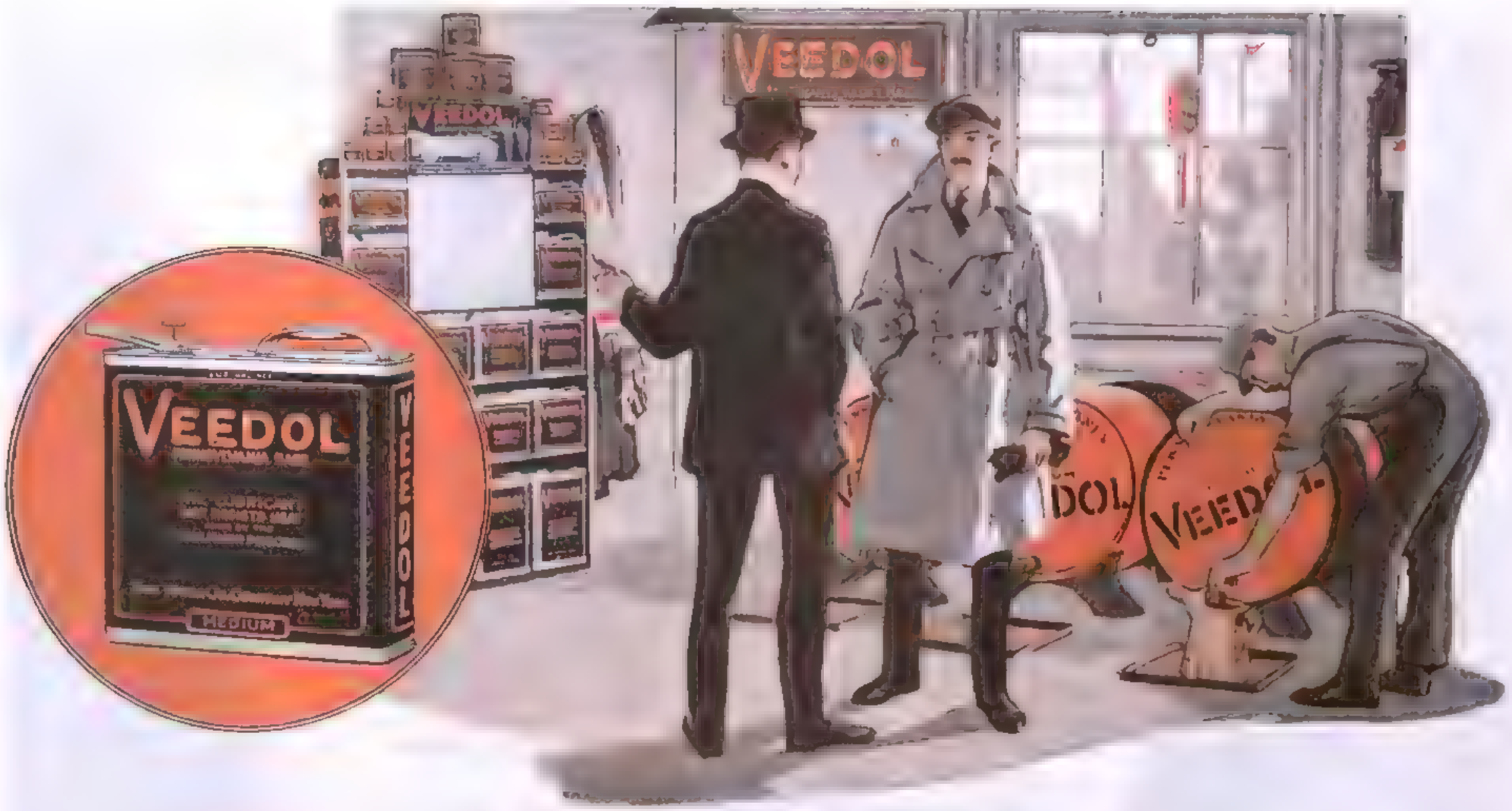
I went to the telephone, got the office and ordered antidotes for poisoning by aniline dye, demanded hot water and mustard—everything I could think of.

"Has someone taken poison?" the clerk screamed.

"It's just a rabbit," I called back.

The telephone rattled with laughter. I hung up the receiver in a white rage. Francis had come back.

(Continued on Page 77)



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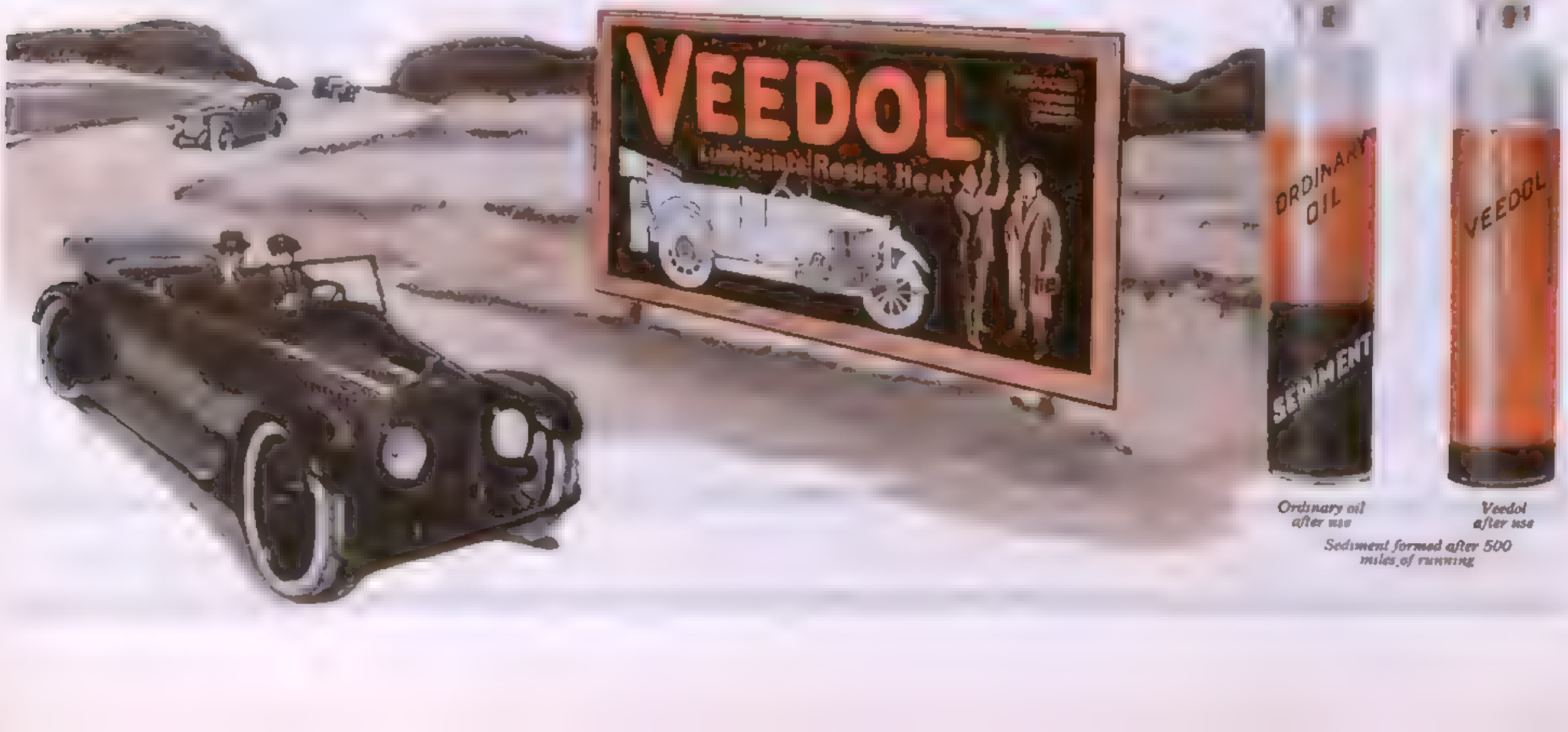

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(Continued from Page 74)

"Look at him!" Mary cried. "We've hurt him. He's suffering. Oh, poor little thing!"

He stood there helplessly and said, "Gad! Gad!"

"Are they going to send something, Uncle Peter?" Mary asked.

"Yes, yes!" I said in a kind of senile frenzy at the sight of suffering.

The little discolored creature trembled and opened its mouth as though it were trying to utter sound.

"I can't wait," Mary said.

"There's no use waiting," Francis told her.

He picked up the rabbit, clasping his hands about the tiny body, and went out. We saw him cross the courtyard.

"What's he going to do?" Mary asked.

"I don't know."

She began to cry. She had been too frightened before. I held her hand and after a few minutes Francis came back, looking very pale.

"He's stopped hurting," he said. "Lord knows, Mary, I never dreamed of this!"

"I know that," she assured him.

"Ought to be hanged by the neck," was all he answered.

And there we stood, grave and broken at the passing of a pet rabbit of whose existence we had been in ignorance three hours before. If we were conscious of a millionth of the suffering at our doors life would be unendurable. Mary mopped her eyes and went to dress for dinner.

"You killed it?" I asked.

"With a stone," he told me.

I knew how he had loathed the duty.

Our dinner was rather a somber meal, though Francis tried to be funny about a foundation for foundling rabbits he was going to endow in memory of Orchid. After dinner I sat through part of a moving picture, then went to the cottage and waited for the children. When they came they were merry again. Mary and I bade Francis good-by and he took the eleven o'clock.

"I shall miss him," I said after I had waited for her a long time.

"So shall I," she agreed absently. I knew she was thinking of her Estabrook and I could have slapped her.

XXIII

THREE days later Mary told me that she and Major Estabrook were engaged. I was a little surprised. I had watched over that half week of courtship as a scientist watches the development of larvæ, and I had not thought Mary as stirred as she was at Rosemount. I had thought she felt that she should be but was not. Evidently I had been wrong.

"I am very glad for your sake," I said.

"You don't like him?"

"I don't know him. I'm sure any man you chose ——"

In fact I was as unendurable as feasible. I behaved as though it were certainly none of my business whom Mary married, and I had no intention of saying any of the disagreeable things I could.

"It's not like you to treat me like this, Uncle Peter," she protested.

"Like what?" I asked.

"Not to want to talk things over."

"I don't feel that I have the right," I said.

She was infuriated—stamped and said, "You're horrid!" But I did not relent.

"I want to make a suggestion though," I told her. "I have borrowed Nicholas' camp in the Adirondacks and if you really want me to get to know James I think it would be an excellent idea for you to ask him up. I am going for a fortnight; I need a rest. I think you might like it. It's miles from anywhere."

She was charmed with the idea.

When James Estabrook first saw me and talked about "the honor your niece has done me" he acted a little abashed, but he soon got over that. Barbara Denton was frankly horrified at the whole affair. Her one point of rejoicing was that we were taking away her nephew.

"I've got to the point where I can't stand him any longer," she told me. "Take him away. You have found a pretty husband for your niece—and I maneuvered it! It is giving me nervous indigestion."

I took her partly into my confidence, not merely from pity, but because I needed powers plenipotentiary from her. She was not completely reassured.

"I cannot believe such an entirely unethical scheme can be successful," she admitted. "I suppose it is superstition."

I was not so sure of its success as I pretended to be.

Estabrook was rather pleased by the camp project.

"It's an old hunting lodge that belongs to Nicholas Van Hoeven, Mary's cousin," I heard him tell Barbara in an attempt to give her an idea that it was a very swank place. He might as well have tried to dazzle the iron maiden.

"Well, have Mary take plenty of ammonia for mosquito bites," she advised him, "and I should suggest a strait-jacket in your outfit. It has occurred to me that her Uncle Peter's mentality is weakening."

I dare say it was a swagger camp. It was one of those where every guest has a little cabin of his own, and there is a separate dining cabin and a servant cabin and a living cabin. There were bathrooms off all the bed cabins, only the water never worked; and every opening was screened, only Nicholas and Dorothea hadn't been there for years and most of the screening had rusted away.

Hemo, the caretaker, was an entirely unindigenous half-breed whom Nicholas had imported for atmosphere's sake. His greeting was completely incomprehensible to me. It appeared to be a repetition of Nicholas' protestations that we would never be able to manage with things as they were, but I was only certain that it consisted of a great many hitherto undiscovered vowels.

He gave us pancakes and sausages for supper that first night and the mountain air was fresh and ravenous in our lungs, so we ate like dragons, blinked in front of a great log fire and went early to our beds to sleep profoundly. I remember waking next morning with a feeling of the delightfulness of life and the despicable frailty of my plan.

I had consulted every weather prophecy I could lay my eyes on before I decided on that place and I doubted the truth of all of them. Yellow sunshine was streaming over my counterpane and across the lake the mountains shone in an idyllic clarity of air. I need not have been so skeptical. That afternoon the rains began.

I have never been so stocked with absorbing literature as I happened to be for that fortnight at Nicholas' camp. I had everything I had wanted to read all during the past year—old things to be read again and a dozen or so volumes a clerk had recommended so highly that he had awakened my curiosity. Naturally, I spent all my time with my books. I fell into my scholarly mood—a mood which is rather rare with me—in which I have nothing to say; and when I am not reading, sit planning what I will begin next or thinking of what I have just finished. Mary noticed this. It disturbed her a little. She accused me of being depressed, which I was not. I promised to talk more, then suddenly was attacked with a violent toothache which lasted for days and rendered conversation impossible.

Meanwhile the rain kept up. It spilled. The woods were like the under side of a stone in a swamp and the lake all arabesqued with a perpetual nonsense of interlaced ripples. The chimney of the living-room cabin, which was the only one in working order, fell into a careless habit of letting the rain down itself and only sheltered damp-depressed fires.

I listened to the conversation of the lovers at meals and somehow it did not impress me as being inspired at those hours. The major got off the stories that I had already heard once or twice and some which were obviously his second best. The young people speculated on what had become of the different girls in Mary's canteen and tried to make plans, only there didn't seem to be much to plan about—not before me at least. Of course I suppose they found plenty when they were by themselves.

It seems only fair to say that perhaps one reason for this was the meals themselves. We had eaten three of them before we came face to face with the realization that Hemo had exhausted his repertoire in honor of our arrival—sausages and buckwheat cakes, with an occasional egg. These dishes were once dear to me, but I shall never eat them again, or if I do it will be with a memory of wood smoke in my eyes and the sound of inexhaustible rain dripping from eaves and trees to saturated earth.

Mary and James went for walks through grass that slapped wetly about their legs or mud that sucked at their shoes under trees like so many Argus-eyed Niobes. For eight days there was no pause in the weather and each morning Hemo would stand at the window and say "He last" in a voice that would have given Cassandra credence.

In spite of Barbara's stories, Major Estabrook was not a bad chap—only shallow and infinitely dull. He wanted to be everything—a raconteur, a singer, even a bit of a poet, I think—but he never wanted to be any of them very hard. He had almost exhausted his social resources at Rosemount. In a crowd of people he might have made the sort of jokes that pass muster as brilliant and done the sort of stunts that entertain for a long time. He could dance well, I suspect, and play decent golf, but I hadn't given him the chance to hide behind that sort of thing.

I don't think it was unfair. Life would have pushed him under the microscope of just such unhindered scrutiny after he and Mary were married, but it would have been sadder seeing then.

Mary tried her best. She told herself every lie a loyal girl could. She worked herself into little false enthusiasms about things he mentioned, even attempted disagreeing with him as a desperate last resort. It just wouldn't work. There was no spark to be struck. I only heard them approach something like an interesting quarrel once. It was when Mary was speaking about the rabbit. She had evidently mentioned it before. When she touched on it with regret James was exasperated.

"Couldn't Locker think up something better than that to do?" he said.

"It was a very entertaining experiment," Mary replied. "He didn't know it would hurt the little thing. You wouldn't either."

"Well, if you ever catch me doing anything like that ——" he began.

"I won't," she returned, and possibly out of consideration for my presence went back to her despairing politeness.

That happened on the sixth day, I think. Even before then I had been pleased with her conduct. On the fourth day she had yawned twice in the afternoon and gone to bed early; on the fifth she took a nap after luncheon—we all did—and still went to bed early; on that sixth day she had yawned three times in the morning. I merely put whisky on my tooth and let her yawn for two more days of such incredible length that I began to wonder if we had wandered to somewhere in Finland.

On the eighth day toward nightfall I took off my bandage long enough to say, "I wish Francis were here."

"So do I," she rejoined before she had time to think.

James grew sulky.

That night I prepared my climax.

XXIV

MARY and James went for one of their walks after luncheon. It had not stopped pouring, but the rain was the least dribble less persistent and they were quite pathetic about thinking it was going to clear.

I had not felt very well at lunch time and had evinced the fact by some uncomfortable sounds and been kissed and worried over by Mary. She wanted me to go and have the tooth out at the hotel, which was forty villainous miles away. I refused to expose it to such leagues of water as were falling between there and the camp and she told me all sorts of painful and persistent complaints people developed from bad teeth until I promised I would go the very instant the weather improved. We had no closed car and even she didn't really expect me to make the trip in an open one.

I must have felt better, for late in the afternoon I asked Hemo to go and gather some butterfly weed that grew within sight of the living-room windows for the supper table. After he had started I apparently had a sudden seizure, started to call him back and fell in the attempt to reach the door. When they found me I was on the floor in the middle of the room. Fortunately I had fallen against an overstuffed chair, so I was not too badly bruised, but I was breathing heavily and evidently quite unconscious. I shall never forget Mary's cry when she saw me. It was young and shrill and desperate.

"Uncle Peter, darling!" she called. "Uncle Peter, darling!" And I felt arms about me and tears on my face.

James, who sounded frightened, too, thrust his hand under my shirt.

"The heart is going," he assured her. "A little feebly though, I think."

"His poor mouth is drawn down at the side;" she said. "It's a stroke. Oh, Uncle Peter, dear, I love you so! I love you so! Open your eyes!"

They made Hemo get my bed and set it up in front of that smoky fire and they lifted me into it. Mary hung over me while James telephoned the doctor at the hotel.

I opened my eyes just once.

"Mary," I managed to say, then "Francis—want Francis."

She put her head over my heart and cried.

When James came back he said, "Doctor'll come as quickly as the roads will let him."

"Uncle Peter spoke," Mary told him. "He wants my cousin Francis Locker. I'm going to telegraph him."

"It's you who want him," James accused her.

"Of course I do," she retorted, "but Uncle Peter asked for him." And she went to the telephone.

When she joined him at my bedside they were both silent. After a while my breathing got easier. It grew late and the doctor hadn't come.

"Didn't you tell him it was life and death?" Mary asked accusingly.

"Of course I did. He must be stuck on the road."

"Don't you know anything to do?"

"No. We haven't anything to do anything with anyway."

Hours crawled on. It got black and Hemo served refreshments—sausage and buckwheat cakes. I could tell by the smell. Candles were lighted. It was hideously late.

"You're asleep," Mary said accusingly.

"What?"—very loud. "I am not."

"You were. Go and sleep—I can't."

"I certainly will not."

"But I can't sleep really. Do go! I'll waken you to watch when I wear out."

He protested. After a decent controversy he said, "All right," and footsteps dragged away.

More time passed.

Suddenly my breathing grew heavier. It came in gasps.

"God," Mary said aloud, "let him live! I've made such a muddle of things and he's all I've got. Let him live, God!"

Gradually breathing became easier. It seemed some kind of crisis had passed. After an interval I opened my eyes. Mary's were fastened on me, and I looked at her as though I were reading her heart.

"Do you love him?" I asked.

She put her arms round my neck and began to cry again. All I could distinguish of her words was, "I thought I did, dear, but I don't! I don't! I don't!"

A little later the doctor came. From what Mary told him he said it must have been a slight stroke, but the effects were inconsiderable and there was no danger. All I needed was rest and complete quiet—complete quiet for days!

He'd had a horrible trip. Mary arranged that he should sleep until morning before starting back. Before he went to bed he insisted on pulling my tooth. It was a gratuitous bit of torture and I shall always think he did it as a dastardly revenge for that trip I cost him.

XXV

WHEN the doctor had retired and Mary had let herself feel convinced that I was not going to die I took her hand.

"Why don't you break it off?" I asked.

"He gets so miserable when I try. It seems Miss Denton wants him to marry me very much. There's something about money and he says he's in love with me and I know how I felt that time."

"You've tried to end it then?"

"I haven't asked straight out, but I've hinted."

"Send him to me and go to sleep," I commanded.

"I don't think you're well enough," she protested.

"Do as you're told."

"I'm so glad you're better, Uncle Peter. The other don't matter half so much."

"The other will be arranged."

"Don't bother about it now, please," she begged.

"Bother yourself," I said rather crossly, for I hadn't had a moment's sleep.

She went away leaving a kiss on my cheek.

The room was miserable with the sickish light of dawn when the major appeared, and he looked tired and futile and ashamed of having gone to bed.

"I'm glad you're better, sir," he said.

"Thank you," I returned. "My niece tells me she is not happy in her engagement with you."

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He said, "Oh," and put both hands behind his back, pushing one fist into the other palm.

"She is under the impression," I went on, "that a termination of the engagement would bring about difficulties between you and your family. You will of course disabuse her of that idea."

"Of course," he said, straightening his shoulders. "Of course, sir."

"Exactly what would those difficulties amount to?" I asked. "You may tell me as man to man in confidence."

"My Aunt Barbara is very anxious for the match," he said. "She has some information which would endanger my position with the rest of my relatives. She has said she would give it to them unless I persuaded Mary to marry me. That was my only chance of having anything. I know by now that I'll never be able to earn a cent. That of course has nothing to do with the question now, though I admit it had at first. I'm in love with Mary. I want her and that's what breaks me up."

Possibly he was in love with her. Now he knew he could not have her. At least I think he was perfectly sincere in saying it.

"I happen to know your Aunt Barbara rather well," I told him. "You may not be aware of the fact, but she has a penchant for playing God. In this case she did so at my request. Will you be willing to take my assurance that when you tell her your engagement is ended she will not mention those regrettable occurrences in France to the rest of your family? If not, a wire from her will confirm it."

"I believe you, sir," he said without any elation.

"Neither will she cut you out of the amount she has mentioned for you in her own will. And you are not to tell her I told you of that mention by the way. I only extracted it from her with the greatest difficulty."

Then without the least warning he told me all about himself, his parentage, his upbringing, the business in France. It was too old and usual a story to repeat, but it made me sorry for the chap. That is the tragedy of age. One gets to be like God; one understands everything so well and there is no one left to dislike at all.

He sat there, a rather pitiful figure, and before I was aware of the absurdity of it I was giving him what advice I could about putting the best pieces of his past into a foundation and starting again with his head up and his eyes open. At the end he was making filial speeches and I was gripping his hand much too hard for a man who had had even the slightest stroke. It seemed he liked me. He said so at least.

Finally he said, "Why did you get Aunt Barbara to urge me to marry Mary?"

"I wanted to get you off her mind," I answered.

"You wanted her free to marry someone else, didn't you?"

"To marry or not to marry—just as she wants."

"This Francis Locker?"

"Perhaps."

"They've telephoned a telegram from him. He gets to Bridgeville at seven. That means he'll motor up by eleven or twelve. I guess the doctor will give me a lift, so I'll be gone by that time. There's nothing you need?"

"I need sleep."

"Good-by then, sir."

"Good-by—good luck, boy."

I did need sleep and I had it, sweeter sleep than I had enjoyed for a long time. When Mary woke me it was still dim in the room.

"It's broken," she said.

"Then smile, young woman," I said a little crossly, for I had been very sound asleep. "I want nothing but happiness from you on this subject. Don't let me catch you thinking yourself disappointed in love—or disillusioned. You're as lucky a girl as I know."

"I know I am, you cross thing," she answered. "Francis is here. Do you want to see him?"

"Of course I do."

He came in.

"Do you realize that it is an outrageous proceeding to drag me away from civilization like this?" he berated me.

"I am sensible of a grave responsibility to civilization," I admitted.

"I could have told you this would happen," he went on. "I know that men of your age should stick to the cities. Nature just exhausts them. They need turmoil. There's only one decent death left for a man of eighty-odd. That's meeting a subway train head-on in fair fight."

"I am not eighty—odd or even," I protested. "And if you are going to abuse me you had better sit down. How did you manage to get here before dawn?"

"Dawn!" said Francis. "That is merely a woman's idea of making an invalid feel as ill as he should."

He tugged at the dark shade, which came tumbling down letting in a flood of sunlight and a view of gleaming woods.

"We can go back soon," I remarked with as deep a sigh of relief as the human lungs can breathe.

"Don't count on that," he warned me. "Now I am here I stay until I have mastered woodcraft. I should say that would take me about three days."

"We can't," I replied. "The camp's too out of repair, the running water doesn't run ——"

"You forget," he interrupted, glaring at me. "I know about plumbing."

We have been here ever since. It is almost three weeks now. I have been scribbling these pages and they have been telling each other that the rest is just what I need.

After he had goaded the arrested water into motion Francis rehabilitated the chimney in the living cabin and by an exercise of appalling genius patched together enough of the old screens to make that spot a refuge from devouring insects.

We have not subsisted wholly on sausage and buckwheat cakes. Francis endured two meals of them, then roundly abusing Mary for her ignorance and lack of enterprise, drove her to the stove and started to teach her cooking from his own theories. Our food has never been banal and we have survived it.

Mary and Francis are learning Choctaw from Hemo so Francis claims at least—and Francis brought with him an absurd piccolo on which he plays evenings, sitting cross-legged before the fire. He is also bullying Mary out of saying "he don't" and "those sort of things," but apparently she enjoys it.

He has confided in me that he has twice been almost damned fool enough to put Mary in a position where she can prove her superiority—which he is trying to conceal from her—by turning him down. Both times he has been saved by the smell of burning fish. He is desperately superstitious lest the fire go out next time and betray him.

It has happened! Blessed are they that administer the counsel of the ungodly, for their plans succeed!

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It joins together steel sheets, plates, bars, angles, tubes, etc., for almost every conceivable product from a mammoth steel ship down to a garage heater.

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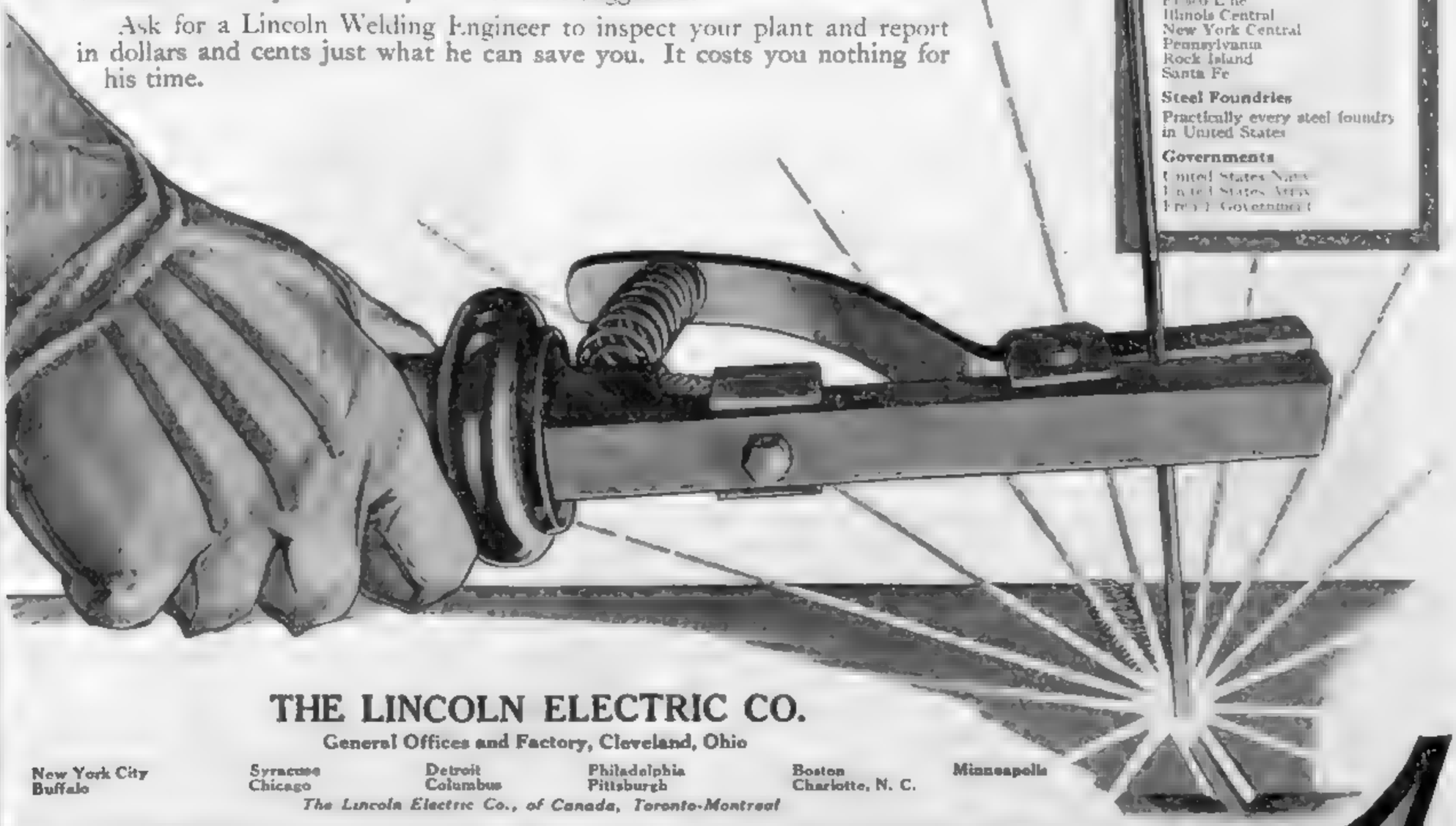

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It's so small, so smooth, so unobtrusive that you always have it with you, ready for the unexpected that is sure to happen. The films are small and inexpensive, a roll of 8 exposures costs but 21 cents, and enlargements from the subjects that you care most about, are readily made at small cost. The $9.49 Model is entirely of metal in a handsome black enamel finish, the *Specials*, are covered with a pin-grain Morocco, just suited to the dainty little instruments and their anastigmat lenses are fully corrected and carefully tested.

Both models have a fixed focus, finders for both horizontal and vertical pictures, efficient shutters and have the Autographic feature. The Vest Pocket Kodak is as right as a watch.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

CON

(Continued from Page 15)

A few days later another letter was received by each stockholder, this time from still another broker. The letter said:

"We are credibly informed that you hold —— shares of the common stock of the —— Copper Company, which has lately withdrawn its stock from the market. If our information is correct we are interested in knowing whether you are willing to sell your holding and at what price you value the shares. Hoping to hear from you, we are," and so on.

The next day a third letter arrived, ostensibly from a third broker, saying:

"The recent withdrawal of the —— copper stock, of which, we believe, you are a holder, inclines us to believe we can make you an advantageous offer for your shares. Please let us know if your stock is for sale."

And finally came an epistle from W. C. Crosby, as follows:

"You must have noted that the —— Company has withdrawn its stock from the market. Whether the significance of this move on the part of the directors has occurred to you I do not know. However, I have recently been over the company property in the West and made a study of conditions there that will prove highly interesting to all stockholders. If I may presume so far I advise you not to dispose of the stock for the present. I expect to be in your locality sometime within the month and with your permission I will call upon you with reference to this matter."

These various letters written and sent, I immediately set out to visit the stockholders. I went in one direction and the delighted broker in another. Thus prepared by the varied correspondence, the holders of shares everywhere received us with curiosity and even enthusiasm. Instead of coming with a stock canvass, we were bringing glad tidings, though I was careful not to say from whom.

Good Money Follows Bad

I opened the engagement by recounting the excellent conditions of the property and the certainty of a great advance in stock values. Then I came to the point. Being informed of the situation, I had optioned a large block of stock at a low price just before the directors withdrew it from the market.

I did not have money enough to swing my deal, and so I was offering the stockholders a chance to share in my profits in return for the use of their money. They were to buy as much of the optioned stock as they could finance at $1.15 a share, which was what I had contracted to pay. The stock would be delivered to them and they were to hold it for the inevitable advance. No doubt they had already received offers. No attention was to be paid to these. I would keep myself conversant with the situation and indicate the right time to sell. When the sale was made I must receive one-half the profits. Everything would be in their hands and I depended on their honesty, which was above question, for the payment of my share.

In two months, during which we traveled in ten states, visiting our stockholders, the broker and I sold great blocks of the stock to investors who had previously refused to yield another cent. My share of the spoils, after deducting expenses, came to nearly $19,000. I regret to record that the stock never advanced in price and it was thus impossible to hold my friends to their agreements.

Here are two typical schemes for putting in a blow over the public's guard. They go to show how futile is ordinary watchfulness.

It is not enough to be suspicious of the man who comes out of a clear sky with a stock proposition. It is not enough to distrust the stranger. The rule is that safe-and-sane enterprises do not hawk their stock about and that all stock promiscuously offered is potentially dangerous.

In most cases the swindles practiced upon the people at large involve stocks, but this is by no means the infallible rule. In most instances the people victimized by con schemes not aimed at a special class, business or profession, are the humble earners of wages or salaries, the small business man, the farmer; but this postulates not the slightest immunity for others. Persons of wealth and high standing are often taken in, usually by fakers exploiting some scheme that deals with the arts, the traffic in antiques or even the public interest in charities. The recent war brought a large number of charity frauds to public attention and resulted in the imprisonment of some of the conspirators. Others were too aloofly placed to be reached.

Ingenious Book Frauds

The swindler watches with a shrewd and all-seeing eye every development that may be turned to profit. So within recent years he has observed the growing interest in books and fine editions in this country. He has seen the great development of the bibliophile fever. He has watched the great mart for rare and costly books transferred from London to New York—and he long since interpreted this movement in terms of profit to himself.

Several years ago a set of schemers set out to defraud wealthy Americans, principally women, through de-luxe editions of books. The conspirators supplied themselves with numerous sets of books, mostly of the sort blessed with a slightly erotic flavor. These sets were bound extravagantly and generally in scandalous taste. Armed with such sets, the sharpers went to men and women of means and told a story.

Mr. So-and-So had long been in the market for the blank edition of such-and-such works bound by Nullo. It was well known that Mr. So-and-So was an enthusiast and had heretofore paid very high prices. But he had never been able to get just these books. The schemer had now such a set under option. Unhappily, Mr. So-and-So was in Europe and might not return for six months. Here was a great chance at profit likely to go to waste.

"How do I figure in this?" demanded the victim.

"I want you to buy the set from its present owner," said the con man. "It can be had for $3000, and So-and-So will pay $7500.

"If you will buy the set and hold it till he gets back from Europe I will put you in touch with the present owner and engineer the deal for half the profits. You are protected all the way. You buy the books in person, you hold them till So-and-So gets back and you sell them to him. I trust you to pay me my share, for I know you to be too wealthy and too honorable to defraud me."

This proposition was backed up by fraudulent telegrams and letters and in most instances with quite-genuine records of the purchases made by So-and-So and the prices paid. The names of some of the greatest American collectors were used by these bold

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It is cooked with the well-known Heinz tomato sauce and selected cheese. And all you have to do is to heat and serve.

Some of the 57

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All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

Has *your* Belt these many Merits?

Remember in the "good old days" how you used to drag your shirt on over your head?

Squirming ceased with the coming of the shirt that could be buttoned and unbuttoned like a coat—it was an unlooked-for but needful improvement in men's wear.

Buckle on a Braxton—the belt for men—and you'll find it as much an improved belt as the coat shirt was an improved shirt.

Not a strap with a buckle, but a belt custom-made of the finest leathers—that's the Braxton.

Further, it's molded to fit the natural curves of the body, and reinforced at the hips—you can be sure of your Braxton's always keeping its dressy looks. And you can also be sure of all-day-long comfort about the waist. Men who give heed to the details of their apparel wear Braxtons for dress, for business, and for play.

Step into your haberdasher's today. Buckle on a Braxton.

The Perkins-Campbell Company, Cincinnati, O.

BRAXTON

THE BELT FOR MEN

PATENTED

operators, with the result that literally hundreds of wealthy or prosperous women, professional men and others were drawn into the scheme. Several of the women were duped into buying whole shelves full of these showily bound but otherwise commonplace editions at prices ranging from $1500 to $10,000 a set. Two women whose losses figured in the subsequent trials were victimized to the extent of nearly $60,000 each. They discovered that the prospective buyer was not in the market for the purchased sets and that these editions were worth not more than seventy-five dollars—to give an average figure. Prosecutions landed the chief conspirators in Atlanta. The public loss was not less than $500,000.

Ten years ago two young men reared in one of the smaller cities determined to start a building-and-savings association in their home town. One of them had credit and connections, the other the necessary business equipment. They launched out in a modest and honest way and soon built their business up to considerable proportions. Their success in this limited field and some of the profits they had been able to amass tempted them to spread their wings. Shortly afterward these two men opened a similar institution in one of the largest American cities. They advertised in the newspapers and periodicals, offering to pay four and a half per cent on savings accounts. It will be noted that they had eliminated the building feature from their calculations. In response to copious advertising came many letters carrying deposits. A very large class of conservative but simple people were drawn to this enterprise by the comparative modesty of its claims. The interest offered was higher than that usually paid at savings banks, the claims of the company seemed to argue absolute safety and the amounts receivable were small. School-teachers, professors, clerical men and women and many others put their savings at the disposition of these men.

In a very short time the company came to have heavy deposits in hand. Shift was now made to employ this money, profitably. One of the two promoters projected a great speculation in suburban building lots. He went to an attractive district on the outskirts of the city and bought up at $1000 an acre a great stretch of unimproved land. This real estate was now used for the purposes of a swindle of a common type against which the public needs to be warned.

Victims of High Finance

Each acre of land was divided into twenty lots, leaving space for streets and alleys. The land had all been bought in the name of the individual promoter, who now formed a real-estate corporation which he called the —— Holding Company. This was, in fact, a subsidiary of the first company and was officered with puppets. To the holding company the promoter now sold the lots into which he had subdivided his unimproved land, taking a huge profit on each acre. The holding company in turn mortgaged the lots to the first company at the rate of about $800 a lot. In this wise the first company lent the savings of the public, on which it promised to pay four and a half per cent interest through conservative investment, to the realty concern, and it lent this money at the rate of $16,000 for each acre of land, though the men manipulating the deal had just bought the land for a thousand dollars an acre. The realty concern, to be sure, turned over the borrowed $16,000—or most of it—to the original promoter, who was the dominating figure in the land speculation, the realty company and the savings institution. Up to this point the thing bears the aspect of a most outrageous misuse of deposits. But an element of equity was now introduced.

The holding company began to advertise the lots in the suburban tract and tried to attract home builders. In order to make ends meet each lot had of course to bring an exorbitant figure, and we shortly saw small lots offered at $1500 each in a tract that had cost $1000 an acre two months earlier. Had it been possible to vend all this property at this enormously inflated figure the depositors might have been safe, but such exaggerated booms cannot stand up. A few lots were sold to gullible people, who thus became the secondary victims of these scheming gentlemen. But their chief sufferers were the thousands of innocents who had believed themselves conservative when they sent their savings thousands of miles to be held by advertising financiers whom they had never seen.

One day the bubble broke. The doors of both companies closed, receivers were appointed, the books investigated and the promoters arrested. A great scandal ensued, but in the end the cry and excitement subsided into empty tears and regrets. It was found impossible to prosecute the promoters with any chance of conviction, for there had been an element of equity in the transaction and it would have been very difficult to prove that the heads of the companies had actually designed the ruin of their depositors. They—or one of them—had certainly pocketed great and illicit profits, but that in itself is not an offense under our laws as they stand to-day.

The upshot was that the people lost two and one-half million dollars and no one was punished. No doubt many of my readers will recall this affair with more than impersonal feeling.

Every few years the fashion changes in speculations and in con. Within five years there was a gold-mining rage, somewhat earlier a fondness for inventions, and in between a land craze. To-day all the easy money in the country streams to oil. There are reasons for this—good and bad. There have, to be sure, been fairly recent oil strikes in both new and old fields. It is also true that the war developed a demand for oil and oil products such as had never been experienced, and prices rose with the demand. All in all, the legitimate oil industry is in very prosperous condition; but this has little or nothing to do with the great expansion of the speculative oil business.

Fake Oil Companies

In the very beginning of my articles I referred to this—thousands of new oil concerns in eighteen months and only three per cent showing any assets. On what is this enormous growth based? Certainly not on the prosperity of the established companies. And, except in rare instances, not on any tangible discoveries of oil. The great speculative passion which came with the war and long outlived it has simply been seized as a medium in which to float innumerable oil-stock booms. One thing alone is certain about the situation—that a great deal of money will be lost for the people. Ninety-seven per cent of the new companies are without merit, according to competent investigation. Is that enough?

For the reason that oil is just now the chief medium of mulcting the people I wish to explain in detail the methods used by swindlers and wildcat promoters of oil companies.

Oil-stock companies are floated and the frauds perpetrated in three general ways: The stock of an oil concern may be offered from hand to hand in a small group or a single town. This is the confidential promotion. Everyone is made to believe that he is being offered a secret opportunity of wonderful value. The dupe becomes hypnotized and in turn aids to gull his neighbor. The promoters work in and out among the interested group and soon have the purses wrung dry. The second form of promotion is the advertising hurrah. This is generally worked from some large city through the newspapers. The stock is offered at fixed prices, which are arbitrarily advanced from time to time by the directors of the fake concerns. The public sends in its money through the mails in response to the advertising and the mail canvass—and that is the end of the money. The third form of promotion entails the manipulation of an oil stock on the market, generally the New York curb. In all these plans salesmen may be employed to vend the stock.

Such concerns never, or almost never, have assets worthy the name. At most they own questionable claims in or near some established oil field—usually that most recently discovered. There may or may not be oil under the property of the company. No one knows who buys the stock. Normally the chances are ten thousand to one against the investor. In practice the odds are even much longer, for a promoter who has any substantial reason for suspecting the actual presence of oil under his leased land would be a fool of the first water to invite the public to his feast.

What these fake concerns trade on is the adjacence to their claims of an actual oil field. I cannot pause to go into long technical explanations, but it is a fact that the nearness of an oil field may mean everything

(Continued on Page 84)

A Buda engine under the hood means positive road ability.

From the complete line of Buda engines, you may select the standard size of power plant for a given truck model, or employ on the same base a larger, more powerful Buda for pneumatic tire service.

Eight Buda models are uniform in the quality developed by 38 years of engineering and manufacturing experience.

THE BUDA COMPANY, *Harvey* (CHICAGO SUBURB), *Illinois*

ESTABLISHED 1881

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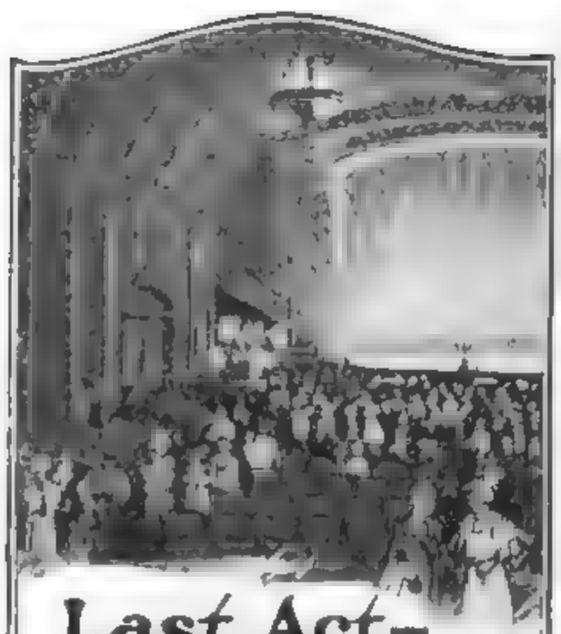

Last Act—Curtain, Then Plenty of Light

When the curtain falls—that's when the theatre, moving picture show or Chautauqua needs a bright light that never fails.

Hundreds of show-houses, carnivals and circuses are lighted by Universal portable or stationary electric lighting plants (4 K. W. capacity, one size only) driven by the

Universal Four-Cylinder Motor

—the standardized, water-cooled motor that burns either gasoline, kerosene or gas. Extra large bearings, patented governor, trouble-proof oiling system. Vibrationless and very quiet

Do you want electric lights in your home? A Universal gives reliable service with a surplus of power for home and farm electric appliances.

Write for Bulletin No. 30 on Lighting Plants and Bulletin No. 29 on Marine Motors.

UNIVERSAL MOTOR COMPANY
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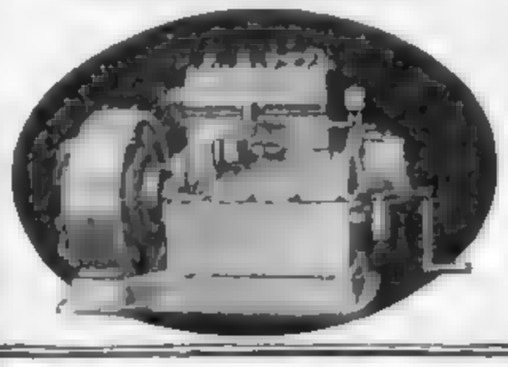
The U S War Dept. used over 1500 Universals in the Army and Navy.



"Old Town Canoes"

Lightness

One chap said an "Old Town Canoe" was so light he "thought it would float on a heavy fall of dew." That's a slight exaggeration, but an "Old Town" will float loaded in the shallowest water.

An "Old Town Canoe" is light as a cork and quick to respond to the slightest stroke of the paddle. Write for catalog showing different models, and canoes in use. 3000 in stock. $67 up. Easy to get from dealer or factory.

OLD TOWN CANOE COMPANY
952 Middle St., Old Town, Maine, U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 82)

or nothing at all. Gushers are brought in fifty miles from the known wells. Other borings only a hundred yards from a productive well may be dry as dust. The proximity of oil means absolutely nothing, unless one is on the spot and an oil geologist into the bargain.

One other warning: I am informed by practical oil men that $50,000 will exploit the possibilities of any average oil claim. At the very largest estimate $100,000 will sink wells enough to determine beyond all doubt whether any piece of property conceals oil in its depths. In most instances $25,000 will do the work. But are oil-stock companies incorporated for such modest capitals? They are not. Generally the promotion is for a million dollars or more. Why? Because the companies were formed to sell stock. If the man tempted to speculate in oil stocks will bear this in mind always he will save himself money and sorrow.

A single reminiscence will cover the oil game, for it embraces elements of several of the dodges which swindlers in oil stocks come on the public.

Several years ago in one of the periodic flare-ups of new interest in an established field a gentleman of long and unclean experience in the oil-promotion business was tempted to hurry West seeking whom he might devour. Arrived in the oil country, he spent several months looking for a chance to pick up a promising claim. Like all other crooked gentlemen, the promoter did not mind finding an oil well or a gold mine—for his own purse. But everything was bought up. Not a lease worth a single drill point could be had for love or money. What the old oil companies did not control was in the hands of local people, who held their land at enormous prices. There were no pickings left for the designing promoter. But he was a man of resource. Neither man nor Nature could lightly say him nay.

One morning he packed himself into a rented motor car and drove far afield. He cannot have been seeking oil, for he traveled beyond the tested and established limits of the field. Perhaps he was seeking something else. At any rate, he found it. Thirty miles beyond the farthest extent of the oil country he discovered a fine piece of undisturbed woodland. The trees stood as in the ancient days. Neither ax nor plow had disturbed the primitiveness of the place. A brook—or creek, as the natives called it—rambled through the woods. The red-headed woodpeckers drummed on moldering bark. Nature, detachment, opportunity! The adventurer bought forty acres of this excellent real estate for twenty dollars an acre and set out at once for St. Louis.

Here the enterprising gentleman set up an office, employed a stenographer and went to work. In three weeks he had a dozen men of small substance interested in a new oil claim in his particular field. To each he had spoken quiet and provocative words. He wanted no noise, no advertising. This was a legitimate thing and no big money was required. He would take in only enough people to finance the thing in the most conservative way, for he was not anxious to give away a good thing to the general public. It sounded plausible. Several enthusiasts put up small amounts of money. The promoter immediately hurried back to his claim, accompanied by a person whom he had singled out as his confederate. On the way out he explained. He found that he had chosen wisely, for the elected sided in with the schemer's plan.

Oiling the Oil Field

In about ten days these two men threw up a hasty shelter in their little wilderness, dammed the brook roughly at one point to form a pool and created an oil seepage. This they accomplished with nothing more complex than two barrels of crude oil brought from the adjacent wells and about three hundred feet of one-inch iron pipe. A hole was dug at a high point of the land and the barrels buried. They were then connected with the iron pipe and this was run through a narrow trench to a point within a few feet of the creek, well above the pool. The pipe ended in the ground, with a blind outlet. The oil could be trusted to seep the rest of the distance. The diggings were now carefully covered and tamped. Leaves, twigs and fallen branches were scattered about to conceal the operations. An oil claim had been salted.

In the next few weeks the schemer and his confederate guided a number of small parties of prospective stockholders to the claim. An unmistakable oil scum floated on the pool, and when it was allowed to run off and the brook redammed the scum gathered again. No doubt this oil had been seeping so for generations.

The promoter organized a company capitalized at five millions. To those who questioned so great a capital he made the usual explanations. It might prove advantageous to buy up great tracts of land in all directions from the present small property. Who was to say at what point along the creek's course the seepage was coming from the earth? Examinations would have to be made and the land all along the creek might have to be bought up to keep others from sharing in the wealth.

The Offices of the Concern Had to be Raided, the Doors Padlocked and the Promoter Cast Into Jail Before the Public Credulity Caught Its Brakes

All this would take money. If a great development were to prove necessary it would be better to have a company amply capitalized. On the other hand, if small money would put the thing on its feet no one was more anxious than he to keep out unnecessary sharers in the spoils. These arguments have always quieted the fears of foolish people. They did in this case. Incorporation was for five million shares at one dollar, with half the stock for the promoter.

In six months he and his confederate had taken in about 900 local people for a total of nearly $200,000. With this money some shacks were built on the land and options were taken on property upstream from the original claim. The natives wondered what anyone wanted with options on their useless land, but they pocketed the money and kept their peace.

Now with the money of 900 Western dupes safely in his pocket, the promoter had laid the groundwork for the great coup he had been planning from the beginning. Supplied with photographs, reports, letters of approval from his dupes and all manner of fabricated evidence, he set out for New York. As soon as he had established himself in offices in the Wall Street district the wily promoter began to recanvass his stockholders in the West, not for the purpose of selling additional stock this time, but to sound out the confidence of his victims. What he had to know now was what proportion of his original investors might be likely to dump their shares on the market, once they saw a profit. This was a very important consideration, for he planned to put his utterly fraudulent shares on the curb and bull them. He must know in advance how much of the Western stock was likely to be offered, for he must be prepared to buy all offerings and thus protect his artificial market. He had, to be sure, nearly all of the $200,000 paid for stock by the St. Louis victims, but this sum was not too large for the ambitious program he had in mind.

The promoter's correspondence with his Western stockholders soon convinced him that the general rule would hold good in all but a few cases. Men who buy oil stocks at one dollar seldom think of selling when they see the market at two dollars. Instead they hold for four dollars, and when the quotation reaches this figure they resolve to wait for eight dollars. The promoter has seen to the establishing of this psychology. His initial claims have been so magnificent that most of his investors expect to get fifty or one hundred dollars for their one-dollar shares. They hold on through any market and eventually hold the sack. The schemer convinced himself that not two per cent of his dupes would sell at any reasonable figure. Now he was ready for the magnificent adventure.

In rapid succession he arranged with different curb brokers for the handling of his stock. These men all knew that here was a grossly speculative affair, at least, in which the quoted prices would be absolutely arbitrary and created by washing of stock which never passed out of the hands of the promoter and his hirelings. This knowledge notwithstanding, they undertook to work his campaign for him.

More than that, they charged him very low commissions. Some of these houses make a great part of their money out of stock washing and they are not particular.

The Ballyhoo of the Curb

These preliminary arrangements made, the promoter flowered out one morning with the usual advertisements in the morning newspapers. He announced the curb listing of his stock, trumpeted the fictitious claims of his company and promised advances in price, urging all to buy while the buying was good. When the market opened his five brokers immediately began offering and dealing in the stock. The one-dollar shares plunged into their curb career at two dollars and fifty cents and the stock closed the day at two dollars and seventy cents. On the face of the market hundreds of shares had been dealt in. The truth was there had not been a single bona fide sale of a share. That was quite as expected. The second day the stock went past the three dollar mark and speculators began to take notice. Now the campaign began in earnest. Newspapers in all the principal cities carried constantly larger advertisements of this oil stock. And the market went slowly but surely higher. It touched four dollars and trading actually became brisk. Most of the transactions were still fictitious. In fact, the washing was on a greater scale than ever, but the public was becoming interested and the promoter was selling off some of his two and one-half millions in stock.

In a short time the market price of the stock reached five dollars. A stampede of buying ensued. The original stockholders, instead of selling and taking their profit like men wise and cautious, bought heavily at four and five dollars. In the climbing market they saw the substantiation of the promoter's vaunting claims. He had spoken truly. Their shares would go to one hundred dollars. They held on like grim death and bought ever more.

In New York the situation was quite as favorable. Some speculative buyers naturally took short profits. Having bought in at four dollars they were willing to sell again at five dollars. The promoter bought the proffered stock through his curb brokers and protected his market. Other sharpers on the curb began to sell the stock short. The promoter soon saw that these jackals were eating out of his purse. He immediately demanded delivery of the shares. The short sellers had none to deliver and were caught at a forbidden practice. Thereafter they let the stock alone and the wily promoter went on his flagitious way of profit.

The stock continued to rise. It touched five dollars and fifty cents and six dollars. The roar of mighty claims continued to resound in the newspaper advertisements and the sheafs of mail which went out

(Continued on Page 87)

THE first thing to know about hosiery is "who made it". You can see the beauty and style of Durable-Durham Hosiery and its careful finish, but the evidence of wearing quality is in the trade mark.

Durable-Durham Hosiery is long-wearing and dependable. The Durable-Durham trade mark ticket attached to each pair guarantees honest quality and superior workmanship. The foremost hosiery-knitting establishment in America stands back of it.

Styles for women, as well as for men and children, include stockings for every need of the American family. Lady Ware is one of the most popular Durable-Durham stockings for women. It is fine mercerized lisle, beautifully finished, fashioned with seam back. All fashionable colors. Other styles with the much-favored seam back are Queen Nan and Kitty Hawk.

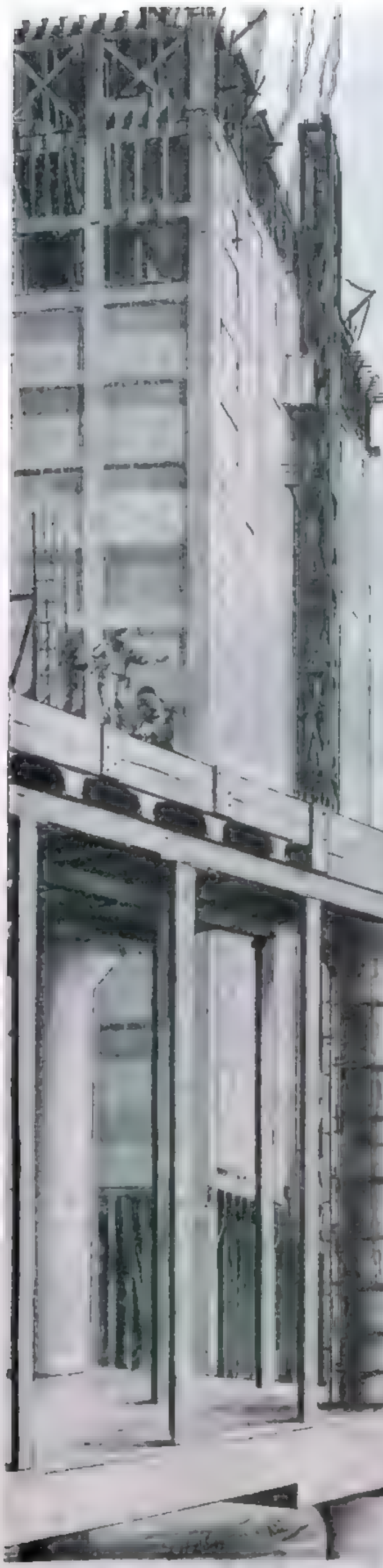
Every pair of Durable-Durham Hosiery is strongly reinforced at points of hardest wear. Tops are wide and elastic; legs are full length; sizes are accurately marked; feet and toes are smooth, seamless and even. The Durham dyes will not fade.

You should be able to buy Durable-Durham at any dealer's. Ask for it at your favorite store.

DURHAM HOSIERY MILLS, Durham, N. C.
Sales Department, 88 Leonard St., New York

DURABLE
DURHAM HOSIERY

For Men, Women and Children—Made strongest where the wear is hardest



Constructing floor upon floor

BLAW-KNOX COMPANY had no desire to build its business in one pouring. First, an immovable foundation was laid. It consisted of a firm determination to benefit industry, no matter what super-structure was required. Floor upon floor, the Blaw-Knox business has been built without undermining that foundation.

The tremendous loss of time, money and patience, due to wood-forms in concrete construction caused Blaw-Knox Company to contribute Blaw steel forms for all construction from bridges to tunnels and streets to skyscrapers.

But the increasing demand for concrete buildings caused another problem and also its solution by Blaw-Knox adding another floor to its organization. It not only designed forms for floor, roof and column construction but organized an erection service.

Engineers and contractors are relieved of all their form problems by Blaw-Knox. And in the case of concrete buildings Blaw-Knox not only delivers the proper forms but erects them.

Blaw-Knox claims no cure-alls. But it does claim a persistent effort to better construction conditions.

The terrific heat surrounding the operation of high-temperature furnaces was costly. And it remained for Blaw-Knox to develop Knox patented water-cooled appliances to give comfort to workers and protection to materials.

To excavate and rehandle loose bulk materials speedily and inexpensively, the principle of the Blaw clamshell bucket was evolved and adapted to every individual bucket need.

To carry high-tension lines safely and surely, Blaw-Knox steel towers were designed. Their best recommendation is *that none has ever failed*.

Blaw-Knox Company will never put the roof on its business building and settle down to enjoy orders. Instead, the word is—FORWARD!

BLAW-KNOX COMPANY, Pittsburgh

Offices in Principal Cities

BLAW-KNOX

These products are built and trade-marked by Blaw-Knox Company

BLAW STEEL FORMS for all kinds of concrete work—sewers, tunnels, aqueducts, dams, culverts, bridges, retaining walls, factory buildings and warehouses, columns, floors, foundations, manholes, subways, reservoirs, piers, roads, sidewalks, etc.

BLAW CLAMSHELL BUCKETS and Automatic Cableway Plants for digging and rehandling earth, sand, gravel, coal, ore, limestone, tin, scrap, slag, cinders, fertilizers, rock products, etc.

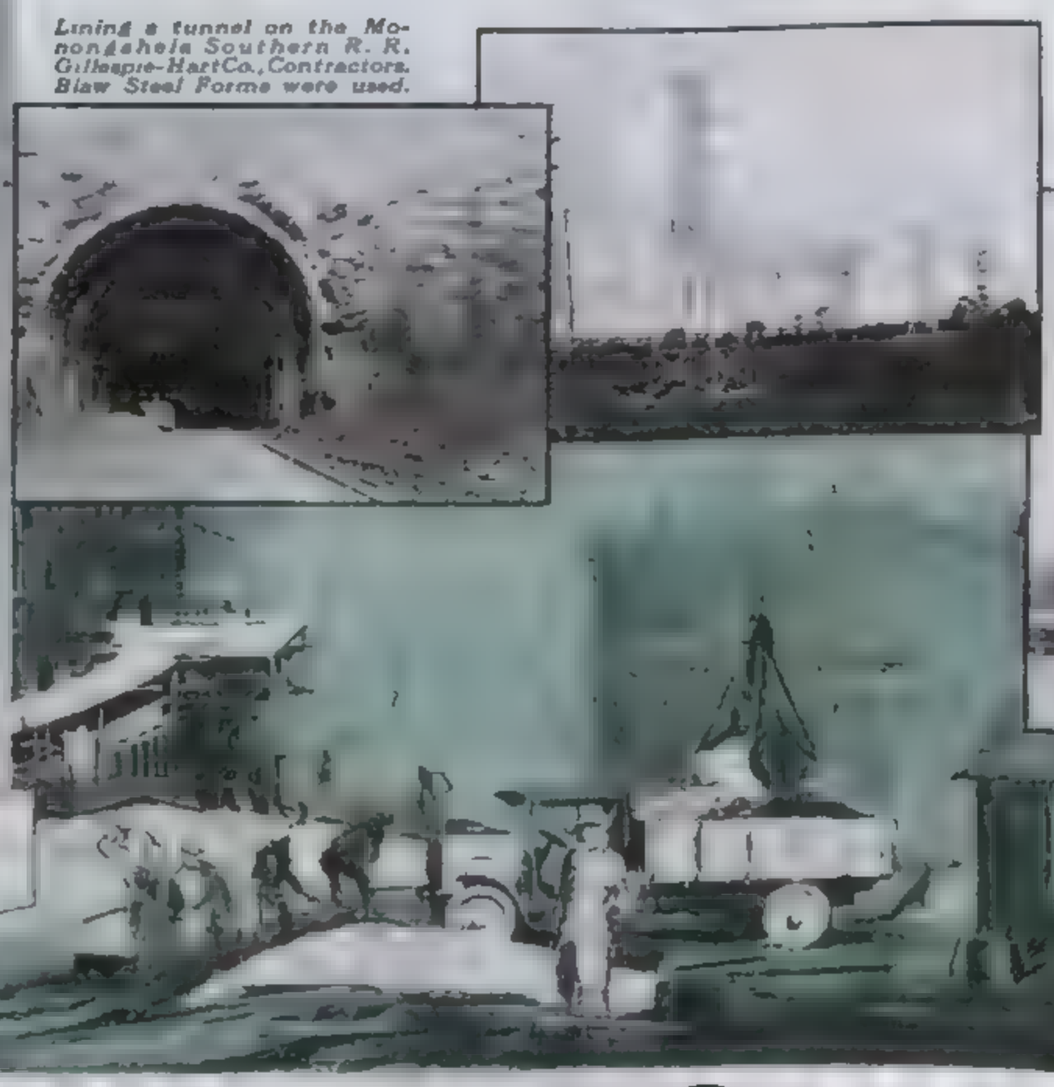
KNOX PATENTED WATER-COOLED Doors, Door Frames, Ports, Bulkheads, Front and Back Wall Coolers, Reversing Valves, etc., for Open Hearth, Glass and Copper Regenerative Furnaces: Water-Cooled Standings, Shields, and Boshes for Sheet and Tin Mills.

FABRICATED STEEL—Manufacturing plants, bridges, crane runways, trusses, etc.

TOWERS—for supporting high-tension transmission lines.

PLATE WORK—Riveted and welded steel plate products of every description.

Lining a tunnel on the Monongahela Southern R. R. Gillespie-Hart Co., Contractors. Blaw Steel Forms were used.



Steel Transmission Tower Line between McCalls Ferry, Pa., and Baltimore, Md., built for Penna Water and Power Co.

Blaw Speedster Bucket used in the construction of the new Springdale Power Plant of the West Penn Power Co.

BLAW-KNOX COMPANY

(Continued from Page 84)

from fifty stenographers to all who had bought the shares. More and more amateur speculators in every sizable city bought the stock. It touched seven dollars. At this price many shrewd buyers unloaded, but the schemer's receipts were now so large that such bits of caution no longer discommoded him. He broke the market slightly and then started it back up.

The man understood perfectly that so long as he maintained a rising market not five per cent of those who had bought the stock would sell. Greed, greed, relentless greed possessed the whole speculating crew. A stock that could rise from two dollars and fifty cents to seven dollars steadily, month after month, with hardly ever a bad day, must have solid virtues behind it. Such a stock would surely go higher. Let us hold what we have and buy more. So the lambs summed the situation.

By this time the promoter was able to judge the psychology of his market accurately and to calculate his percentages. He found that about ten per cent of the income was eaten up in protecting his market. Another fifteen per cent was taken by the brokers' commissions. Constant washing of thousands of shares runs up the intake of the curb houses. The advertising and overhead consumed twenty-five per cent more, leaving just an even half of all receipts for the promoter. Remember, he was selling his own two and one-half millions of shares, not the treasury stock of the company. Since he was able to vend this stock on the curb at from two dollars and a half to seven dollars—a probable average of five dollars a share—it will be seen that his two and one-half million shares had an exploitation value of $12,500,000. Supposing that the promoter might stick it out till he had sold all his stock, he might on this basis take down a personal profit of more than $6,000,000—a lot of money to take out of a forty-acre woodlot and two barrels of crude oil.

But the promoter did not drive his ridden horse to the limit. He had cleaned up more than four millions when he decided it was time to come the clean-up. He now hastily summoned his dummy board of directors, dominated by himself and his original confederate, and proposed that the bona-fide stockholders, who had paid money for their shares, be put in charge of the company. A dozen simple people who had bought most heavily of the stock were elected directors and officers of the company. The promoter stepped down from any official emoluments and left the concern to those who owned stock. These unhappy men were flattered to be elected to office in so prosperous a corporation. They felt themselves suddenly risen to financial election. They were no longer butchers and clerks and physicians, but financiers.

There was a meeting of the new board at which nothing much was done beyond the passing of a resolution of confidence in the promoter—the man who had made this wonderful company a success.

The Schemer Cleans Up

I regret to tell you that the cunning schemer then and there retired from the field and left it to his successors. The work and worry of his campaign had worn him out and he sailed for Europe to take a long rest. On the curb the shares still stood nominally at seven dollars, but if one came to sell he found no market. If he offered his shares at six or five dollars he was surprised to find that there were still no buyers. The support had gone from under and the whole monstrous inflation collapsed. In vain the directors tried to throw the treasury stock on the market, to develop the property in which they still had childish faith. A visit to the place disclosed that the oily scum no longer gathered on the pool. The schemer's confederate had long since dug up the barrels, torn up the pipes and destroyed the evidence.

Here was a scheme in which victims had been allured by two of the three common systems used in oil-stock promotions. The confidential canvass had been employed to attract the Western stockholders, who yielded the money with which this man financed his greater flare in Wall Street, so that one set of unfortunates paid to accomplish the discomfiture of a larger group, and in the final stampede the original gulls allowed themselves to be further bled. Therein lay the novelty of this scheme. The final washing of the stock on the curb was no more than the usual thing. It is done every day with dozens of bogus stocks. Yet the public is ever willing and woeful.

To some it may seem astounding that such tricks as all these succeed; to a much larger number the thing will not fall strange at all. I verily believe that two men out of every three over this broad and populous land have been made to pay tribute to some form of con—great or small. I myself, for all my playing from the inside, have been taken in by rascals no more clever than the street vendor and tricked by a belated gentleman who needed to sell his watch at a great sacrifice. Deep down in all of us there is that fundamental impulse for chance taking which is pedestaled on greed and the sense of the romantic. When I look back upon my fuscous days I am shaken with a laughter of wonderment.

I have seen two brothers rise to vast and venal celebrity in New York in a way to astound the most credulous. These boys came out of a somnolent Missouri Valley town, where one had been a drummer with a penchant for the bookmakers and the other a haberdasher. A small account in the corner bank had been their nearest approach to finance. If they knew the difference between a bond and a share of stock before they hit New York I am mightily surprised. Yet they set themselves up in an office building, sent their advertisements broadcast over the country, raked in several millions of dollars. A pair of untutored small-town boys had taken in many thousands of good, honest, shrewd people, all quite up to the average of insight and intelligence, I assure you.

The Asbestos Mine

Worse yet, within six months a man set up the claim in the great and cynical city of New York that he had discovered asbestos deposits on a large estate on Staten Island, which is part of New York City and only a fifteen-minute ferry ride from Wall Street. The truth was that on this property there were stratified rocks containing minute deposits of asbestos—about enough to make the recovery of a dollar's worth of the material cost fifty. Yet this schemer formed a company and hawked his stock in New York.

One Sunday afternoon the promoter was showing a group of about fifty stockholders over the property, pointing out big bowlders of limestone as solid chunks of asbestos. Unhappily the owner of the estate had returned unexpectedly from the West. From his veranda he saw the numerous party prowling about in his cow pasture and was naturally led to saunter over and discover what the sudden interest in his thistles might portend. The promoter assured him that these were the stockholders of a mining company who held an option on this land for the removal of the asbestos. From whom had this option been had? From the owner, to be sure. And who was the owner? Mr. John V. Blank. Mr. Blank, who did not know whether to be amused or angry, asked the speculative gentleman if he had ever met Mr. Blank and, being answered in the affirmative, asked his guest whether he noted any suspicional resemblance. The visiting stockholders withdrew. The next day Blank complained to the district attorney, who notified the promoter that his stock selling must cease. Word of it got into the newspapers. In spite of all this the promoter continued to sell this worthless stock and the public continued to buy it. The offices of the concern had to be raided, the doors padlocked and the promoter cast into jail before the public credulity caught its brakes.

Verily there is no limit to the vacuous guilelessness of mankind. But perhaps you think there is. Surely, say you, there are forms of confidence gaming which can no longer succeed anywhere. Certainly no one in these days would buy a gold brick, for instance. Listen, my children, and you shall hear.

In the dying months of 1916, Josiah, a gentleman full of years and crotchets, swore at his nurse for the last time, turned his face to the wall and passed, let us admit, to a better world. Life had dealt not gently but substantially with Josiah, and he left his only nephew something like $150,000 to ease the younger man's grief. Josiah had been a solid rather than a prominent man. The local newspapers announced his passing and chronicled the facts and figures of his will. The city journals contained a paragraph each about Josiah's dying and devising. Most men wondered whom this ordinary event might interest. Of that again.

Josiah had been dead three or four weeks and his nephew was just come into possession of the estate when a telegram arrived from Arizona addressed to the dead man. The nephew naturally opened it and read with puzzled and startled eyes:

"Congratulations. Claim turns out all expected and more. Letter follows. Strictest secrecy necessary."

Young Josiah was a badly confused heir for the five days required for the passage of a letter from Arizona. At last came the day and the epistle, in a large envelope, carefully addressed and backed, registered and sealed with dabs of wax. Young Josiah took this portentous-looking thing into a slightly unsteady hand and tore it open. He found this letter, written in ink, with some misspelling and regrettable solecisms in punctuation:

"*Dear Friend:* It gives us great pleasure to tell you the great success that has just come our way. Again congratulations and thanks. Our venture has turned out wonderfully—past all our expectations.

"We had nearly used up the last two thousand you sent us when we hit the yellow stuff last Thursday. We struck a ledge that is the richest thing we have either of us ever seen in this country. In four days we have taken out by hand about $80,000 in gold values. We have all this gold in hand and will do nothing in the way of disposing of it until you are here to receive your half interest.

"Would suggest that you come at once if you can, as this matter is of the greatest importance and a lot of things have to be done quickly and quietly. We think we've got a mine that will develop millions.

"You understand how strictly confidential all this is. More than that, there are certain details that must be attended to before we are at all safe. Our mutual interest demands secrecy for the present.

"Can you come at once? Are at Blank's Hotel as usual. Please let us know at earliest convenience. Hurrah!"

Young Josiah trembled with excitement and a fine cold perspiration developed between his shoulder blades. It was not at all strange that his uncle had never said anything of this mining venture of his. He was secretive by nature and resented the slightest inquisitiveness on the part of his prospective heir. So he had been venturing in gold mines and now he had struck it rich after he was dead and gone. Well, well!

An Answer by Wire

Young Josiah wondered just what he ought to do. He felt like consulting the family lawyer. Should he? Strict secrecy was enjoined. Perhaps he had better not be rash. Evidently Uncle Josiah's partners in the West did not know of his death. Well, until things cleared up a bit it was better so. With the old man dead, they might try to do his estate out of its rightful share. The longer he pondered the affair the more young Josiah was convinced that he ought to go West as his uncle's representative. Next morning he sent this wire:

"Unable to travel. Am sending my nephew with full power to act for me. Will leave Tuesday evening at seven-thirty; arrive Sunday night. Please meet him at train."

That night there was mirth in Arizona and the desert hills shook with joy. The prospectors laid by all care and drank the health and uninterrupted prosperity of Josiah. True, old Josiah was dead this month or so and had gone where health might be a matter of indifference to him, but the thought of prosperity, it seemed, had charms to make his spirit transcend the tomb.

"All of which proves," observed one schemer after his fifth imbibition of purest bootleg, "that the dead are alive."

"Or the live ones dead from the neck up," suggested the other into his glass.

Such candor convinced them both that they had been drinking too much and they went off to their rooms and to sleep. In the morning one man set out for the mining claim and the other took himself out and sat for hours in the sun acquiring a tan which the circumstance of his very recent arrival from the East had denied him. A delicate pallor might strike even young Josiah as unsuited to a rough prospector. So he continued to sit in the sun. The days passed, and the nights. At length came Josiah—bag, baggage and anxiety. The sun-tanned gentleman greeted him as he came from the step of his Pullman with a hearty Western handshake and much outpouring of enthusiasm. After a session of explanation and a drink or two of such stuff as made the delicate lining of Josiah's interior quiver with resentment the newcomer was put to bed. With the first trickle of dawn he was set astride a horse and the schemer led the way to the wilderness. That night they camped out on the mesa. The next morning they began the ascent and about noon they joined the other man in one of the loneliest, manforsakenest bits of scenery on file in a county clerk's office.

With great solemnity and careful searching of all the horizons the two confederates led Josiah into a cut and showed him a place where yellow-looking stone and gravel had been disturbed. This, said they, was the outcropping of their mine; this was their ledge; that stuff was gold ore. And how was Josiah to know? One doesn't acquire a speaking familiarity with iron pyrites on Boston Common.

Josiah in the Desert

Once more the hardy Westerners searched the distant sky line for possible peeping coyotes before they led the breathless Josiah into a natural cavern. Here they scooped away the earth, drew forth a box, threw back the lid and disclosed to the eyes of the astounded young man a sight which no man ever forgets—his first glimpse at a hoard of gold. There lay the precious metal before the man from the East, grinning at him with a cold red balefulness, coquetting him with treacherous bright eyes—$80,000 worth at least, he was told.

The two swindlers explained their method of mining.

They had stamped the ore by hand, which wasn't hard to do as it was nearly pure gold loosely held together. Then they had melted down the metal and poured it roughly into holes they had scooped out in the sand. That was why the ingots were rough and uneven. But see how they shone with the untarnished brilliance of the noble metal!

"Feel the weight of the dern stuff," suggested one of the pair, tossing one of the ingots at Josiah.

"Cut into it with your knife," added the other. "It's as soft as lead. The simon-pure stuff."

Young Josiah did as he was bid, wondering more and more.

They sat in the grotto and talked. Evening came. One of the men got out a skillet and some rough pans and gave Josiah his first rasher of bacon cooked in the wilderness and his first taste of biscuits from a camp oven. They went out and watched the purple gloaming wander over the mountains and the retreating desert. They let nigrescence and complete blackness steal over them without noting or caring. The stars were spread above them in a golden fresco. The moon boiled up out of an aureous floor. One of the conspirators lay back on the cool stone and began to sing from a pleasant throat. He sang joyously and blithely, like a man who has tasted "triumphant love, effective enterprise." And the spirit of his voice went into Josiah.

After a while they went back into the grotto, lighted a fire at the mouth to take off the chill and had a good confidential chat.

"Let's put the stuff away first," said one of the confederates as they sat down to their deliberations.

"Don't," protested the other. "Let it stay. I like to look at it and know it's mine."

He patted the ingots fondly and Josiah decided that he was a man of sentiment. But they got down to business presently.

"I suppose your uncle has told you how we met and got together on this thing," the songster began.

"Don't believe he has," ventured Josiah.

"I was back East two years ago looking for capital when a friend of mine introduced us," said the speaker easily. "I told your uncle about this prospect and he was willing to risk a few thousand. Four thousand he put into this thing—not much, but just what we needed. We couldn't have got on without him. We owe the old man a lot. But I guess he'll never regret the coin he lent us." (Concluded on Page 89)

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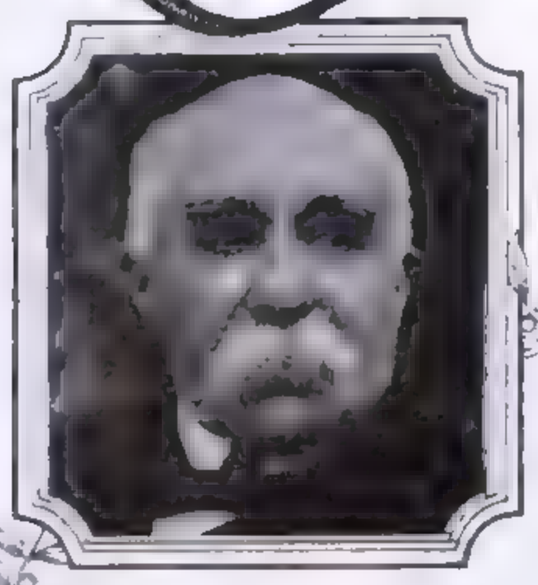

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(Concluded from Page 87)

"So that's how it happened?" said Josiah meditatively.

"That's the way," said the other. "Wonder what the old man'll say when you come trooping back East with $80,000 worth of gold in your baggage!" He laughed in anticipation.

"You don't mean that I'm to carry that gold?" said Josiah in alarm.

"Certes, m'boy," said the other conspirator. "That's what you're here for."

"But," argued Josiah, "why not sell it here and send uncle's share back by check?"

"That'd be better," said the first speaker, "except for certain facts which we'll explain. I asked your uncle to come out here for very good reasons. He wouldn't need explanations, but you're new to this and I suppose you do. We can't sell the gold here, because if I go to an assay office or a bank and try to dispose of this stuff the first question will be where'd I get it. Then I'd either have to tell where my mine is or they'd take me for a thief."

"But why not tell where our mine is?"

"Good Lord!" ejaculated one plotter.

"That won't do," said the other.

"But it's our mine—or yours, isn't it?"

"Sure as you're born," said the first speaker, "but in this state there is such a thing as an apex law. I don't suppose you know what that means. I'll explain: The law is that a gold vein belongs to the man who owns the claim at the apex of the outcropping. If gold crops out on my land and the same ledge or vein crops out on yours and your land lies higher than mine the gold belongs to you under the apex law. The law was passed to keep people from digging gold out of a mine that happened to run under their property when the vein had been discovered and was being mined by others. There had to be some way of determining the ownership and it suited the interests of the time to pass the law."

"Well," interposed Josiah, "we're pretty high up here."

"We are," agreed his informer, "but others are higher and it happens that our gold vein crops out on the claim just next door. The man that owns it don't know about it, but we do. The minute we disclose that we've found as rich a ledge of gold as this is there'll be ten thousand people up here, the apex of the ledge will be found and we'll be done. Get that?"

Josiah gazed at him in silent understanding and terror.

"That's the reason for secrecy," said the other man.

"I begin to understand," added Josiah.

"Now then," the speaker resumed, "what we've got to do right off is to get money to buy that next claim and several others right round us. We want this whole thing for ourselves. There's a hundred millions of gold in that ledge and it's all for us if I've got anything to say about it."

"You bet!" agreed Josiah heartily.

"Then there's just one thing to do," said the supposed miner. "You get the money from your uncle to buy this land and we turn over all the gold. You take it back East, where your uncle is well known and can dispose of it without trouble. By the time you get there we'll have the apex and all the surrounding claims under title and the golden goose will be laying for us and nobody else."

The Hurrah Once Again

"How much will it take?" asked Josiah.

"At least $40,000," was the reply.

The young man from the East whistled and considered.

"I can't do that," he said finally. "Forty thousand dollars is too much to risk on a gold claim."

"Risk?" exploded one of the pair. "Where do you get that stuff? Ain't you taking $80,000 worth of gold with you? It's us that's risking."

Josiah sniffed a little at Western grammar and remained unconvinced.

"You see," the smoother conspirator began, "my partner here is right. There's $80,000 worth of gold in those ingots. No trouble about proving that. Half of it, or $40,000 worth, belongs to us and half to your uncle under our agreement. Now all we ask is that you get us cash for our part of the gold without letting our secret out here and ruining us all. To be fair, you ought to pay us more, since your uncle must put up his half of the expense of buying the adjacent claims. But we don't stop to quibble about that. The old man is square and we'll be all right when it comes to settling up. We know we can trust him and he knows the same about us."

"If we wasn't on the level, why did we send word when we found this stuff?" interjected the second man. "We coulda kept our mouths shut and ducked with the whole thing."

Josiah was trembling between decisions. Everything looked favorable. The gold lay there glinting at him and filling him with impossible seductions. Yet he was by nature cautious. And his caution prevailed.

"I'm afraid I can't do it, gentlemen," he said at last.

"Well," said the leader, "we'll have to wire your uncle then and take a chance on our telegram being read. We can't let a thing like this slip away from us." The hurrah once again.

Josiah was caught. He was practicing deception as to his uncle's death. A telegram sent East would fall into improper hands, or it would remain unreceived, be returned and thus betray his game. He had to make his decision. All night he tossed in his blanket and went half distracted with uncertainty. He went off to sleep at last with one question: Was it really gold? He woke with the doubt on his lips.

"How do I know that stuff is gold?" he demanded.

"Ha, ha!" laughed one of the pair rudely. "Whaddaya think it is—tin?"

Josiah Learns the Truth

"It can do no harm to take a chunk or two to a jeweler and have it tested," said the other. "Pick out any of the pieces"

In reply the man who sat by the heap of ingots carelessly tossed Josiah two pieces of metal, one large and one quite small.

"These do?" he inquired nonchalantly.

"Yes, thank you," said the polite Easterner.

"All right, put them into your bag," said the speaker. "My partner will load the rest on his horse and take it straight to the hotel. When you're convinced it's gold we can weigh the rest without taking it out of a bag and easily find out the total value. We must be careful."

So an agreement was reached. In two days they were back in town and that afternoon the confederates went to an assayer and had both the ingots drilled to the heart and tested. They were practically pure gold and worth a little more than twenty dollars an ounce, unrefined as they were. An hour later the whole hoard was put into a wheat sack and dumped on a butcher's scale in the main street. The total weight was nearly three hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois. A little rough calculation done in Josiah's room at the hotel convinced him. Four thousand troy ounces would yield $80,000 or better. He had somewhat in excess of this. At last he felt satisfied. The ingots were turned over to him on the spot and he fondled them one by one as he counted the whole number into his trunk. With clothes wadded under the precious burden and more piled on top he felt reasonably secure.

It took nearly two weeks to draft forty thousand dollars from his home, during which time he slept fitfully and never ceased to watch the trunk. He suspected everyone. He imagined his partners might open his trunk and substitute other ingots—in which he did them a cruel injustice. Finally the money came and the vigil was over. He inspected his chunks of gold once more and found them the same. Then he turned over the money, got aboard his train with his precious trunk checked and insured and set out for the East.

Two ingots weighing respectively twenty-three and eight ounces were found by an Eastern subtreasury to be of pure gold and worth about six hundred and fifty dollars. The other rough castings, weighing four thousand ounces, were of finest brass beautifully gold plated. Their value was negligible. Never had it occurred to the cautious Josiah that plated gold bricks, of which he had heard so much, might be made in this rude form.

These two swindlers are among the most celebrated con men of the day and the only gold-brick operators still in the field, I believe. They were spending the winter—and summer—season in Atlanta when I was down that way recently. I spent a good deal of time in their society and they told me this flagrant story.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Crosby and Mr. Smith. The next will appear in an early issue.

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ROUND OUR TOWN

(Continued from Page 19)

relation, and my first question was to ask where he or she was born.

I spent the night at my hotel, and the next morning for breakfast went across the street to a cafeteria where the bus boy was Greek. I presume the cook was a Chinaman. The food was not at all bad and the place was clean. With the skill of long training in Los Angeles I served myself at the food counter and carried my little tray over to a table.

As I sat, there came and seated himself near me a pleasant and prosperous-looking man, very well dressed and of good presence and manner; a middle-aged man with gold-rimmed glasses. He began to interview me by asking me what I thought of the coal strike. In a few well-chosen words I told him. I presume we talked for an hour after that, because we found that we were two Americans, that we both wore white collars, that we both were sore on the way things are going, and that we therefore had much in common. He impressed me as being an extremely well-informed and very fair-thinking man. He was anxious not to seem prejudiced or bigoted.

"Of course," he went on, pointing to certain headlines in the paper, "everyone knows that Henry C. Frick did not die worth two hundred million dollars. Neither did Andrew Carnegie; neither is any other man going to. I think most men agree that there is a place where the public must come in as to the appropriations of the public resources and the public wealth which can be made by any one man. I am not ready to say that any man really earns two hundred millions, where so many earn only a bare living. These people who have been raising hell in this town do have some sort of a ground for a part of their resentment against what they call the capitalistic class. I presume that the thought of the future will work out to that effect in some part at least. There are two sides to this fight between capital and labor. Yes, I presume that there was some sort of a foundation for some of the theories that I have heard Eugene Debs put out."

Debs' Quick-Fire Evolution

"Then you have heard him talk?" said I.

"Have I? I should say I have. Many a time, by the hour in the moonlight, on the streets of Terre Haute. You see, he and I were born down there in Indiana, in the same town. It has changed a lot since then. The parents of Debs were Alsatians. I've often heard his mother cry about her beautiful Alsace and wish she was back there. The father was more disposed to think that this was the place for him and his family.

"As for Gene Debs, he was from his youth an optimist and an altruist. I think he really wanted to do something for other people. He was prominent in getting the library started in the reading rooms of the railway union to which he belonged. More than one man in Terre Haute owes a good deal of his success to that same little reading room. Debs got a certain congressman to help him with that library. That congressman began to read, and I guess he learned more history and everything else right there than he ever would have known otherwise. Debs was always trying to do something like that.

"Their railway union had an embezzlement and it left a sort of crimp in the organization. Debs got his first notoriety by coming to the front right then and putting down all the money he had for the good of the union. Others followed him and the thing went on. I've seen Debs turn his pockets inside out many a time for some fellow who needed a lift. I don't think he really cared for money as we understand it.

"Of course I could see the visionary quality of the man. I used to reason with him, admit that the world was progressing, that there was evolution all the time going on, that there was a metamorphosis by which the American of to-day was a better man than he had been a hundred years ago. But I told Debs that his mistake was in trying to take a man by the hair of his head and drag him out of ignorance through a metamorphosis which allowed him only a few days or months or years. I told him that evolution could not be done while you wait—or while you talk. He couldn't agree with me. He went on getting wilder.

"At length the Debs idea of the brotherhood of man came to its natural climax in the big railroad strike in Chicago in 1894—the time when Grover Cleveland called in the troops. I was in Chicago then and knew a good many people of influence there. I found Debs walking the floor of the room in his hotel when I replied to his telephone asking me to come to see him. He told me that he knew he was going to be arrested the next day and that he did not know anyone who would go on his bail bond. He said that he knew the judge was going to put him in jail if he could. He asked me, as an old friend of his boyhood, if I could get him some bondsmen. I told him I would try.

"While we were sitting in that room there came in Eugene Field, the poet. He threw himself down into a chair and put his face in his hands.

Building on False Premises

"'Gene,' said he to Gene Debs, 'I've tried everyone I know, and they've all thrown me down. There was one man I had counted on, a banker. He told me at the last minute that he did not dare put his name on a bond such as this, because all his fellow bankers would jump him if he did.' I recall Eugene Field very well as he sat there—a striking-looking man. I don't suppose many knew that he tried to get Eugene Debs a bail bond in the strike of 1894.

"I told the two Eugenes I would do what I could. I went out and enlisted the aid of two men whom I knew. The next day Debs was arrested. We all went into court with him. 'Are you prepared to offer bail for your appearance in trial on this charge?' the judge demanded. I am not sure he was happy when I asked my men to come forward. We scheduled two hundred thousand dollars and could have scheduled several million if need be. That let Debs out for six months, and by that time things had quieted down.

"Debs, himself, however, did not quiet down. He went on, as you know, lecturing and talking and exhorting, a sort of John the Baptist who thought he was elected to so something for the brotherhood of man. Naturally he grew more irritable and more positive. After a time his slant led him to think that it was wrong to oppress mankind or to punish mankind very much in any way. He concluded that capital punishment and war were all wrong. You know something of his career as a labor leader up to the time of the war. Then he ran against the Espionage Act and got ten years in the penitentiary. He was in an Ohio institution for a time, but was getting so much notoriety out of it that he was transferred to Atlanta, I believe.

"So there is Eugene Debs, with whom I used to walk in the moonlight in old Terre Haute, discussing the brotherhood of man. He thought the metamorphosis could take place in twenty minutes. Twenty years of that sort of thinking got him into the penitentiary. Of course he was fundamentally wrong. His doctrines, instead of helping the workingmen, have hurt them unspeakably; because his premise was wrong. If you get things started on a wrong premise you can do a whole lot of flowery talking and flowery writing which will sound well but which never will hold together. No conclusion ever will stick that does not start out with the truth as a basis. That was what was wrong with Debs—his argument was not standing on the truth. He persuaded himself that he alone knew more than all of the people; that he was bigger than the Government of this country. It's easy to persuade yourself that you are pretty near kin to Deity when you get going good about this brotherhood of man. All I can say is that a plenty of people nowadays ought to be mighty sure that they are standing on the truth before they begin to build their red arguments."

I should add that my new-found friend was a man of education. He was traveling in university-extension work. He had made a success in life. He had never belonged to any sort of union. Even so, he thought that the principle of the labor union itself was not wrong, so long as it rested itself upon the truth as a premise, and so long as it did not injure innocent others in its own tights.

"As for these people in Gary, look yonder," my acquaintance concluded.

A company of United States regulars were swinging by the window.

There were, I believe, round fifteen hundred troops at first in Gary. There are nine hundred and sixty there now. These men are just back from the Argonne in France, and I don't suppose a better body of soldiers can be found anywhere in any uniform to-day. They are of the old Fourth Division, which was holding the front in the last stages of the Argonne fighting when the Armistice came.

Regulars of the Old Stock

I passed these splendid young chaps on the street and I saw that a good many of them were unmistakably American and unmistakably Southern. This division was recruited largely in the Southern States—and these were regulars who got into the game as quickly as they could for fear they would lose some of the fighting. They were men who never gave an inch in the Argonne or anywhere west of the Argonne. They surely would be bad medicine for any radicals to run against. The entire socialist group in Gary hates them. These men are to protect Gary against what? Against itself. These men, officered by quiet well-trained men, are as quiet and harmless as any citizen could ask. I watched them for four or five days. I never heard one of them use a discourteous or disrespectful word.

It seemed to me it might be well to go to some place where they mold public opinion. I sought out the offices of a daily newspaper to learn what I could of the downtrod laboring man of Gary, who, I was credibly informed, at the time could make hardly more than twenty or thirty dollars a day for his loved ones at home. The owner of the paper took me up to the city room.

There were several nationalities represented on the staff. One of these young men, an American born, is a clean-cut intelligent chap. I was able to get him going without much loss of time.

"What are you going to do if you lose all these foreigners who now do the work of this country?" he demanded. "Who will make the steel if they leave and go back to Europe? I want to tell you, I'm for them, and for them strong. Before I went into the Army I was just like the rest of you Americans. . . . Universal military training? Not for mine! I'm against this army idea. No, I don't think the troops ought to be here in Gary."

An Ex-Soldier Says His Say

"I've helped break four strikes in my time," he went on; "and every time I've done it against my own conviction. Ever since I've begun to read and to study this industrial condition in America I've been a socialist, if you want to call me that. I'm for these people here and I think they have just grounds to strike. Work a man twelve hours a day, and what is there left of him? We're all the time wanting better citizens, but what human material are we leaving, the way these men have been working?

"Yes, I'm a member of the American Legion, but don't you ever think that the American Legion is going to be run by any rabid Americans. I've seen a quiet vote many a time kill off something which looked that way or which looked like the military idea in the saddle. There were a lot of people in the Army—and they're in the Legion—who have foreign names.

"I say I've helped break four strikes. When the last one came up I said to my employer that I could help break this one by using the old cry against Bolshevism. I did it. I cried 'Bolshevist!' with the rest. This strike is broken—yes, the mills are running. But the question under it is not broken and has got to be settled sometime in some other way than this."

In all the talk with these newspaper men I heard a great many things which sounded familiar, indeed sounded identical. Most of my young friends, I take it, were eating their sugar out of the same bowl, getting their doctrines out of the same old socialist stand-by literature. As a matter of fact most of the Gary oratory comes out of more or less ancient books on socialism, which were written by foreign authors some time ago; to which have been added some of the more rabid recent volumes put out by writers in America, who are allowed to get away with a lot of things that would not go in Europe to-day. I asked a young Serbian friend to introduce me to some of the inner circles. He led me to the office of a pronounced socialist whose name I had heard elsewhere and seen elsewhere before that time. My Serbian sponsor thought if I handled this man properly perhaps I might be able to get him to talk.

I experienced no difficulty in getting this gentleman to talk. On the contrary, it was far more difficult to get him stopped. This same peculiarity I found generally existent in those Gary laborers who profess socialism. The man is a Russian Jew with an Americanized name, such as a great many foreigners have to-day. It would be more difficult to Americanize the facial contour—the head, the ears and the mouth of this distinct East-European type. He has been one of the pronounced advocates of socialism in Gary, though he professes not to belong to the direct-action branch. I began by asking him whether there had been need of the troops in Gary.

"Of course there was no need of troops!" he said. "We had broken no law, we were inside all our constitutional rights. We never did anything worse than to assemble peacefully. We had our right to get shorter hours and more pay for the union people if we could."

I asked him if the strike was over, and he admitted that it looked bad for the unions. At that time the coal strike had not yet been ended—or compromised, as the case may be. I asked him what he thought of the justice of the coal strike, which would

(Concluded on Page 95)

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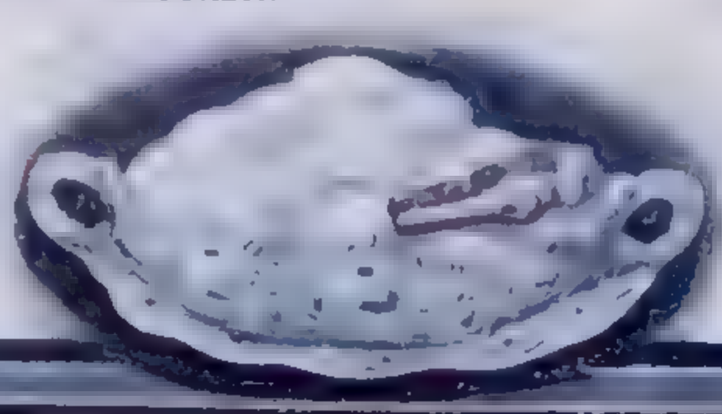

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(Concluded from Page 90)

bring suffering to so many of the homes of persons who had nothing to do with these difficulties.

"That's all right," said he. "Wait till they all get cold enough. Right to strike? Yes. You'll see the anthracite workers out next, and then I guess you'll get pinched a little. Pretty soon you'll see a strike all over the country—every one of the brothers will walk out, in every line of labor. Then where are you going to be? You'll see then, I guess, what power the laboring man has and what a union can do when it works all the other unions. It's the masses against your capitalistic class. We're showing you now and we're going to show you more. Yes, I look to see the strike of every allied industry in America. When it comes, it comes. We'll all see what that means when it does come."

The last time I saw this man was at the street door of his building as I passed out. I inquired pleasantly how the brotherhood of man was coming on, and he looked at me uncertainly. All at once I grew rather warm under my North American collar. "Let me tell you something, my unchristian friend," I said to him. "If some of you people believe that this country has not got any backbone you've got another guess coming. Take my advice and go a little bit slower." He did not answer, and we parted company.

My young Serbian took me across the hall into the central council of labor in Gary, made up of the heads of several of the unions which operate there. I found in the little room several young men, two of them Serbians, one man from Lorraine. There entered, after a time, another man, Irish, who made some report to the local chief. There came also, after a time, one of the most bitter of the Gary socialists, a Hollander by birth.

The president of this council I found to be a man about thirty-two years of age, well enough dressed and speaking good English with the accent of a man of some education. He had the quiet air of the leader, was well in hand and courteous to me, since I was introduced there by one of their brothers. This man was slow to start, but after a time went on and spoke very freely, the others listening. At times the telephone interrupted. Our Hollander, dark and nervous, sometimes answered this, sometimes seemed to want to break into our conversation. The president would raise a hand and go on in his own even and deliberate fashion.

"My father was an officer in the Norwegian Army, not on active but reserve duty. As you may know, that gave him a little plot of ground and a little pay which left him able to live, though he was only a noncommissioned officer. We did not have much future and he and my mother came to this country. He went to Chicago and he began his life in America at work here in the winter time, cutting ice for one of the big ice companies. He earned a dollar a day on the ice fields. He went on doing the best he could, working and saving, and at last he bought a little piece of land down here in Indiana, not so very much and not so very good."

Free Car Fare to Norway

"As we boys grew up we got a little schooling, which my father thought was good for us to have. Times were hard for us always. We did not get ahead. There was a little mortgage of three hundred dollars on the land, and when after many years it came to be sold that mortgage was still there. You might say that the life savings of my father came to about sixteen hundred dollars. My mother wanted to go back to Norway, but my father did not. He thought we could work it out here better. We boys did the best we could.

"When I began to think over what America had promised us, as compared to what it really had given us, I began to see that there had been a big deceit somewhere. I began to read and to think. I could find no solution in these matters except in the doctrines of socialism. I took them up. There is no use in my telling you that I fully believe in the right of the unions to strike. If they have any other weapon against the capitalist class, then I don't know what it is."

I asked him if he thought the strike was won in Gary, and he shook his head.

"No, of course not," he said. "They're running sixty or seventy per cent, maybe better, at the mill. Some Americans didn't go out and a good many Americans have gone back. Some of our people have scabbed it. A good deal of negro labor has gone in. As for us, we are still out and we are going to stay out. We get some money, of course, from unions outside of this town. We'll stick it out."

I said I did not think it would be proper for me to ask him how long he could stick it out. He smiled and shook his head.

"No, I'll not say," said he. "But we struck and did the best we could."

It did not seem to me that I had got down to the real man here as yet. He was holding out.

"Tell me," I said suddenly, "if all you people feel so oppressed in America, why the devil don't you leave America? Why don't you go back to Norway if you think that's a better country? Your people came here of their own accord. You don't have to stay here unless you want to. If this is such a rotten country, why don't you get out of it and go to a better?"

This started him. His eyes flashed and he brought his feet from the top of his desk down to the floor.

"Why don't I go?" he said. "Why don't a lot of us go? Because we can't get the price of a ticket to go. That's why."

"Well, now," I said to him, "since it has been so hard to get the price of a ticket in a country where down-trod laborers are making only twenty dollars or so a day, I'll do what I can personally to alleviate this situation. I'll give you my check for the price of a ticket if you will go back to Norway—and I'll bet you a hundred on the side right here that they couldn't drive you out of this country.

"You people want to strike—and especially you want to talk; that's the way it looks to me."

I am nothing if not gentle and tactful.

Is a Mechanic an Executive?

Then we had a lovely time in this inner circle of Gary intellect! Our Hollander could no longer be suppressed and broke into the game.

"Tell me," he shouted, "why they put up posters and placards all over Holland inviting us to America and telling us what we'd get here! They promised everything—and they gave us nothing. The Government should own these steel mills! The Government should own the mines and the railroads! The Government should establish justice for the laboring man! What chance have we got, I'd like to know? Look at Frick, for instance."

"Oh, well," I said to these men, with whom I really wanted to have a man-to-man talk, "I'm that much socialist myself as to say that I don't think any man who has taken that much out of America did it without taking more than his share of what America could give."

"We ought to own the steel mills," reasserted my truculent friend; who told me that he was born in Holland of Holland parentage, though he did not look the part, to me.

"Well, if you had them what would you do with them?" I asked him. This has always seemed to me quite as fair a question as that other question, "What would you do if the foreign labor left America?" Of course there was no exact answer to this other than more of the ancient socialist generalities, which come to very little under the acid test of practical life. At last, so violent became the speech of this particular agitator that I asked him also why he longer remained in a country he so much detested.

"Give me a ticket and my passport and I'll go!" he shouted. "I don't want to stay here."

"Well, all right, neighbor," said I. "I believe that can be arranged for you without much trouble. I believe that I could advertise for money to send you out of America, and get the money without much trouble. I don't know but I'll take you on my private list too. Do you want car fare back to Holland? I'm running a little private-deportation company of my own right now. And I'll bet you a hundred on the side you'll never go out of America until you're driven out. It's too soft here for you."

"I got to have tickets for my wife and two children too," he insisted cannily.

I said I did not think that was impossible. He did not seem eager to take up the proposition, and we did not trade.

"Look here," said he, pulling a creased and worn paper from his pocket. "My full citizenship papers! And now they want to take them away from me."

"For why?" I asked him.

"I have been recommended for deportation—not tried for it, understand, but recommended for it by the military here. That's what I've got out of America after all my work. Do you think I'm happy? Do you think we get justice here?"

I turned to a man with broad flat face and loose but strong figure. I shall not give his name and I do not know his union. He spoke very broken English but spoke it very fast, was indeed the most voluble of them all. By this time we had been talking for almost an hour. Obviously he also got his ideas in the socialistic literature which has been for a long time handed out by the Old World.

"The masses ought to own the wealth of the country," he said. "It is the masses who ought to own those steel mills yonder. There is no justice that we should wear out our lives making such immense fortunes for a few men."

"No, my friend," said I. "I'm socialist enough to go along part way with you on that. The combinations in big business and big capital have done more to hurt America than any combination you fellows can make—I'll agree with you on that. But what I can't see is how you are going to get your metamorphosis in fifteen minutes. Why don't you take time—say, a hundred years or so? That is what it really is all going to come to anyhow, and you ought to know that. Why don't you try time and patience and evolution and hard work for a while?"

"Work—twelve hours a day? What does it leave a man?"

That made me a little sad, because when a man has worked twelve hours a day, as I know well enough, he hasn't got left much. He can't go to school after that, can't read so very much, is too mentally worn out to take on much effort of any sort. I recalled at that moment that I had elsewhere heard about one union man in Gary who said he was glad the strike had come because now he could see the color of his house—he had had his house painted some months before but had never seen it in the daylight, since he went away before sunup and came back from the mills after dark.

Another man spoke in, a quiet reserved young chap, whose union I don't know and whose name I will not give.

"We'll make a good socialist out of you yet," he said, smiling. "You see our side."

Be Your Own Hard Boss

"Yes," I told him, "I do see your side, but I can't see your methods. You talk about industrial injustice. Is it just that you and your quarrel should make my own home unhappy, make it hard for the women and children of this country, who never did you any harm? Now listen, friend"—for it suddenly occurred to me that the personal phase of things was the only one that would impinge in this intense little meeting of ours—"you say you want to rise, but you don't; you want to get to where it is easy picking and then to stop right there. Why don't you go on through? You can't pull yourself over the fence by your boot straps, so why do you keep on trying?"

"You've not been through what we've gone through," said someone.

"I am no better than any man in this room," I retorted. "I've worked harder than any man in this room, and am working more hours a day right now than any one of you ever has. I'm my own boss—why? Because I took it out of myself and because I was a hard boss for myself. I didn't ever join any union and I never wanted to. When I was married I was earning less in a month than any one of you men here can earn in a week if you want to go to work. I got my start by doing two men's work downtown in the daytime, and another man's work at night after I got home, writing the best I could and trying to get ahead. You talk about bosses—the hardest boss in the world is just yourself if you really want to win, and if you really are willing to take the one great law which none of you men in this room is ever going to change. Work? You men don't know what work is. Eight hours? I worked eighteen when I was older than any one of you here. I'm no better than anyone in the room and not much different, I suppose. I've been out to get mine, and I'm out to get it now—just like everybody else. But nobody is going to tell me the place where my pay is going to stop. Nobody is ever going to tell me that I'm as good as the next man and the next as good as I am. Nobody is ever going to tell me that I am done growing and done learning. I'm not so much of a ring-tailed wonder, but when you talk about work I know more about it than any of you people right here."

It was plain to me that what these men wanted of America was only a chance to lean on someone else; whereas all that America ever really could offer to any man was the chance to get ahead by leaning on himself.

It was soon after this that our little meeting broke up. The president had relapsed into his quiet self-contained self. One of the other union leaders came and put a hand on my shoulder.

"You will be a rather good socialist yet," said he.

And so we parted. Well, anyhow, I belong to the Authors' League. We sometimes are called the Industrious Writers of the World.

The Colonel Speaks in American

By this time I was somewhat het up and somewhat fed up. I wanted to hear some American speech. So I went over to the city hall to the office of Col. W. S. Mapes, commandant in charge of the troops stationed in Gary. Colonel Mapes was good enough to admit me at once. He is a fine upstanding man, type of the officer of the old Regular Army. Fresh back from the Argonne with these men of the Fourth Division, he served in the Philippine War as well, and has been twice wounded in the service of his country. His sleeves showed the two-term-service chevrons of the Fourth Division.

"Colonel," I said to him, "for heaven's sake let me in, and please speak to me in American! I want to hear some American talk and some American thought."

I got what I asked for. Colonel Mapes spoke with the freedom of the army man, bluntly and plainly. He described to me the whole military operation as it had taken place in Gary. I shall not quote him in full.

"We were ordered here," he said, summing up. "We obeyed orders. We were told to establish order here, and we did establish it. There are no disturbances going on here now. You see the streets. That's our stockade across the street there"—pointing through the window. "I put some of the worst ones in there to let them cool off. I had a lot of them brought to my office here. We did not mince matters with them at all. The place was under martial law by a proclamation of General Wood. That suspended the civil law. We went straight into their houses and their halls every time we suspected any of them. Here's a lot of the red literature that we confiscated, and a lot more of it, with their flags and banners, has gone to the army headquarters in Chicago.

"We issued an order that parades should cease and that picketing should stop in force, not more than two pickets to be allowed on any one corner. They construed that to mean eight men at every street intersection downtown, but they have never made any open break since then. It's a continuous Sabbath-school performance here.

"Have you seen my boys on the streets? Ever see any better personnel in the world? Have you seen one of my boys ogle a woman or elbow a man since you came to town? This place is orderly now and no man here is any more orderly than every one of these enlisted men. We came after the governor of this state confessed that he could not establish law and order with any of the forces at his disposal under the state laws. Well, if you like a Sabbath school you ought to like Gary now."

I went out into the streets. The stars were shining on the snow. The scattered buildings of the frontier town itself, inchoate, immature, unformulated, unarrived, unsettled, reached out into the sandy wilderness where the scrubby oak trees grew. Off to the east, flaring against the sky, was the red beacon of civilization, so-called, the hearths of the steel mills flaming. Sick at heart that we were to be so unhappy after all, that America so swiftly should have failed after all, and sicker still at heart because so many of us have not known what America is to-day—I concluded to call it a twelve-hour day and to turn in after I had finished straightening the Great Dipper

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr Hough. The second will appear in an early issue.

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LOOK BEFORE YOU SLEEP

(Continued from Page 7)

The next day the studio called up and said that one of the papers wanted a spread of me and that they had to make a new set of stills for it right away, and so though I hated to put him off again I had to tell the dentist to give me another reprieve, and this time he made it ten days ahead in a pretty unpleasant voice. But I pretended not to notice, because of course I wouldn't dream of starting for the Coast with a tooth like that, though I had got kind of used to it by now and put in many an idle moment playing with it and knew that I would miss it when it went. But of course if the dentist his own self put me off like that, what was a person to do? So I went down to the studio as per request, and while Billy, my own pet camera man, was shooting the stills, who would come in but Goldringer, cigar and all, and handed me a little piece of news that had no more effect on me than a dynamite bomb.

"Hello, Marie!" he says, just as careless as if he wasn't going to say anything to speak of. "Hello, Marie. Say, we're going to make Gold and Blood right here in this studio after all. I know you'll be glad not to have to go West, and we can build the Western sets."

"But we've given up our flat and got tickets and everything!" I says.

"Get another flat and turn in the tickets or sell 'em to a speculator!" says Goldringer. "Why, I thought you'd be tickled to death! And if you are or not, Benton has decided it would be better to make the New York scenes here than to build them out on the Coast!"

Well, I knew that finished it. There is no use bucking Goldringer once his mind is made up. He only rolls the butt of his cigar at you. And, anyways, though I was sorry to have to unmake my mind about Los Angeles after all the trouble of getting myself resigned to it, still a winter in New York, if you got plenty of money, isn't exactly a hardship. So I went home and told ma and Jim.

"Well, thank the Lord I won't have to sleep with them dogs four nights on the train!" she says. "And as for the flat—why, we'll just say we changed our mind about renting it!"

"Even a woman can't change her mind about a legal signature!" says Jim. "I suppose if you was to vote, Ma Gilligan, you'd change your mind about which candidate and expect to go back and have 'em fish out your ballot for you!"

"Oh, well," says I lightly, "we can get another flat. A furnished one. Of course it's unpleasant and all that, but you know the poet says, 'Life is just one damn thing after another,' but the things is only bad if you make 'em so! I'll step round to the real-estate office in the morning and get us another place!"

Oh, how innocent I was! What a sweet womanly lack of knowledge of the world's affairs I had! How full of prunes was I! What a bonehead! I walked into that office with all the confidence of a striking coal miner, and I come out like a—like a—well, like a woman looking for a apartment! I can say no more!

The first thing I noticed was as before, the stenographer—only a change had come over her. Her hair was done different. It was all slicked down tight and plastered to her head with pomade. And yet there was also a familiar look about her. Instead of a fluffy blouse she had a regular vamp effect in cheap black satin with no trimmings and long earrings. When I says "Hello!" she looked up with a smile like a pet snake, and I began to get a gleam of understanding, which she presently turned into a blaze of light.

"Hello, Mrs. Smith!" says this second-run vampette. "Hello, Mrs. Smith! Lookit! I changed my make-up!"

"I see you did!" I says. "Who have you decided you look more like?"

"Can't you guess?" she says. "Why, it's Ruby Roselle, of course!"

Wouldn't that give you the shell shock?

"Why?" I says.

She got even more snakelike and wiggled her way out from under her desk in the true manner of a thoroughly bad woman, and come over to me, her face all excited.

"Don't you know?" she says. "Why, Mrs. Smith, she's taken your flat!"

For about two hours—or maybe it was five seconds, I don't know which—I stood there staring at her, and I'll say that this time I probably looked more vampish than she did. Then I got my wind and registered doubt.

"A Mr. Schultzer has taken it!" I says at length.

"Yeh, that's her brother," says Ruby, Junior. "Her real name is Schultzer, you know. Isn't she a wonder?"

"I'll say she is!" says I. "Where is Mr. Murphy?"

"I'll get him," says the fickle silly-headed little kid.

And she got him. But not being a vamp myself I couldn't do a thing with him. The lease was legal and it would hold absolutely unless we got something undesirable on them people, which of course we hadn't a thing except a personal dislike. And when I thought of Ruby in my flat, sleeping in my black-and-white bed, lounging on my day ditto, playing my specially made phonograph and calling down the dumb-waiter to my janitor I could of gone wild and bit the hardware off the doors. But being nothing if not refined I merely says that of course I would stand by my bargain if I couldn't break it legally, and wouldn't he please get me another flat at once.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Smith," says that pig-headed Irishman, which I can't imagine how I ever thought he was so nice—"I'm sorry but I haven't a thing at present. You give the Schultzers possession to-morrow, don't you? Well, if you'll just give me your address I'll be glad to let you know if anything turns up!"

Well, I give him the Ritz, which was where we went to. But it seems the rooms we had there could only be kept two weeks on account of all the permanent ones being already taken and they had to keep something for transients and anyways Jim and me and ma would die in a hotel for long, because if a person can never go round in a wrapper how are they going to get strength to dress for the public again?

But I wasn't worried about that two-weeks limit. I had one week anyways before going to the dentist, and in that time I could get a place, and a good thing I was free, because once the dentist started on me I would probably be no good for a long while, and after ma letting Ruby Roselle get into my flat I didn't intend leaving anything like finding a new one to her. The thought of that Roselle woman's clothes hanging in my closets made me wild, though the Lord knows if it was her costumes she wouldn't need anything but a bureau drawer or maybe the candy jar.

Well, anyways, the thought of Ruby being there in my flat made me so mad I had the courage and strength of mind for anything, even murder, particularly when I remembered how the agent had wanted me to charge more and I didn't. So hardly had we got settled at the hotel when I climbed into a sports costume and commenced to hunt the elusive flat.

Of course there was no good going back to Murphy & Isaacs, so I tried a higher class of place. Jim says economy is the road to ruin, and I now commenced to think that lots of times it is, though naturally hating to admit my husband was right. So I thought I'll go to the Tiffany among real estaters, and started out for the very swankest office I could find.

Well, Maison Rosabelle knew not alone a dentist but a real-estate operator who was not painless either and therefore bound to be good because the painless ones either have something wrong with them or you hadn't anything wrong with you, do you get me? I'll say so! So I went over to this swell operator, and the minute I see the window I knew it must be a good one because they was gray curtains at it and roses and a boy with a lot of buttons that didn't hold anything except his job, to open the door. A lady with a marcel and a bunch of ice on her hands rose languidly at my entrance and waved me to a seat with her eyebrows.

I told her what I wanted. She flicked over a card catalogue and registered doubt.

"I have a charming little place on Park Avenue," she said. "Six masters' bedrooms for ten thousand a year."

"That's a few too many for me," I says. "Jim don't need all those rooms. Anything else?"

"I have a less expensive one on Eightieth Street," says the Queen of the May. "Two masters' and three servants'. I think you

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(Concluded from Page 96)

could get it for nine hundred a month if you take a two-year lease."

"Say, girlie!" I says. "Are you kidding me or what? Of course being in pictures I am used to people trying to overcharge me, but the sky is the limit, and you seem to of hit the moon. Come back to earth and rent me a flat. Highest references given!"

"Oh, so you are a motion-picture actress!" said Sheba, and her tone did not attract me.

"Yes—and you are in the real-estate business!" I says. "So we can take it for granted that we are both of us morally unsound. Now what have you got for about two-fifty?"

She raised her eyebrows again. She kept raising them whenever she wasn't raising the price.

"Absolutely nothing!" she says. "You know rents have increased enormously this year owing to the influx of war millionaires."

"War is hell!" I admitted, getting to my feet. "But a mere middle-class working girl like me is unwilling to go on paying for it now that it's over."

"Allow me to take your name and address," says this perfect lady in a manner intended to dismiss me. "Perhaps something will come in of a more modest sort."

Well, I let her have my name, and she was forced to recognize it though with all the superiority of one who rents only to the Vanderbilts and regarding the whole incident as too amusing for anything, and then I beat it.

Well, it was a bad beginning but I should worry, as there was undoubtedly lots of other places I could go and I had ought to of known better than to try anything that had to do with the best families because of almost certainly meeting with bad manners. You got to get the drop and insult 'em first if you want respect from a society gang or their supporters.

Well, anyways, I went to another real-estate office which I just happened by, and this time it was a live-wire joint as busy as a broker's, with typewriters clicking and telephones ringing and small-waisted young men flying round with papers in their hands. One of them spotted me the minute I come in and rushed right over so quick I thought I must know him. He was in a great hurry and a good-looking blue suit but paused long enough to give me the utmost attention. His pep and enterprise registered with me at once. And though I didn't know him he did me.

"Good morning!" he says. "Is anybody attending to you? You are Miss La Tour, are you not?"

Well, after that female sea lion at the first office it was like balm to a rolling stone. So I smiled and relaxed and threw off my furs and told him my troubles.

"Six or seven rooms and bath," I told him. "Never mind about a servant's bath. We are never able to keep one till Saturday anyway."

"Seven rooms and bath!" says the bird, musing on it. "Seven rooms—hum! I'm awfully afraid I haven't a thing. Excuse me a minute!"

"Why, certainly!" I says.

And he dashed off, not stopping to speak to over six or seven people on his way, and come back with a pack of cards in his hands which he arranged and looked over with his mouth doing tricks like he didn't know whether to draw for a straight or not. At last he come to a decision.

"Here's a nice two rooms and bath at three hundred a month!" he said brightly. "But it's on the East Side, and you wanted to be near the Drive."

"Yeh! And I got a mother to care for in her old age!" I reminded him. "We need a room for her—one room!"

"Ah—hum—that wouldn't be quite big enough!" said he, though I don't suppose he had ever seen ma. "How about this in Ninety-first? Seven rooms and bath, newly furnished, two hundred and twenty-five a month until October first."

"Give it to me!" I says eagerly. "I'll go right up there."

"And here's another," he exclaimed delightedly. "Five rooms and two baths—you might take a look at that as well. I'll make out a permit. And when you've seen them just come back and let me know what you think of them!"

At the time I didn't realize how brave he was to suggest that.

Well, he franked a couple of passes and I started off, humming to myself and feeling that my troubles was over. I got in the limousine and told Rollo the address and settled back on the cushions to enjoy thinking about that lovely furnished flat—that newly furnished flat I was headed for, and hoping it would be all done in gray-and-blue cretonne and mahogany and everything. I had a real hopeful idea of what it was going to be like from the description on the card. What a fuss I had made over finding a place to live when it was this easy!

Well, when the car come to a full stop in front of a brownstone building with six kids playing on the stoop I commenced to doubt.

But when the janitor which this one didn't even pretend to be a superintendent opened the door on a drawing-room decorated with a lovely set of light oak and dirty green plush consisting of four chairs, a table and a picture of Napoleon crossing the Delaware or something I realized I was in the wrong pew. It was the seven-room newly furnished flat.

"I thought it was newly furnished?" I says to the janitor.

"Sure it is!" says the bird. "They bought this stuff only last week round to Beamer's secondhand store."

Well, I made a get-away, followed by the delicate perfume of boiling cabbage, and give Rollo the five-room address, still hopeful. Because of course they might be large sunny rooms, and the servant girl could come in, which is all she was likely to do anyways, and anyhow it was only for a year, and I guessed we could stand it. But this one was a lemon too. The one which called it a five-room flat certainly had imagination anyways—I'll give him credit for that much. Because I opened one door to a place which had no window and I says, "This is a nice big closet," I says, and the colored boy which was going the rounds with me says: "Dat ain't no closet, lady; dat's de dinin' room!"

After I got control of myself I staggered back to the car and thought would I go back and tell the real-estate man what I thought of him or would I leave him live? And after I realized how young he was and maybe his parents hadn't brought him up right, but life might show him better and learn him to tell the truth though in business, I told Rollo to drive slowly along looking for signs, and we saw a few and stopped. Well—ma believes in signs, but after going into six places where it said Apartments to Let and every one of them was already rented only they hadn't taken in the sign yet, I will never believe in them again. And after which I called it a day and went back to the hotel to eat supreme of something while dreaming of liver and bacon and other home comforts.

Well, the next day I got letters of introduction to ten new janitors of both sexes, and eight of them was rented by the time I got there, and the other two was of doubtful character; and the day after that I had got to the point where three rooms and bath at four hundred looked cheap to me and I would almost take them, only remembering just in time that it wouldn't possibly be big enough. One office give me a list of furnished houses, a big list, two in number, at two thousand a month each and buy your own coal; and after they both refused me because I didn't have any butler I cut out the offices and had a bright idea at breakfast, which is admittedly rare.

"I'm going to answer some ads!" I says. "There must be lots of apartments advertised in the papers. And I believe the real-estate vultures have undoubtedly got on a big anti-Sherman combine in restraint of living," I says. "And if the Government is going to ignore them so am I. I don't believe what they say about shortage of materials and labor troubles for one little minute," I says, "and the population hasn't increased a thousand per cent either. I'll bet there's a few private owners in the newspapers which we can get a place to sleep in from!"

Well, there was. On paper and in paper, anyways. My, but they read nice!

"Lookit here!" I says. "Listen to this. 'Elegant one room and use of bath' —— No; here: 'Two rooms and bath, maid service, references—in newly decorated building.' We might take, say, three of them."

"But there's no kitchens to them!" wails ma. "We'd have to go out to our meals!"

"Well, here's another one!" I says with a yell of joy. "Just the very thing! 'Eight rooms, two baths, attractively furnished, at a moderate rental.'"

"Aw, that's in the Apartments Wanted column, you poor flounder!" says Jim, looking over my shoulder. "How about that unfurnished one—five rooms, to adults only?"

"It's until May first," I says. "Then the building's coming down."

"I tell you what!" says Jim. "We ought to buy a house and remodel it into flats and furnish 'em. Why, we could get anywheres from five hundred a month up for two rooms and bath, and not give them a thing outside of heat!"

"Sure we could!" I says. "Let's buy one—some old house for a few thousand dollars, and do it all over with hardwood floors and kitchenettes—and get a even thousand for two rooms. I'll bet we could!"

"Yes, and move right in in about two years from now!" says ma.

Well, she canned that idea all right. Ain't it awful to have a person with so much common sense in the family? Always pointing out the truth about something!

So I went back to the newspaper and marked three places and went to see them and then wore out my voice telling the ones which had put in the ads what I thought of them and wore out also my nerves remembering to keep within the law while so doing.

But though I found a whole lot of things such as cockroaches, new styles in overalls for janitors, the latest smells in cooking, and the way the inside of a few fashionable places that didn't take dogs or picture actresses looked, I didn't find any place to live. And by the end of ten days I was the most miserable woman in the city, and why wouldn't I be with my friend Ruby Roselle that I hated the worst of any of my friends living in my flat at the ridiculous price she was paying and her about to be featured at the opening of the world's biggest theater, and my tooth getting so sore I didn't dare touch it more than a hundred times a day and me too busy to look up the dentist on account of looking up a flat, and not finding the flat and everything. Why wouldn't I of been miserable? And when Maison Rosabelle sent home the first dress I was to wear in Gold and Blood the night before I was to be shot in it and I had to be out on location at nine next morning and it had only fifteen buttons up each side of the skirt instead of twenty-eight I felt that if things was to go on this way another day they'd have to telephone the undertaker and the notice to the newspapers for no flowers and the only hope I had was that they would leave out my age.

Well, it never rains but it's possible to take a taxi, as the saying is, and so next morning I decided to make the best of it as long as I couldn't do anything else, and so put on the fifteen buttons and went to work.

I went to the studio first because of not knowing where the location was in Hoboken, and there Rosco met me with a face that I see at once was meant not to alarm me and so I grabbed him by the arm.

"What's wrong?" I says. "Is Jim killed or has Goldringer gone broke? Tell me the worst and relieve yourself."

"Goldringer wants to see you right away in his private office," says Rosco. "There, there, little girl—it isn't so bad—it'll be all right—don't fret now!"

All the time he was talking he kept gently shoving me toward Goldringer's room.

"Where's the body?" I says as he shoved me in and came in himself, closing the door behind me.

The boss was there and when he actually got out of his seat to greet me I was really scared.

"Al Goldringer!" I says. "Al, what is it?"

"Now don't you mind, Marie," he says gently, coming over and taking me by the hand. "I know you will be upset, but we got this picture to make and you must have your nerve steady. You know you rented your flat to Ruby Roselle?"

"Yes!" says I, feeling faint.

"Well, a couple of secret-service men was here just now," says Goldringer. "It seems they raided the place last night and found a lot of sugar ready for shipment to Germany hidden there. The closets was full of it. They have arrested Ruby and her brother, and I'm afraid you'll have to go up there and take the flat back again, and tell these secret-service guys what you know. It's a shame after you'd got it rented and all."

I sat right down on the floor. I couldn't help it; my knees couldn't stand the strain and for a minute I thought my mind wouldn't either. They got me into a chair and give me a glass of water just like the heart scene in a melo. And then as I begun to come to, Goldringer broke another piece of bad news to me.

"I'll have to ask a favor of you, Marie," says he. "You see I had expected to bill Ruby for the opening of the Colossal, and now she is arrested in this German-goods conspiracy she won't be able to go on. And I was wondering if you and Jim would help me out by doing some of your old dances together—the ones that made you famous before the war—I'll feature the act of course, and it'll go big, especially if Jim wears his uniform!"

Well, need I say a word? Do I have to tell the way I felt? Do you get it? I'll say you do!

Well, that morning I acted like I never had before in my life, and afterward I felt so good that I went straight to that dentist which I had by now stalled him off no less than six times. And he was at home and free, and after keeping me waiting not over ten minutes in his magazine morgue he let me into a office which looked like a cross between a one-arm lunch and a sanitary ice box, put me in the chair and give my mouth the once over in a silence that I could almost feel. Then he took up a little tweezer; I could see it out of one eye.

"This the tooth?" he says, tapping it.

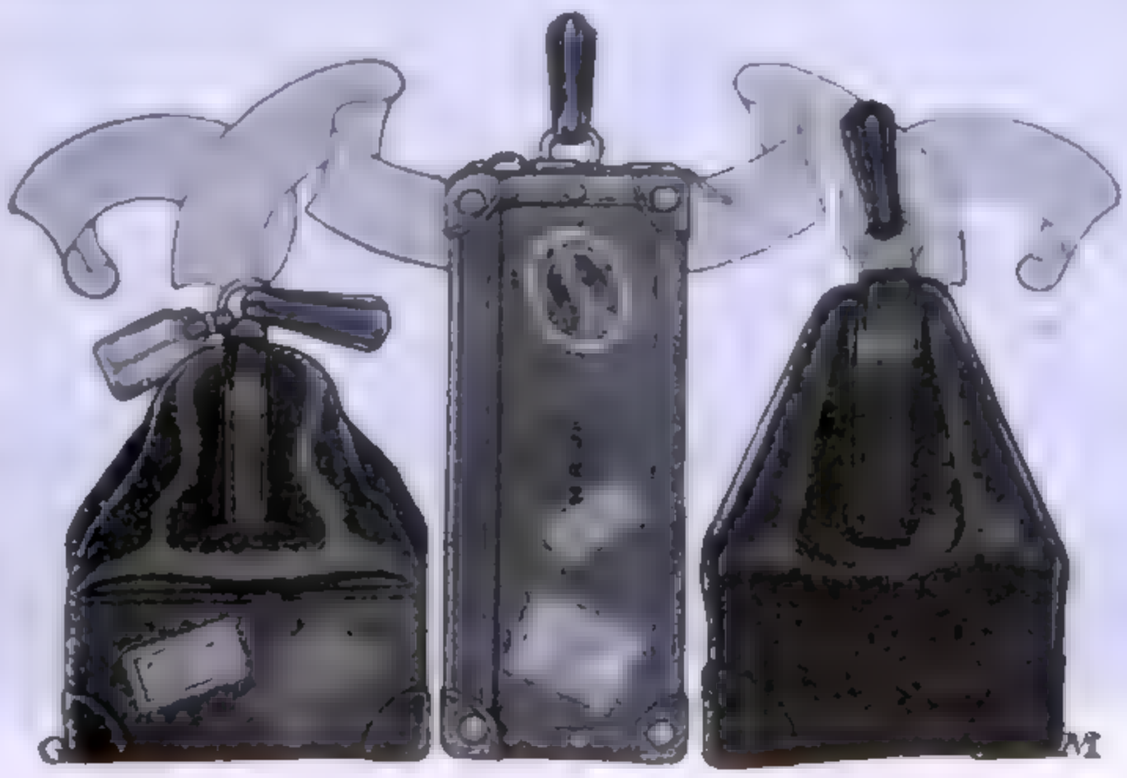
"Urgh!" I says. And he made one dive with the tweezers.

"Just this little piece of walnut shell stuck between your teeth, Miss La Tour," he says. "Otherwise your mouth is in perfect condition."

I give him a searching look, but he was speaking the truth. He was a real handsome man too; at least he looked like a angel to me.

"Most worries is only a scrap of walnut shell if a person has the courage to have 'em out, isn't that so, doc?" I says with tears in my eyes and voice.

"It sure is!" says the doc. "Five dollars, please!"



Rare Grapes

that you may never taste made into Luscious Raisins

THIS is what SUN-MAID Raisins are, and why they are so good:

We make them from finest California grapes—grapes so tender, thin-skinned and succulent that they will not stand long shipment. Because of their captivating delicacy these grapes are served in preference to other kinds on most California tables.

You may never taste them fresh, but you can enjoy them in the form of plump, tender, luscious, juicy *raisins*.

Once you try them you'll always get them, for they are the finest raisins that can be produced. And they cost the same as others at dealers' everywhere.

Use them with boiled rice, in bread puddings, simple cakes, pies, rolls, breads and with breakfast foods.

They bring "luxury flavors" at plain-food costs, also increased nutrition. You can serve more "plain" foods and keep bills down when you make these foods more attractive.

Packed in a Glass-Walled Sunlight Plant

SUN-MAID Raisins are packed by uniformed "*sun maids*" in a great, new, glass-walled plant in California. Sunshine floods every nook and corner. The plant is kept immaculate.

All SUN-MAID seeded raisins are sterilized and wrapped in new waxed paper, so they come to you as wholesome, sweet and clean as the day they were put up.

California Raisin Bread

Your grocery or bake shop will furnish California Raisin Bread, made with Sun-Maid Raisins.

California Raisin Pie

Grocers and bake shops also have California Raisin Pie made with Sun-Maid Raisins. It is ready baked for serving. Try it. It is the supreme food dessert

SUN-MAID Raisins

Raisin Foods Ready-Baked

Local bakeries everywhere are making *California* Raisin Bread and *California* Raisin Pie, with luscious Sun-Maid Raisins. So you don't need to bake at home to try a delicious raisin food.

Ask your grocer or bake shop to send you one. Say "California" raisin bread, or pie; and "made with Sun-Maid Raisins." That will insure getting *real* raisin bread and *real* raisin pie.

Send for free book, "Sun-Maid Recipes," containing 100 excellent suggestions for serving raisins.

California Associated Raisin Co.
Membership 9,000 Growers
Fresno, California

Ask for Raisin Candy — Delicious, Healthful and Nutritious

A photograph taken inside a Goodyear Service Station and a close-up of the Goodyear Tire Putty Outfit, the use of which is described on the next page

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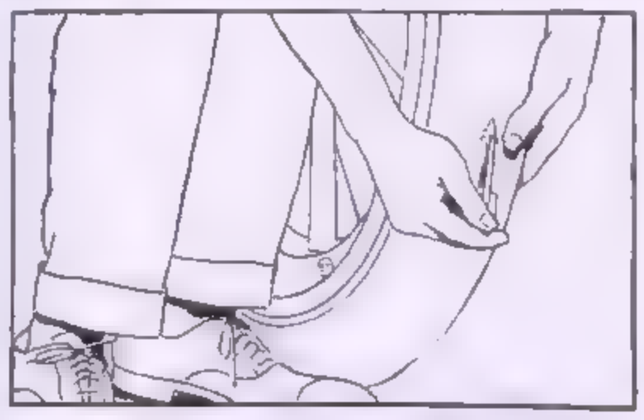
GOODYEAR

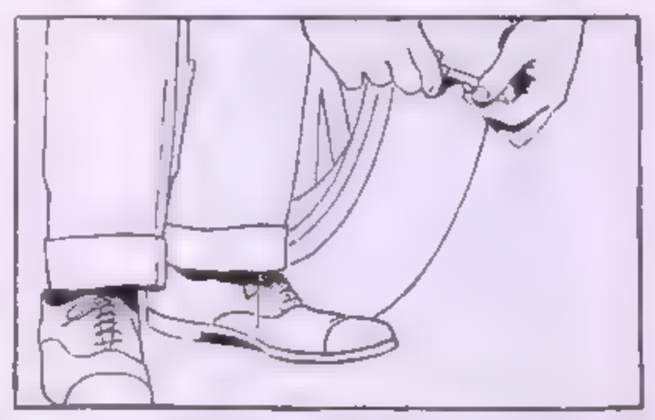
Part and Parcel of the Goodyear Service Plan

HOW TREAD CUTS GROW. *If your tire receives a small tread cut that is not attended to, this is all it will soon grow to, causing quick ruin to the tire, as shown above. It is wise to take your Goodyear Service Station Dealer repair these cuts immediately. A short visit from a dealer armed with the Goodyear Tire Putty Outfit*

◇



HOW TO USE THE GOODYEAR TIRE PUTTY OUTFIT. *Scrub and clean out the cut thoroughly with gasoline and allow to dry. Apply with metal spreader the cover coat of rubber cement, allowing each to dry. Knead a portion of Tire Putty until it comes free from the palms of the hand, then press it well out of sight in the cut and cover the kneaded putty and over part of the tire with more than enough to fill*



LET THE TIRE STAND 12 HOURS OR LONGER *overnight if possible then trim off the ragged edge with a wet knife. The job is complete, the tire is saved and the repair will last fully as long as the rest of the tread*

◇

LIKE every other Goodyear Tire Saver, the Tire Putty Outfit, illustrated on the opposite page, occupies a definite place in the Goodyear Service Plan.

Briefly, this plan supports the fine quality of Goodyear Tires and the convenience of their distribution with an effort to help users get all the miles built into each tire.

By lessons on tire conservation, by constant educational work among our many thousands of dealers, by frequent and instructive advertising, Goodyear is carrying on this work.

The Goodyear plan of Service asks that you avail yourself of your privilege of using the knowledge and advice of your Goodyear Service Station Dealer.

It aims to assist you, by means of Tire Savers and Conservation Lessons, to take care of your tires, to prevent the small injuries from growing into larger ones.

So, naturally, Goodyear Tire Savers become a part and parcel of the Goodyear Service plan for they add thousands of miles of service to injured, worn tires.

Keep them in your car as part of your equipment. Get them, with the six lessons on tire care, at the orange and black sign of the Goodyear Service Station Dealer, or write to The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

TIRE SAVERS

BEAUTY'S WORTH

(Continued from Page 11)

Aloud she said: "If you'll come up to the sitting room of our suite, Mr. Rovein, I'll have my maid bring in some of my frocks to show you. I'll do exactly as you say, naturally. And you're quite right—I've not been successful at making anyone think I'm a beauty, least of all myself. That's why I exclaimed at blue, I suppose."

The next hour was absorbingly interesting for Elsie Cole, and horrible torture for the respectable elderly Madden, her maid. Rovein threw himself into his rôle of dictator with avidity. He had chiffons brought from one of the shops in the hotel arcade and tried their shades and harmonies on his model. Most of her frocks, as displayed by the silently protesting Madden, he ruthlessly ordered discarded. A few he permitted to remain, after he had commanded the removal of certain ribbons, knots of flowers and the like, and ordered their replacement with ornaments of different color.

Presently he seemed to tire of it all.

"Have your maid put scarfs of lavender and blue tulle with that changeable silk, after she's ripped off those disgusting gold bands," he said, rising abruptly. "Wear it to-night. Wait, I must give you a sketch for doing your hair."

He took pencil and paper and drew rapidly for five minutes. Finally he tossed the sketch to Elsie.

"There," he said. "Do it like that, and don't put one of those detestable slickery nets over it. Hair is alive—it mustn't be flattened and crushed and matted. The Chinese woman, with her wonderful carved and glistening coiffure, is the only one who can do that sort of thing. Let me see you look like this to-night."

He rose and went toward the door, but with his hand on the knob he paused:

"Now don't say you're grateful, because you don't know whether you are or not. But I do think"—he paused and glanced at Madden's rigid back, which was leaving the room by another door—"I do think you might at least tell me the name of the Johnny I'm taking all this trouble for."

Elsie Cole looked up from the sketch and laughed. She could not help it, she felt so gay. This curious man who put such violent yet assured hands on her future!

"If you're as clever as you think you are," she said, "you don't need to have me tell you. You'll easily find out for yourself."

Rovein laughed too.

"Just for that, I will. By the way, get another bathing cap—flame colored, plain and tight. And have the sleeves of your bathing suit cut off to your shoulder, and the skirt of it shortened too. Three inches, at least. Better still, get a black swimming suit, perfectly plain."

He banged the door and was gone.

Presently Mrs. Cole came in.

"My dear Elsie," she asked, "what are you doing with all your clothes? I find Madden in a perfect rage, ripping and changing, and I can't get anything out of her except that she's had orders. And what's this?"

She picked up Rovein's sketch.

"Mr. Rovein made that to show me how I ought to do my hair," said Elsie. "We've been having an awfully interesting talk on the way women dress, and—you know how he is: abrupt, peculiar. He thinks I'm all wrong—and he's volunteered to do me over."

"Oh, Rovein!" exclaimed Mrs. Cole. "How very interesting. I believe that this would suit you. Are you going to try it?"

"Of course," said Elsie. "As you say, it will be—interesting."

She spoke as lightly as she could, to hide the exultant hope that tugged at her heart.

"I'm going to try it now," she said, turning to her own room. "It may take a little time to get it right. I don't think I'll go down to luncheon."

"But you're going to play tennis this afternoon with Henry Garrison and Amy Tillson and Tom Brooke, aren't you? Henry told me to remind you."

"Oh, yes—but that's later." And she escaped.

Once alone she pressed her hands to her cheeks. What sort of fantastic adventure had she embarked on? Where would it lead? Why had she betrayed her secret to Cheyne Rovein—and would he hold it safe? Yes; she was sure of that at least. How strange, how wonderful it would be if he could change her from her utter commonplaceness into—she did not mince words—into a real rival of Amy Tillson! And Henry—would he see? Would he? And seeing—would he care? Ah, he must, he must!

She took down her hair with fingers that shook with excitement. Sitting before her dressing table she looped and pinned and coiled, the little sketch before her her guide, until at last she had achieved its likeness. But not quite—there was something wrong with the proportion. She tried once more, and now, in a triumph of persistence, she achieved the desired result. She took up a hand mirror and studied her head from every angle, and another girl looked back at her, another girl whom she scarcely recognized.

"And I never even dreamed it!" she said slowly, half aloud. For a long time she sat still, studying this new vision of herself, and then, smiling, took down her hair once more and did it over in her accustomed way. "I'll wait till to-night," she said.

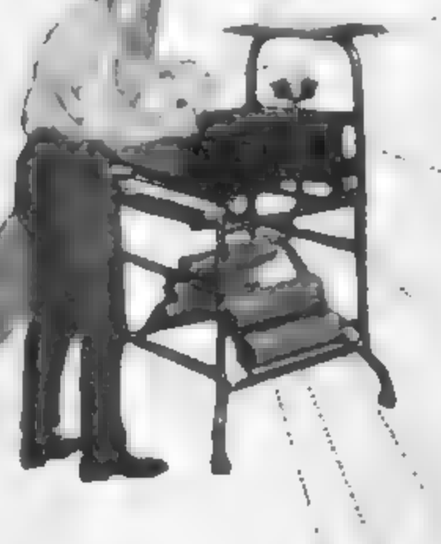
But nevertheless, when she went to play tennis there was an assurance and a sparkle about her that had not been there before. Why not, when she possessed such a delicious secret? She flirted with Tommy Brooke at such a pace that Henry Garrison, at the other side of the net, looked puzzled and surprised. And Amy, who counted Tommy as one of her permanent train, was slightly piqued. Tommy himself did not attempt to explain it. He had known both Amy and Elsie all his life, and the latter had never seemed to be anything but a nice girl, good for a substitute if Amy were unavailable. And now suddenly she had come out and taunted and badgered and teased him in a way that he found absurdly pleasing. And she looked—different somehow. Perhaps it was the flame-colored ribbon she had tied round her head—for

(Continued on Page 105)

Most of Her Frocks, as Displayed by the Silently Protesting Madden, He Ruthlessly Ordered Discarded

Registered U.S Patent Office

Probably You Never Knew Ditto Could Do This, Also



Manufacturing Floor

Broken Package Stock

Canned Goods and Cereals

Dried Fruit, Canned Goods

Heavy Staples

Shipping Floor

Loading Dock

Ditto Speeds Every Move In Filling Orders

See how **Ditto** and the **Ditto** Idea extend their influence to remote branch line towns where your salesmen work.

Immediately after the salesman writes the order with his **Ditto** pencil and sends it in to the house the **Ditto** method of speeding up and eliminating errors begins.

First, opposite each item is entered the number or symbol of the department that is going to fill the item – no rewriting – nothing left out.

Next, the order is placed on the **Ditto** machine and a boy or girl makes, right from the salesman's original, as many copies as there are departments concerned in the order – exact copies – done in less than a minute.

All departments start work at once filling the order. This means quicker deliveries – more orders filled with less help.

The shipping clerk checks up all department copies with his exact copy of the original order – no mistakes – no short shipments – no complaints.

Besides making enormous savings in clerical labor, **Ditto** actually gets orders through hours faster and cuts out claims due to errors.

And this order system is only one of **Ditto's** numerous functions. It is used in every department of business for quick, accurate duplication of all forms where more than one and less than a hundred copies are needed – typed forms in two colors, drawings in five colors, if desired.

Send for the **Ditto** Book or the **Ditto** Man. **Ditto** and the Ditto Idea are worth knowing.

Duplicator Manufacturing Company, *Chicago*

Offices in All Principal Cities

Ditto

THE QUICKEST WAY TO DUPLICATE

Electrify Your Refrigerator

Before Isko, the only refrigeration available for the home was the feeble cold of melting ice.

And in that damp, fluctuating cold, food spoils; milk sours; germs multiply.

But refrigeration by ice is now as antiquated as the tallow candle. Isko, Electric Refrigeration, is the modern way to preserve the family's stores of food.

Three years of widespread usage have demonstrated beyond a doubt the practicability of Isko.

These years have also established the economy of this clean, electric cold.

The mere turning of an electric switch sets Isko working, flooding the refrigerator with a clean cold that is powder-dry and constant.

Food of all kinds stays fresh and pure for long periods of time in that clean, dry cold. Frozen desserts keep firmly frozen.

Modernize your ice-box as you have modernized your ironing and your sweeping and your household lighting—by electricity.

Everybody will want Isko when hot weather comes. To insure prompt delivery, it is well to order *now*.

Larger Iskos are made for commercial establishments.

Our illustrated booklet, Refrigeration Without Ice, and name of nearest dealer sent on request.

THE ISKO COMPANY, *111 W. Washington St.*, CHICAGO, ILL.

ISKO

Electric Refrigeration

(Continued from Page 102)

Elsie had made that much concession to the present moment. She had always been corking at tennis, but it had never been an adventure to play with her. Yet Tommy found himself at the end of the last set—when Henry and Amy had been ignominiously beaten to a frazzle—asking Elsie with an unwonted eagerness if she would play again to-morrow, and displaying a desire to carry her racket, and to walk quite close to her as he did so that he had never felt before. But Henry with his lordly Garrison manner had interfered.

"We'll change partners to-morrow," he said firmly. "You and Amy against Elsie and me. It will be fairer. What do you say, Elsie?"

Elsie remembered to tilt her chin, as per Cheyne Rovein's directions, as she answered. Usually she would have accepted Henry's dictum with humble delight. Now she saw how foolish that would be.

"Oh, I think I'll stick to Tommy," she said. "I stand more chance of winning if I do."

And Henry's look of surprised displeasure was intense indeed.

It was a fair preface to the evening when Rovein appeared before the little group of volunteers for the tableaux that gathered in the ballroom after dinner. Elsie slipped in late and made herself as inconspicuous as possible, but the shimmering, shifting, iridescent loveliness of her dress with its floating transparent scarfs, the soft picturesqueness of her hair, had made her over. And she did not want people to stare at her—as she knew they would stare—until she had grown a little more accustomed to her new self. Rovein coming in had glanced at her sharply and given her a nod of satisfaction. He did not pause beside her, but went at once to the head of the room and began to speak.

"I'm not going to do the usual sort of thing with you at all. If any of you have your hearts set on being Helens or Elaines or Juliets, please forget it as soon as possible. We shall have no hackneyed storybook heroines; nor history's fair women. I have planned twelve tableaux. I call them A Pageant of Color. Most of the effects will be obtained by the simple use of various colored drapings, by lights and by transparent screens in tinted nets. I have made sketches of the tableaux themselves—very crude, but they give the idea. I have wired for materials. All I shall require of you is to let me make my own selection of those who are to pose; and from those I select I want one rehearsal and obedience. I will do the rest. If this is not a satisfactory arrangement please get yourselves another stage manager."

The little knot of chaperoning dowagers at the back of the room looked at each other in amused dismay.

"He'll do something wonderful, of course," whispered Miss Jaspar. "Disagreeable creature—he is a wizard. It's too late to plan anything else anyway. You should be the one to speak and tell him so, Henrietta, I think."

So prodded, Mrs. Garrison rose majestically.

"I am sure, Mr. Rovein," she said graciously, "that our young people will be only too glad to accept your conditions and work under your direction in whatever way you suggest. Your acknowledged art can leave us no doubt of the great success in every way of your proposed pageant."

There was a faint patter of applause.

"Very well, then," said Rovein, "that is settled. Now if you will kindly stand—a little separated." He addressed the men and girls before him.

He walked about among them, with his sketches in his hand.

"I shall need no men—this is to be purely feminine. But I shall need you—and you—and you," he said, nodding from one to another of the girls. "But not you—nor you. I shall need you." He paused, and went on a little more emphatically, but as if talking to himself: "But this last thing—it must be someone who can carry it off—someone really beautiful, not in the obvious way, but subtly, with distinction ——"

He looked them over again. They had all heard him, and there was some self-conscious rustling. It was here that Miss Jaspar gave an unconscious fillip to the situation.

"Miss Tillson is considered to be ——" she began, nodding benevolently toward Amy, tall and radiant in rose color.

Rovein acknowledged the interruption by an impatient jerk of his shoulders.

"Miss Tillson is charming and she will, of course, appear," he said; "but for this I must have a rarer type, and a more unusual coloring." He paused again and his eyes wandered to Elsie Cole. "Ah—here's the thing we need! Miss Cole—would you step forward? The chin up—admirable! You would almost do just as you are."

Under his breath he murmured to her: "Put some spirit into it, girl! Carry it off. They're looking at you through my eyes—and they're going to look a lot more before we're done with them."

She came forward bravely, but her fingers were tight clenched with nervousness over the sticks of her fan.

He spoke aloud: "Just what I want! Just—what—I—want! For the last tableau—the climax—the most beautiful of all this bevy of beauties." He made a little quick foreign bow to the others he had chosen. "I save the best for the last, eh? Why, I believe I'm making you blush, Miss Cole."

His eyes flashed a wicked enjoyment of the situation.

Elsie pulled herself together.

"Of course you're making me blush," she answered as easily as she could. "It's so perfectly absurd."

"Not absurd at all," he protested. "I mean every word of it. Now—if you will give me a committee of two or three energetic and sweet-tempered people to work with me—and they must be real workers—you need have no more anxiety for your tableaux. I see the orchestra is waiting to play for the dancing, and we shall be put out of the ballroom, I'm afraid, unless we wind up our business promptly."

And as the music started he walked over to Elsie and claimed her.

"Dance with me," he commanded, and swung her off so promptly that two or three other young men were checked, as it were, in midair.

"Why, you're a wonderful dancer!" she said, surprised again into unconventional frankness.

"Oh, I can do all the things your little Yale and Princeton boys do," he said; "but we're not going to dance after a moment or two. You're going to walk with me on the veranda, until someone comes out and takes you away from me. It won't be long, I'm very sure of that."

They went out through one of the French windows, and in the semidarkness he turned to her confidently.

"Well, we're off. You did exceedingly well, considering. Everyone in the hotel will be buzzing about you until the tableaux are on, and then they'll all fall down and worship. Oh, you'll get the man you want. He's that tall young blond chap, isn't he—young Garrison?"

"I trust you when I say yes," she answered gravely.

"And the tall young blond girl in the pink dress all out of drawing about the hips wants him too, doesn't she?"

"She's got him," confessed Elsie.

"Oh, no, she hasn't. He's looking out of the window, hunting for you this moment. I'll have to turn you over to him, I suppose. I only want to say that your hair is very successful, and your dress even more so. And are you satisfied with this beginning?"

"Oh, more than satisfied—I'm all bewildered. It seems as if it couldn't be real."

"Stuff! Come and talk to me to-morrow if your swains will let you. I've another lesson for you. Mr. Garrison, I resign Miss Cole to you with infinite reluctance. Good evening to you both."

"I've been looking everywhere for you," said Henry Garrison. "What do you find interesting about that queer painter fellow?"

"Someone must keep him in good humor until after the tableaux are over, Henry, you know."

"Well, let grandmother or Miss Jaspar do it. Frightfully bad taste, I thought, his making you so conspicuous this evening; but you carried it off awfully well. I dare say he thinks women like that sort of thing."

"It was ridiculous, wasn't it?" asked Elsie warily.

"It wasn't ridiculous that he thought you were beautiful," explained Henry, "for you do look perfectly stunning to-night. But he shouldn't have shouted it out, as though he was the only one who could see it."

There was an unmistakable undercurrent of jealousy in Henry's well-bred voice. His usually smooth brow was crossed with a little resentful frown. Elsie had to turn her head away to hide the smile that pulled at the corners of her mouth.

"Let's dance," she suggested.

Thereupon began the belleship of Elsie Cole. The word of Cheyne Rovein having gone forth that she was a beauty, her changed appearance, and the knowledge of it, did the rest. She had to divide her dances into thirds and fourths and fifths as one eager would-be partner after another cut in. She had the satisfaction of seeing the frown of resentment deepen on Henry Garrison's face more than once. As for Tommy Brooke, in his own vernacular she had, he presently told her, got him going. At times she would have liked to venture a surreptitious pinch on her arm, to see if her triumphal progress was real or a mere phantasm.

"But no—I haven't enough imagination ever to fancy anything like this could happen," she told herself, and danced happily on.

It was difficult on the next morning to tear herself away from her attentive admirers and get her promised hour with Rovein. But at last she achieved it, after having solemnly promised to return in time for the just-before-luncheon swim.

"I shan't go in till you do," said Henry Garrison anxiously.

"Nor I," maintained Tommy Brooke.

"Nor I," chorused several others; and even the girls were more friendly than they had ever been.

Of course none of them mattered—except Henry. It was with a warm gratitude in her heart that she had made her way along the lonely path and finally stood beside Rovein's easel.

"I didn't think you'd come," he said.

"But you told me to—and you said you had another lesson for me."

He looked at her critically. Her hair was done in the way he had said, and she wore a rough, creamy linen dress. The yellow sweater had vanished, and in its stead she carried a scarf of blue. She held this out for his inspection.

"Is this the right shade?" she asked. "It was the only one I could find in the arcade shops."

"Almost right—it should be a trifle more purple to accent your eyes." They exchanged amused glances. "You're a different girl to-day. The blind young man—not quite so blind, I take it?"

"Not quite. He's waiting for me back there." She nodded toward the beach.

"Let him wait. He'll wait oftener and longer than this some day. How do you like—having him wait?"

"If I followed my own inclination I'd not make him wait a moment. But men must wait on beauty, mustn't they? That's the correct thing for them to do. I mean—correct psychologically."

"It's part psychological; I told you that. Behold, you do your hair differently, you wear a frock which displays a little more imagination, I call you a beauty in a loud, firm voice—and all this little idle hotel world promptly agrees with me. It's a good thing to stage here. I doubt that we could put it over so easily if we were anywhere else. Here the stage is small and the play is limited. People haven't a great deal to do or to talk about. But I want to know something, and you must tell me—why do you care so much for that one young man?"

Elsie Cole sat down in the sand and let the sea breeze whip her black hair into cloudy disorder.

"I don't know," she said honestly. "I always have. Henry's always been my ideal, if I may use such an abused and hackneyed word. When we were little and played together I was always his choice, but as we grew older and all the childish games stopped that stopped too. And there's a tradition in the Garrison family that the sons must marry beauty—and so, as I wasn't a beauty, Henry simply didn't see me."

"All as simple as that?"

"For him. Not quite so simple for me."

"Tears?"

"Quarts of them."

"But look here—is he going to give you what you want—I mean the sort of love you want?"

"What do I want? What do you think love is?"

Rovein dropped his brush, picked it up and put it down again.

"Love—a flame, a flower, a crystal, laughter, tenderness, understanding, a clasp that never loosens, a light that never fails, a gift that is all giving. Is that enough? And will Henry Garrison give you that?"

There was a little silence, and then she answered slowly: "I don't know. I can't bargain or want to bargain. But I know—that I can give all that to him."

She was unprepared for the effect of her words. Rovein stabbed two brush handles into the hot sand.

"Dammit, I suppose you can!" he said violently. "And you're a perfect little fool to do it. I'm almost sorry —— Whew—this is warm talk for a warm day, isn't it? Forget it, won't you? And let's talk about some more clothes for you in your career as a beauty. There's a certain French green, with yellow in it—you must have an evening dress of it. Send for some samples, will you, and I'll make pictures for your dressmaker to follow. It must be very modish and yet of no mode at all."

"I don't like these things people call artistic clothes," interposed Elsie meekly.

"The most sensible thing you've ever said," answered Rovein. "Those amorphous, baggy, badly made garments of shoddy stuff, in impossible colors, and with jewelry that's more like discarded bits of the innards of motor cars than anything else. O Art, what crimes are committed in thy name! D'you think it's queer for me to care so much about women's clothes? Except the sea there is nothing in this world so beautiful as a beautiful woman, and because I care so much for beauty I want all women who have it to make the most of it, to share it lavishly with the world, not cover it up in rotten colors and a slavish aping of the moment's styles. I would never paint anything but beautiful women if there were only enough of them to make it interesting. Because there are not, I paint the sea. But I think you've kept young Henry Garrison waiting long enough. Better go back to him. Be kind but not too kind."

"And what shall I wear to-night?" she asked, rising.

"The same dress that you wore last night. Can you get a sewing woman here?"

"Yes, there's a hotel maid who sews, I believe; and Madden is good."

"Get them for this afternoon, and I'll plan you something new for to-morrow night, built on that white lace you showed me. I think I'll have it dipped in tea. Then with a sash of transparent Pompeian red—but oh, wait until we have the tableaux! If you think you're a sensation now, then you'll be a shock!"

"What am I to wear?"

"You shan't know until the last moment," he said peremptorily. "Run along. You haven't been a beauty long enough to make young Garrison wait more than half an hour."

Rather to her surprise she realized that it was not of Henry Garrison she was thinking as she made her way back along the path. What a strange man. What was it he had called love? "A flame, a flower, a crystal, laughter, tenderness, understanding, a clasp that never loosens, a light that never fails, a gift that is all giving" she could not help wondering what Henry would call love; and in the midst of her wondering she became aware that Henry was coming to meet her. She forgot Rovein and his definitions in the pleasure of seeing Henry's eagerness.

"What an age you've been," he grumbled. "Hurry and get into your bathing things and we'll have a game of ball before we go in."

He walked close to her as she went to the hotel. Miss Jaspar and Mrs. Garrison, installed in their beach-chair thrones, observed approvingly.

"How Elsie has come out this summer," said Miss Jaspar. "I always thought her most attractive. It didn't surprise me at all to hear Cheyne Rovein call her a beauty last night."

And old Mrs. Garrison smiled acquiescence. "Cheyne Rovein knows," she said; and added archly: "And so does Henry, as you see."

Thus illustrating the very human tendency to pretend that we have always observed what we have not in reality been able to see at all until authority forced it on our attention.

Rovein, alone with the ocean, did not try to go on with his painting.

"I've let myself in for more than I bargained for," he said with a half sigh, "in more ways than one. There's no use of my

(Concluded on Page 108)

Essex Triumphs Confirm It

Easy to Operate—Fleet, Nimble and Free From Mechanical Annoyance. It Can Be Easily Parked in Small Spaces and Turned in Streets too Narrow for Cars of Longer Wheelbase

The New Dominant Type

Its 50-Hours at Top Speed Endurance Mark is Unmatched. But That is Proof of Only One of the Fine Car Qualities Essex Brought to the Light Car Field

Today light car advantages challenge attention, imperatively. They were never so wanted.

Mere bulk and weight are no longer necessary to finest car quality.

Essex success proves that. Consider its unrivalled endurance feat of travelling 3037 miles in 50 hours. Mark its world sales record of more than $35,000,000 paid for 22,000 cars in its first year. And note how many who formerly bought big, costly cars, now own an Essex.

They find in it all the fine performance, speed, power and reliability, for which they paid big premiums, in their former large cars.

Moreover they find such exclusive light car benefits as economy, nimbleness and handling ease.

Essex Has These Exclusive Light Car Advantages

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And of great importance also are the light car advantages that present-day crowded street traffic force every buyer to consider.

The light Essex needs no unobstructed boulevard to make fast time safely. It is away quicker. It stops, starts, turns and picks up, with a speed and ease impossible to heavier types.

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Its spacious interior, its luxury finish, its solidness and freedom from mechanical concern are qualities that none would associate with light cars they have known.

You find it surprisingly ample and roomy. But you do not pay the upkeep on weight, tires, and for gasoline and oil that such comfort and spaciousness may have hitherto meant.

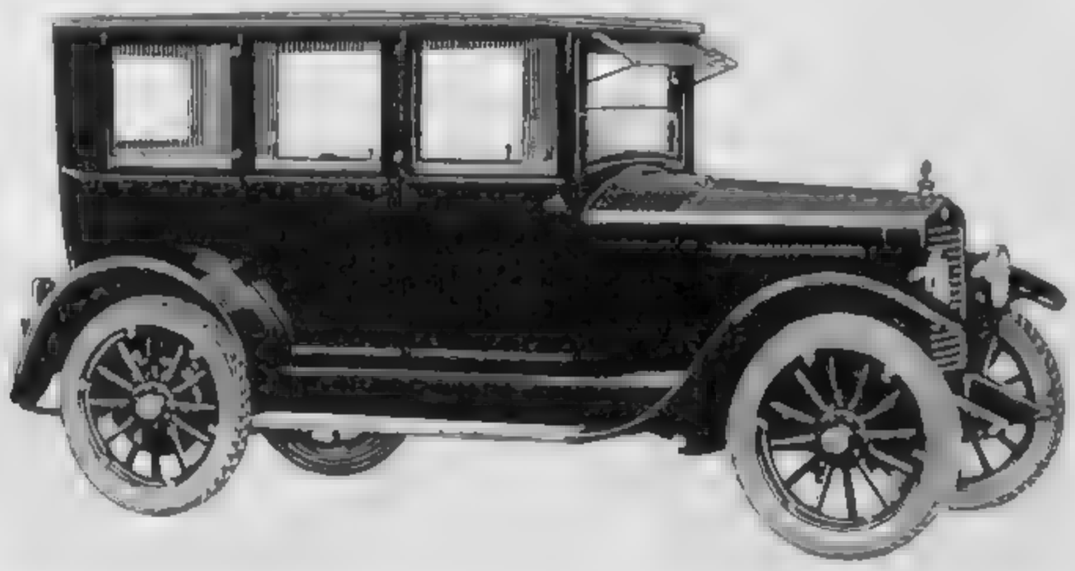
The Essex Charm Is All Its Own

Come and ride in the Essex. There are three types—the touring model, the sedan and the roadster—all identical in performance.

Women like the Essex daintiness and beauty. They like its ease of operation, its freedom from annoyance and its comfort qualities. The finish and pleasing appointments gratify discriminating taste. It is the sort of car you will take pride in owning.

But it is Essex performance and endurance that must always be its strongest appeal. Power for the hills, speed and endurance to which no distance is a barrier, alertness and prompt pick-up in crowded traffic—these qualities must always be first.

With last year's experience of two buyers waiting for every Essex produced, it is obvious that you must act promptly to secure early delivery.



ESSEX MOTORS
USA

(Concluded from Page 105)

pretending to work until after these baily tableaux are over. I may as well make up my mind to spend the rest of the time quarreling with the hotel electrician and ruining my temper in getting the damn things licked into some sort of possibility. I'll make this whole bunch of stodgy rich open their eyes and yell for more. I'll give them the flush of every sense gratified—they shall learn how to rollick and riot in color—and I'll make them cry and laugh and imagine that they are living flesh and blood, and not just parcels of ossified emotions. And as for that little girl—she shall be all beauty. The beauty that has no time, no age, no name; beauty that hurts, that fires. I'll make that blond young athlete of hers with the vacuum brainpan turn himself into Romeo and Othello at the sight of her. A large order, Rovein, my son. You must be up and doing."

In summer and in idleness love affairs march rapidly. And it wasn't as if, young Henry Garrison assured himself, he hadn't known Elsie and liked her all his life. He felt that he must always have loved her, and only been waiting for her to bloom into irresistibility as she was doing now. Beautiful—why, of course she was beautiful. It was part of the Garrison tradition to marry beauty. That she had become so suddenly so, in a way dramatically, only added to her value in his eyes. It was as if until now she had not cared to exert herself to make him see her so. And if she cared enough to do that—why, then, she must care much more. He did not mind being played with a little, so sure was he of final conquest. In the meantime he was willing to burn incense with the crowd of others who had acclaimed her. Now and then, by little proprietary airs, he made it plain that he was only biding his time.

"I wish you wouldn't wear that conspicuous bathing suit," he said to Elsie in one of these moods of ownership.

She had only smiled, a wise little baffling smile—and continued to wear the suit.

On the day before the tableaux he had made another self-explanatory remark.

"I shall be glad when these things are over and we can all drop this artist fellow again. He's a great genius, no doubt, but he's not our kind."

"Henry," asked Elsie, "what is our kind?"

He looked at her in surprise.

"Why, just the nice decent sort of people that we all know and like, who don't do out-of-the-way things."

"Oh," said Elsie, and said no more.

She found it pleasant to be a beauty, but at the same time strange. The sensation was baffling at times. It was hard to believe in it. She was just the same, within herself, she knew, and it seemed strange that her changed appearance should give her so much importance. The very servants of the hotel waited on her with an interested alacrity. The older people were more aware of her. Even her mother regarded her with more respect, and among her own special friends she was ceded place. It all recalled to her Rovein's words about the importance and the value of beauty. She wanted to ask him more about it, but she had little opportunity. In spite of Henry's complaint that Rovein was too much in evidence the artist was genuinely busy arranging his scheme for the tableaux, and bothered not at all about anyone save the hotel electrician. Once or twice he gave Elsie a quick hint or a reminder, a word of pungent counsel; and now and then she met his eyes full of amused understanding—usually when Henry was beside her.

The tableaux were to be preceded by a play, the play by some music, all more or less amateur; all for charity—tickets five dollars. The interest of the big hotel and that of the surrounding colony of exclusive cottagers had become centered on the tableaux. The mystery that surrounded them, the reputation of Rovein for eccentricity and autocracy supplemented by the glamour of his name—these were what really packed the Haven House ballroom, even to the more or less reluctant men folk, who were usually much in the minority.

So the music and the play were only perfunctorily applauded, and the little interval that followed them and preceded the beginning of the tableaux was murmurous of real expectancy. Henry Garrison, who had been sitting beside his grandmother, was one of several young men to slip away and refresh themselves with a cigarette on the veranda. But he was back in his place before the curtain went up on the first of Rovein's pageant.

It was very simple, the scheme. He had taken the spectrum as the basis of his plan, and beginning with the coolest blues he gradually worked up to a crescendo of warmth and richness in orange and scarlet. The girl in each tableau was scarcely more than a lay figure to hold his artful draperies, and yet each one was chosen to heighten and enhance each particular scheme. The electrician, subdued at last to Rovein's purpose, and persuaded that he was an integral part of the success of the evening, manipulated his lights without a hitch.

All that color can give to the emotions Rovein wrung from his audience, and brought them swiftly from possible criticism to a delighted sensuous abandonment. Screens of softly tinted gauze placed before each living picture cast soft shadows in strange unknown harmonies.

The moment of impressed silence after the showing of each tableau was a greater tribute than the burst of wild applause that followed. Rovein chuckled grimly as he noted it. He was working like a galley slave, getting each player into place, arranging draperies, shifting the screens, signaling for lights and curtain, and keeping full command of all the cramped backstage space. As fast as each tableau was over he dismissed the player into outer darkness. At the end there were only himself and Elsie Cole left, and he got her into place a little less hurriedly than he had the others.

"They've been getting wilder and wilder," he whispered. "Have you noticed? But you're—going—to—knock—them—cold. This is your big moment. I've done all I can, and you must help me. Now—keep your eyes steady. Rest your head against the wall, so you won't sway. Ready. Curtain."

He drew back in the wings as the curtain opened and looked at her anxiously. He lifted a hand for the lights to be changed to warmer hues. She stood with perfect arms a little raised, in a glory of brilliant color that shifted under the slow changing lights as clouds of sunset shift and blend together.

There was gold tissue behind her to give solidity and depth to the composition. She might have been painted by Dearth, thought Rovein, and a passionate wish stirred in him that the dead master might have seen her.

Her black hair and scarlet-wrapped slenderness made a part of the pattern and yet dominated it. And she was so beautiful that a sigh of pleasure went up from the audience at sight of her.

For a moment Rovein turned away his head.

"She's done it," he thought. "I knew she would."

He signaled for the curtains to be drawn shut, and as they closed her eyes turned slowly to him.

"Be still!" he whispered. "They won't let you go yet."

"Am I all right?" she asked, scarcely daring to move her lips.

"Yes—steady! You're wonderful," he answered—the last word involuntary. And at the clamor of applause he had the curtains drawn aside once more.

When the moment was over and the curtains had closed for the last time he went forward to her.

"You'll have no difficulty maintaining your reputation as a beauty after this," he said unevenly, under cover of the second burst of plaudits. "I wish I could have seen the face of your favored swain while he was looking at you. Let me help you slip off that stuff. Now go and get into a dancing frock and prepare to make your triumphal entry. My job's finished."

She looked up at him gravely.

"You're a strange man," she said. "I suppose I ought to thank you. And yet ——"

She went away without finishing the sentence, the faithful Madden in attendance. Of course that was what she must do—get into her dancing frock and go down and let them felicitate her. She had been beautiful—she was beautiful—she had felt it. Madden was excited into unusual volubility as she dressed her.

"Oh, Miss Elsie, I never saw anything so grand!" she said. "You looked like a picture and a garden of flowers all mixed up, somehow. You made me feel queer-like—almost as if I wanted to cry. I don't know what it was." And so on and so on. Elsie smiled but did not try to answer.

Presently her mother came in, and she, too, was curiously moved.

"Dear, I came to see if you were nearly ready," she said, kissing her daughter. "Everyone went wild over you, and it was marvelous! I can't explain it somehow. Cheyne Rovein is a wizard—nothing less. I wish you would ask him to paint you posed like that. And yet, I don't know—I don't know. Maybe I'd rather just remember you so. I don't think anyone expected anything like it. Everyone's waiting to see you—downstairs."

But Elsie knew that her mother meant that Henry was waiting to see her. Mrs. Cole was not at all blind to the possibilities of Henry as a son-in-law, but it was only in the last fortnight that she had seen it as probable.

Everyone was waiting—and Henry very much in the foreground.

He came forward possessively as Elsie stepped out of the elevator. He stood by with ill-concealed impatience as one after another stopped her to exclaim, to felicitate, to admire. At last he got her away by the simple expedient of whisking her out on the dancing floor.

They danced together for a few minutes in silence, and then Elsie found herself walking out of that very French window through which Cheyne Rovein had taken her on the first night of her changed appearance. She marveled to find herself thinking of it, instead of thinking of the man by her side. But Henry was speaking, and she had to listen.

"It was the most beautiful thing I ever saw in my life, Elsie," he was saying: "and yet, in a way, I didn't like it. I can't explain it very well, but no man wants to see the girl he loves giving her beauty freely for everyone. I hated having you make a show of yourself and having everyone applaud you. I want you just for myself."

She felt surprisingly calm, considering how many years she had longed for just this moment.

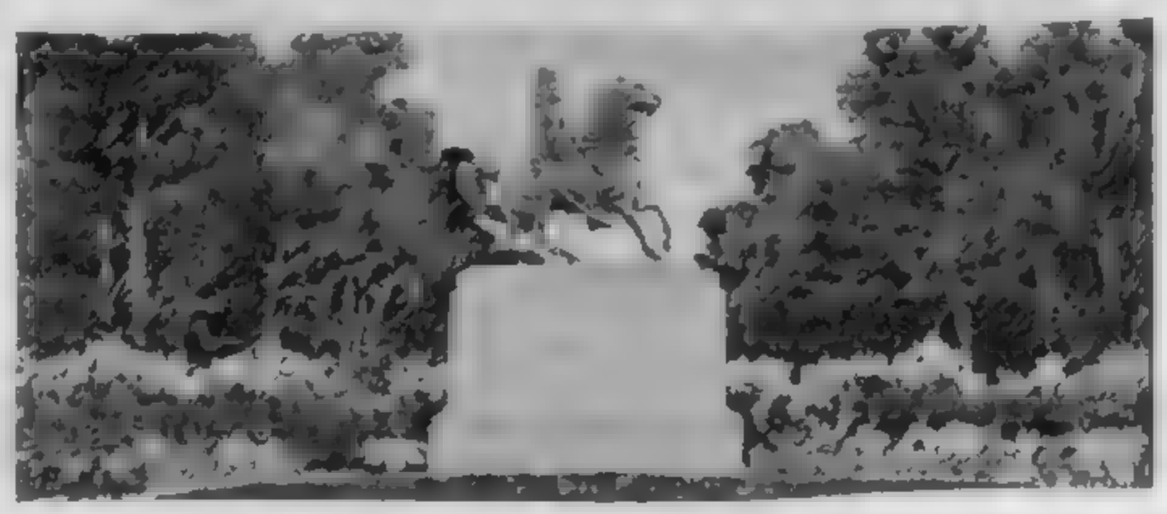
"Is that the way you feel about love, Henry?" she asked. "Is that what it means to you?"

Henry was not so composed—his arm actually trembled under her fingers, but he tried to control himself.

"Darling—what else is love?" he asked in his turn. "I'm not one of these romantic chaps, you know. I want you just for myself, of course. I see you in the home that we will have, I see you at the head of my table, among our guests. You will wear the Garrison emeralds—superbly. Each night I shall come home to you, to find you waiting for me, beautiful as you are tonight, and—and you will be mine, mine to admire, to enjoy, to possess. That's the way I love you."

"It sounds to me like a sultan and the favorite of his harem," said Elsie musingly.

"What are you saying!" exclaimed Henry. "Why, Elsie—what's got into you! Are you just trying to make a fool of me? When I've loved you all these years!"



In the moonlight his young face was extraordinarily handsome and appealing, especially with that look of trouble and disturbance on it. Yet—had he loved her all these years? a little imp asked Elsie. Had he indeed, when he was following Amy Tillson about so devotedly no more than two weeks ago?

"I'm very tired—I think it was the excitement of the tableaux," she said suddenly. "I think I'd better go back upstairs and go to bed. I—I don't feel like myself a bit."

"But, Elsie—you've not answered me," he cried, detaining her.

"What have you asked me? You've said you loved me and expected to see me at the head of your table."

"You're not fair," he protested. "You know that I am asking you when you will marry me."

"When—but not if?" she asked. And then, in quick repentance: "I'll tell you to-morrow. I don't—oh, I don't mean to be unfair." And before he could stop her she had fled away from him.

But when the next morning came, Elsie Cole did an unpardonable thing. She told Madden to answer all messages with the information that she had a sick headache and could not leave her room. Then she slipped down the hall, took the servants' elevator and sneaked—literally sneaked—out of the hotel by the most remote of its several back entrances. Thence, following a lonely circuitous route as inconspicuously as possible, she presently arrived at the place where she knew Cheyne Rovein must be painting.

"I didn't expect to see you," he greeted her rather mockingly. "Beauties usually sleep late."

She sat down on the sand and didn't answer for a while.

"Do you think emeralds would suit me?" she asked at last.

"Now why do you ask that?"

"The Garrison emeralds are famous, you know."

Cheyne Rovein rose to his feet and bowed.

"My congratulations. You have achieved something rare in this tiresome world—you have got what you want."

Again there was a silence. She did not look at him when she answered:

"But I haven't. I've only got what I thought I wanted."

"Now see here," he said roughly. "Like the man in the story I can be pushed just so far. You wanted to be a beauty to capture an unresponsive young man. I helped you to achieve your end. You mustn't come round and try to play on me, you know. I'm out of it."

She kept her head still turned away.

"You're not out of it—unless you want to be," she said.

He dropped on the sand beside her and caught her wrists.

"Why do you think I wanted you to be beautiful?" he asked. "Why do you think I cared to bother myself with all that man-milliner fluff? I'd watched you and watched you, and longed to make you over, and when the chance came and I realized that it was for someone else, I said to myself I'd be sport enough to see it through. I said I'd see you go to that boy with his emeralds and his polo ponies and his place on Long Island and his house in town and all the rest of the truck he has to offer you; I'd see you go and stick it; because if that was what you really wanted—then I didn't want you. And all the time I kept hoping and hoping that it wasn't true, that you were what I thought, not what you seemed. Oh, I walked the beach all night last night while you were dancing."

"I wasn't dancing. I was upstairs sitting at my window. I felt you—pulling me to you, away from everything else."

He burst out laughing.

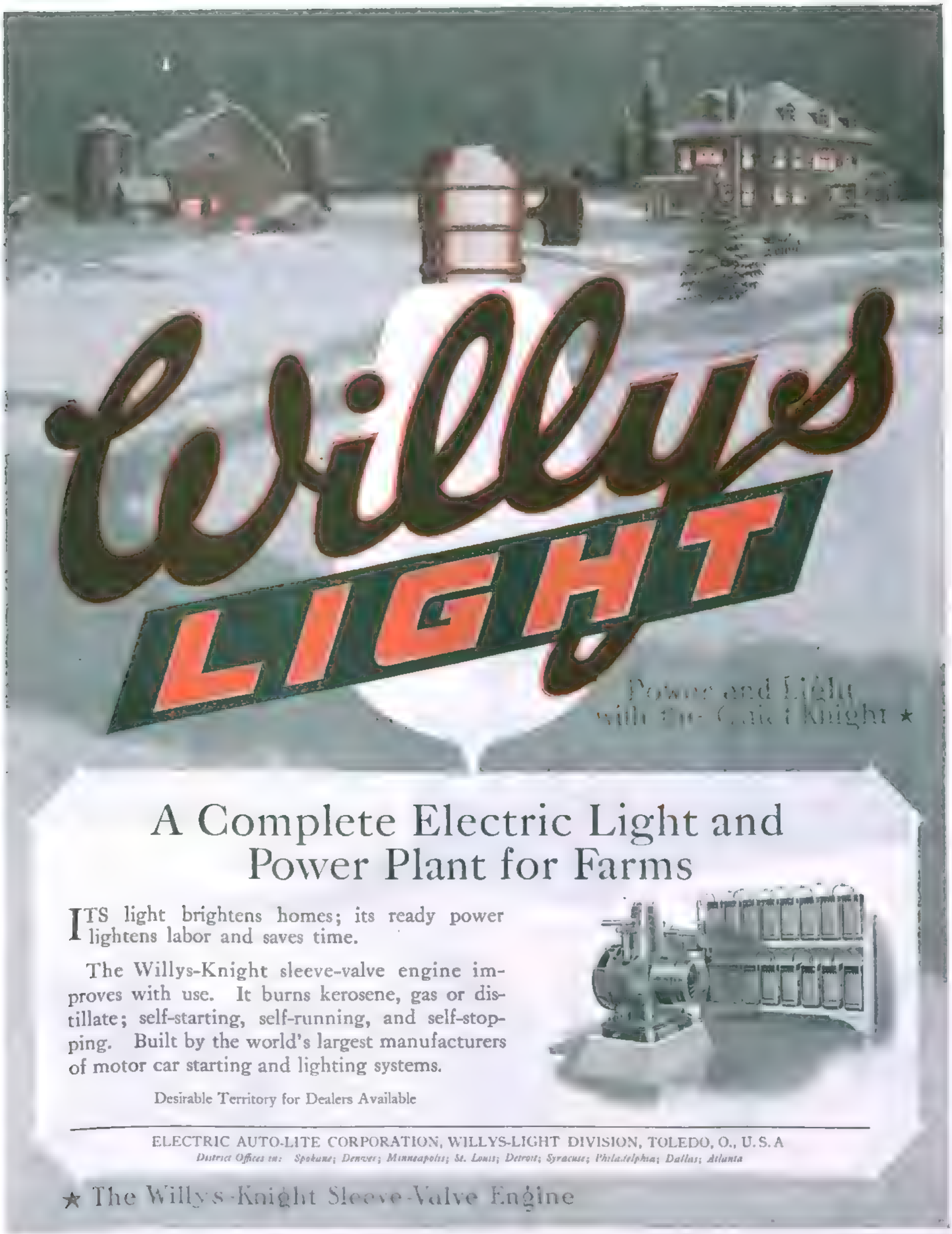
"What ripping times we'll have!" he exclaimed. "And what a row there'll be! Look here, you are a Bernard Shaw young woman, you know. You came out here and practically proposed to me. I'm going to tell your mother that."

"And you didn't have the courage to refuse me," she mocked tenderly.

"I knew you'd keep after me until I gave in, so I might as well do it first as last." He had his arms about her now. "Little beauty—little girl! Are you sure this time? You won't change your mind again? Last week you wanted Henry Garrison, you know. To-day you want me. Next week you may want someone else."

"Will you let me?" she asked.

The answer was satisfactory.



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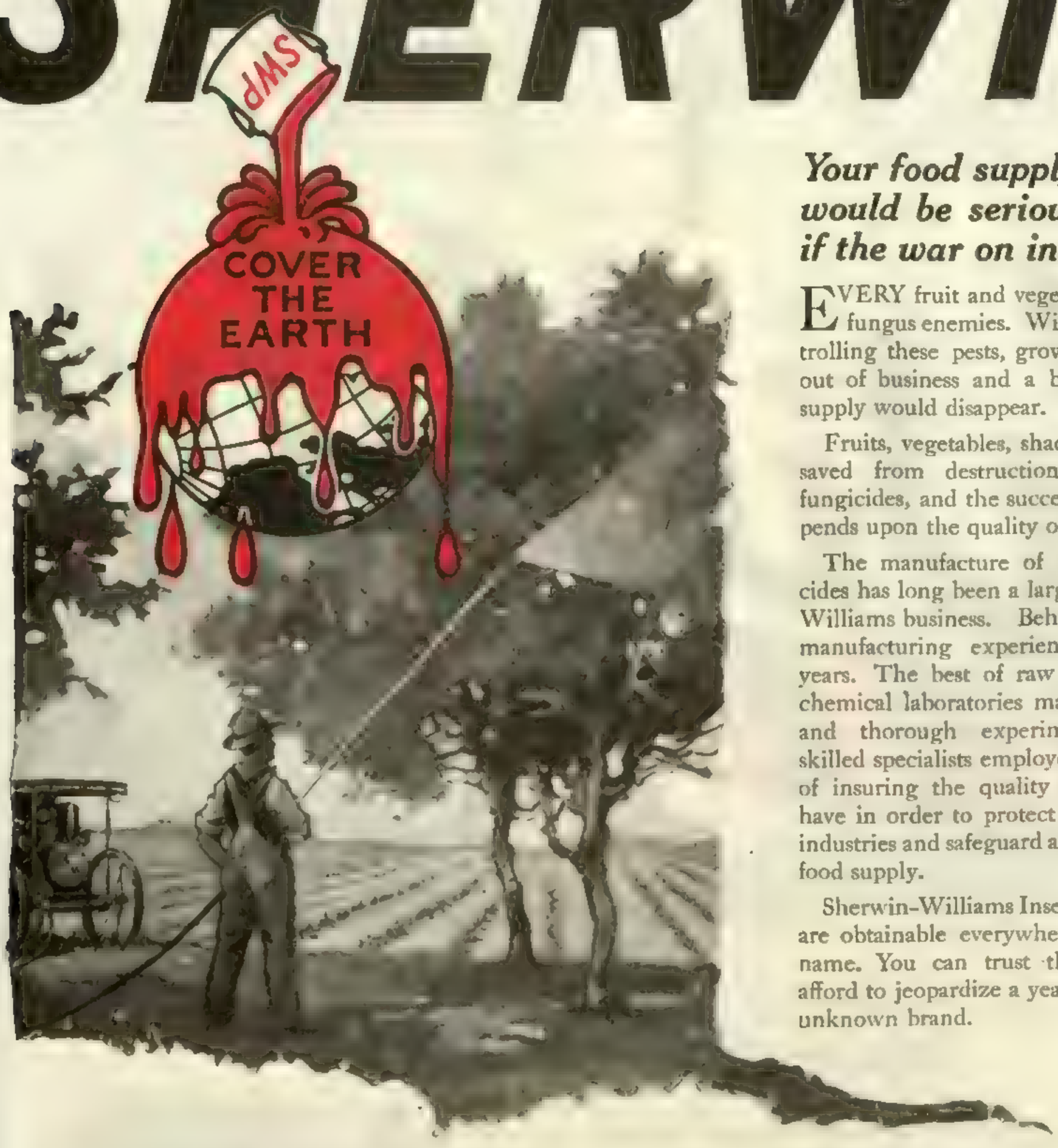

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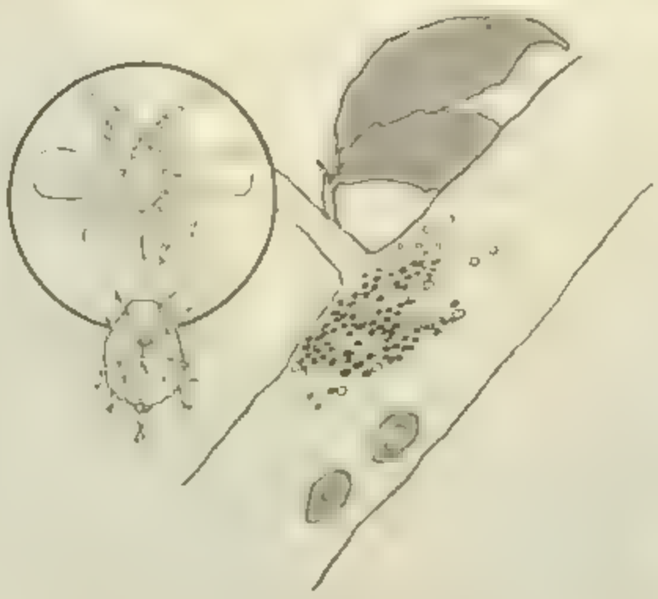

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Sherwin-Williams Insecticides and Fungicides used in all parts of the country, in the opinion of growers and users, have demonstrated greater bulk, better suspension qualities, greater adhesiveness and greater uniformity. They are highly efficient in controlling insect and fungous growths but harmless to trees and plants, increasing the yield and improving the quality of fruits and vegetables.

The Sherwin-Williams line includes:

S-W Paris Green	S-W Tuber-Tonic
S-W Dry Lime Sulfur	S-W Fungi-Bordo
S-W Pestroy	S-W Arsenate of Calcium
S-W Dry Powdered Arsenate of Lead	S-W Dry Dusting Mixtures

Write for our book, "The Sprayer's Manual," 64 pages lithographed in colors, with scientifically accurate pictures of pests, giving valuable information, charts and spraying schedules.

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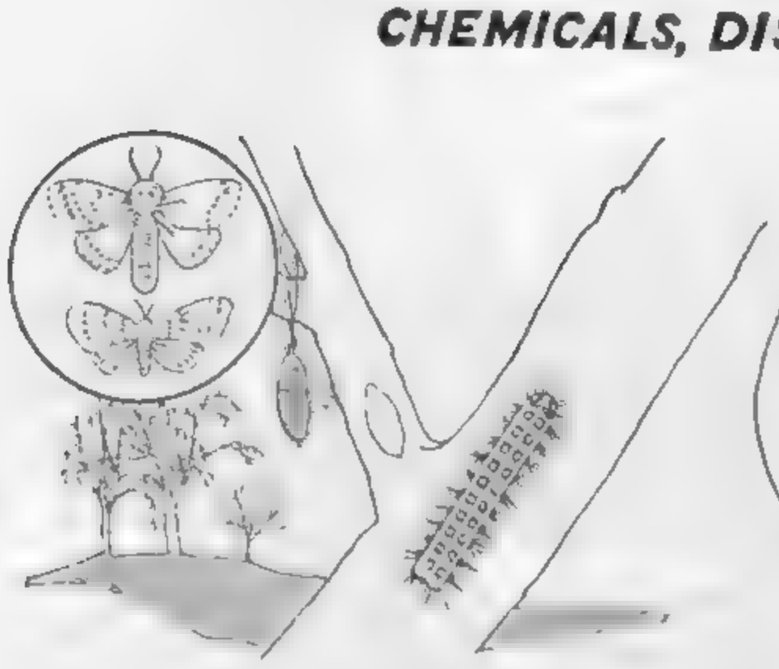
CHEMICALS, DISINFECTANTS, WOOD PRESERVATIVES



Gipsy Moth
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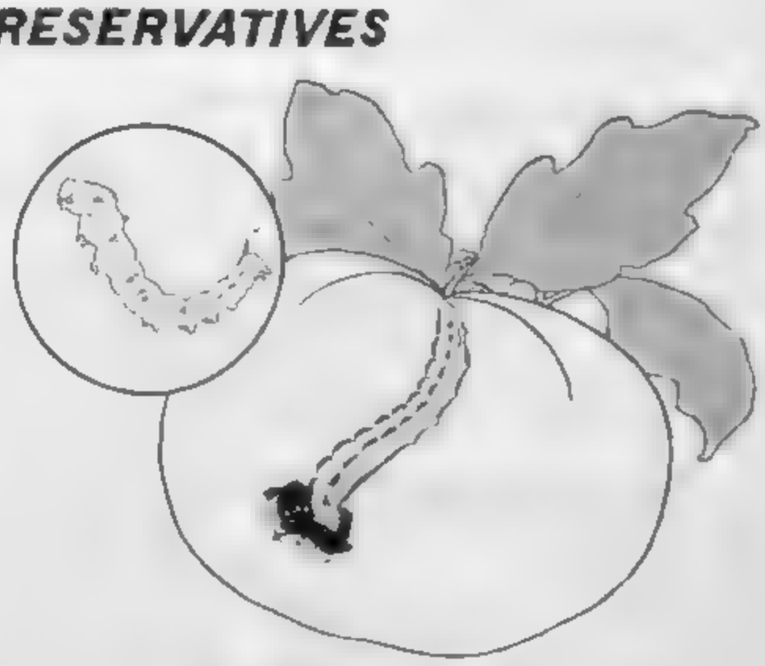
Apple Scab
Controlled with S-W Dry Lime Sulfur



Tomato Worm
Killed with S-W Paris Green or S-W Dry Arsenate of Lead

THE DRUMS OF JEOPARDY

(Continued from Page 25)

the floor and cuddled the flowers to her heart, her eyes filling. Cutty.

One of those ideas which sometime or another spring into the minds of all pretty women who are poor sprang into hers—an idea such as an honest woman might muse over, only to reject. Sinister and cynical. Kitty was at this moment in rather a desperate frame of mind. Those two inherent characteristics, which she had fought valiantly—love of good times and of pretty clothes—made ingress easy for this sinister and cynical idea. Having gained a foothold it pressed forward boldly. Cutty, who had everything—strength, comeliness, wisdom and money. To live among all those beautiful things, never to be lonely again, to be waited on, fussed over, made much of, taken into the high world. Never more to add up accounts, to stretch five-dollar bills across the chasm of seven days. An old man's darling!

"No, no, no!" she burst out passionately. She drew a hand across her eyes. As if that gesture could rub out an evil thought! It is all very well to say "Avaunt!" But if the idea will not? "I couldn't, I couldn't! I'd be a liar and a cheat. But he is so nice! If he did want me! . . . No, no! Just for comforts! I couldn't! What a miserable wretch I am!"

She caught up the copper jug and still holding the roses to her heart, the tears streaming down her cheeks, rushed out to the kitchen for water. She dropped the green stems into the jug, buried her face in the buds to cool the hot shame on her cheeks, and remembered—what a ridiculous thing the mind was!—that she had three shirt waists to iron. She set the jug on the kitchen table, where it remained for many hours, and walked over to the range, to the flatiron shelf. As she reached for a flatiron her hand stopped in midair.

A fat black wallet! Instantly she knew who had placed it there. That poor Johnny Two-Hawks!

Kitty lifted out the wallet from behind the flatirons. No doubt of it, Johnny Two-Hawks had placed it there when she had gone to the speaking tube to summon the janitor. Not knowing if he would ever call for it! Preferring that she rather than his enemies should have it. And without a word! What a simple yet amazing hiding place; and but for the need of a flatiron the wallet would have stayed there until she moved. Left it there, with the premonition that he was heading into trouble. But what if they had killed him? How would she have explained the wallet's presence in her apartment? Good gracious, what an escape!

Without direct consciousness she raised the flap. She saw the edges of money and documents; but she did not touch anything. There was no need. She knew it belonged to Johnny Two-Hawks. Of course there was an appalling attraction. The wallet was, figuratively, begging to be investigated. But resolutely she closed the flap. Why? Because it was as though Two-Hawks had placed the wallet in her hands, charging her to guard it against the day he reclaimed it. There was no outward proof that the wallet was his. She just knew, that was all.

Still, she examined the outside carefully. In one corner had been originally a monogram or a crest; effectually obliterated by the application of fire.

Who he was and what he was, by a simple turn of the wrist. It was Cutty's affair now, not hers. He had a legal right to examine the contents. He was an agent of the Federal Government. The drums of jeopardy and Stefani Gregor and Johnny Two-Hawks, all interwoven. She had waited in vain for Cutty to mention the emeralds. What signified his silence? She had indirectly apprised him of the fact that she knew the author of that advertisement offering to purchase the drums, no questions asked. Who but Cutty in New York would know about them? The mark of the thong. Johnny Two-Hawks had been carrying the drums, and Karlov's men had torn them from their victim's neck during the battle. Was there any reason why Cutty should not have taken her completely into his confidence? Palaces looted. If Stefani Gregor had lived in a palace, why not his protégé? Still, it was possible Cutty was holding back until he could tell her everything.

But what to do with it? If she called him up and made known her discovery, Cutty would rush up as fast as a taxicab could bring him. He had peremptorily ordered her not to come to his apartment for the present. But to sit here and wait, to be alone again after he had gone! It was not to be borne. Orders or no orders, she would carry the wallet to him. He could lecture her as much as he pleased. To-night, at least, she would lay aside her part as parlor maid in the drama. It would give her something to do, keep her mind off herself. Nothing but excitement would pull her out of this semi-hysterical doldrum.

She hid the wallet in the pocket of her underskirt. Already her blood was beginning to dance. She ran into her bedroom for two veils, a gray automobile puggree and one of those heavy black affairs with butterflies scattered over it, quite as effectual as a mask. She wound the puggree about her hat. When the right moment came she would discard the puggree and drop the black veil. Her coat was of dark blue, lined with steel-gray taffeta. Turned inside out it would fool any man. She wore spats. These she would leave behind when she made the change.

Someone might follow her as far as the Knickerbocker, but beyond there, never. She was sorry, but she dared not warn Bernini. He might object, notify Cutty and spoil everything.

"He Told Me to Give the Wallet to You. And So I Waited. I Fell Asleep. So Please Don't Scold Me"

By the time she reached the street exhilaration suffused her. The melancholia was gone. The sinister and cynical idea had vanished apparently. Apparently. Merely it had found a hiding place and was content to abide there for the present. Such ideas are not without avenues of retreat; they know the hours of attack. Kitty was alive to but one fact: The game of hide and seek was on again. She was going to have some excitement. She was going into the night on an adventure, as children play at bears in the dark. The youth in her still rejected the fact that the woof and warp of this adventure were murder and loot and pain.

En route to the Subway she never looked back. At Forty-second Street she detrained, walked into the Knickerbocker, entered the ladies' dressing room, turned her coat, redraped her hat, checked her gaiters, and sought a taxi. Within two blocks of Cutty's she dismissed the cab and finished the journey on foot.

At the left of the lobby was an all-night apothecary's, with a door going into the lobby. Kitty proceeded to the elevator through this avenue. Number Four was down, and she stepped inside, raising her veil.

"You, miss?"

"Very important. Take me up."

"The boss is out."

"No matter. Take me up."

"You're the doctor!" What a pretty girl she was! No come-on in her eyes though. "The boss may not get back until morning. He just went out in his engineer's togs. He sure wasn't expecting you."

"Do you know where he went?"

"Never know. But I'll be in this bird cage until he comes back."

"I shall have to wait for him."

"Up she goes!"

As Kitty stepped out into the corridor a wave of confusion assailed her. She hadn't planned against Cutty's absence. There was nothing she could say to the nurse; and if Johnny Two-Hawks was asleep—why, all she could do would be to curl up on a divan and await Cutty's return.

The nurse appeared. "You, Miss Conover?"

"Yes." Kitty realized at once that she must take the nurse into her confidence. "I have made a really important discovery. Did Cutty say when he would return?"

"No. I am not in his confidence to that extent. But I do know that you assumed unnecessary risks in coming here."

Kitty shrugged and produced the wallet. "Is Mr. Hawksley awake?"

"He is."

"It appears that he left this wallet in my kitchen that night. It might buck him up if I gave it to him."

The nurse, eying the lovely animated face, conceded that it might. "Come, I've been trying futilely to read him asleep, but he is restless. No excitement, please."

"I'll try not to. Perhaps, after all, you had better give him the wallet."

"On the contrary, that would start a series of questions I could not answer. Come along."

When Kitty saw Hawksley she gave a little gasp of astonishment. Why, he was positively handsome! His dark head, standing out boldly against the bolstering pillows, the fine lines of his face definite, the pallor—he was like a Roman cameo. Who and what could he be, this picturesque foundling?

His glance flashed into hers delightedly. For hours and hours the constant wonder where she was, why no one mentioned her, why they evaded his apparently casual questions. To burst upon his vision in the nadir of his boredom and loneliness like this! She was glorious, this American girl. She made him think of a golden scabbard housing a fine Toledo blade. Hadn't she saved his life? More, hadn't she assumed a responsibility in so doing? Instantly he purposed that she should not be permitted to resign the office of good Samaritan. He motioned toward the nurse's chair; and Kitty sat down, her errand in total eclipse.

"Just when I never felt so lonely! Ripping!"

His quick smile was so engaging that Kitty answered it—kindred spirits, subconsciously recognizing each other. Fire; but neither of them knew that; or that two lonely human beings of opposite sex, in touch, constitute a first-rate combustible.

(Continued on Page 114)

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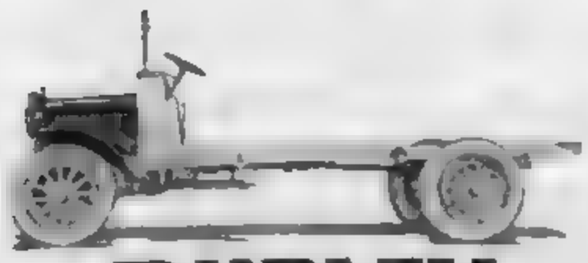

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Duplex Truck Company
Lansing • Michigan

One of the Oldest and Most Successful Truck Companies in America

(Continued from Page 112)

Quietly the nurse withdrew. There would be a tonic in this meeting for the patient. Her own presence might neutralize the effect. She had not spent all those dreadful months in base hospitals without acquiring a keen insight into the needs of sick men. No harm in letting him have this pretty self-reliant girl alone to himself for a quarter of an hour. She would then return with some broth.

"How—how are you?" asked Kitty inanely.

"Top hole, considering. Quite ready to be killed all over again."

"You mustn't talk like that!" she protested.

"Only to show you I was bucking up. Thank you for doing what you did."

"I had to do it."

"Most women would have run away and left me to my fate."

"Not my kind."

"Rather not! Your kind would risk its neck to help a stray cat. I say, what's that you have in your hand?"

"Good gracious!" Kitty extended the wallet. "It is yours, isn't it?"

"Yes. I wanted you to bring it to me the way you have. If I hadn't come back—out of that—it was to be yours."

"Mine?"—dumfounded. "But ——"

"Why not? Gregor gone, there wasn't a soul in the world. I was hungry, and you gave me food. I wanted that to pay you. I'll wager you've never looked into it."

"I had no right to."

"See!" He opened the wallet and spread the contents on the counterpane. "I wasn't so stony as you thought. What? Cash and unregistered bonds. They would have been yours absolutely."

"But I don't—I can't quite," Kitty stammered—"but I couldn't have kept them!"

"Positively yes. You would have shown them to that ripping guardian of yours, and he would have made you see."

"Indeed, yes! He would have been scared to death. You poor man, can't you see? Circumstantial evidence that I had killed you!"

"Good Lord! And you're right too! So it goes. You can't do anything you want to do. The good Samaritan is never requited; and I wanted to break the rule. Lord, what a bally mix-up I'd have tumbled you in! I forgot that you were you, that you would have gone straight to the authorities. Of course I knew if I pulled through and you found the wallet you would bring it to me."

Kitty no longer had a foot on earth. She floated. Her brain floated too because she could not make it think coherently for her. A fortune—for a dish of bacon and eggs! The magnificence, the utter prodigality of such generosity! For a dish of bacon and eggs and a bottle of milk! Had she left home? Hadn't she fallen asleep, the victim of another nightmare? A corner of the atmosphere cleared a little. A desire took form; she wanted the nurse to come back and stabilize things. In a wavering blur she saw this odd young man restore the money and bonds and other documents to the wallet.

"I want you to give this to your guardian when he comes in. I want him to understand. I say, you know, I'm going to love that old thoroughbred! He's fine. Fancy his carrying me on his shoulders and eventually bringing me up here among the clouds! Americans. . . . Are you all like that? And you!"

Kitty's brain began to make preparations to alight, as it were. Cutty. That gave her a touch of earth. She heard herself say faintly: "And what about me?"

"You were brave and kind. To help an unknown friendless beggar like that, when you should have turned him over to the police! Makes me feel a bit stuffy. They left me for dead. I wonder ——"

"What?"

"If—it wouldn't—have been just as well!"

"You mustn't talk like that! You just mustn't! You're with friends, real friends, who want to help you all they can." And then with a little flash of forced humor, because of the recurrent tightening in her throat—"Who could be friendless, with all that money?" Instantly she felt like biting her tongue. He would know nothing of the sad American habit of trying to be funny to keep a wobbly situation on its legs. He would interpret it as heartlessness. "I didn't mean that!" With the Irish impulsiveness which generally weighs acts in retrospection she reached over and gripped his hand.

"I say, you two!" Hawksley closed his eyes for a second. "Wanting to buck up a chap because you're that sort! All right. I'll stick it out! You two! And I might be the worst scoundrel unhung!"

He drew her hand toward his lips, and Kitty had not the power to resist him. She felt strangely theatrical, a character in a play; for American men, except in playful burlesque, never kissed their women's hands. The moment he released the hand the old wave of hysteria rolled over her. She must fly. The desire to weep, little fool that she was! was breaking through her defenses. Loneliness. The two of them all alone but for Cutty. She rose, crushing the wallet in her hand.

Ah, never had she needed that darling mother of hers so much as now. Tears did not seem to afford relief when one shed them into handkerchiefs and pillows. But on that gentle bosom, to let loose this brimming flood, to hear the tender voice consoling!

"Oh, I say, now! Please!" she heard Johnny Two-Hawks cry out.

But she rushed on blindly, knocking against the door jamb and almost upsetting the nurse, who was returning. Somehow she managed to reach the living room, glad it was dark. After sundry reaching about she found the divan and flung herself upon it. What would he think? What would the nurse think? That Kitty Conover had suddenly gone stark, raving crazy! And now that she was in the dark, alone, the desire to weep passed over and she lay quietly with her face buried in the pillow. But not for long.

She sat up. Music—violin music! A gay waltz that made her think of flashing water, the laughter of children. Tschaikowsky. Thrilled, she waited for the finale. Silence. Scharwenka's Polish Dance, with a swing and a fire beyond anything she had ever heard before. Another stretch of silence—a silence full of interrogation points. Then a tender little sketch, quite unfamiliar. But all at once she understood. He was imploring her to return. She smiled in the dark: but she knew she was going to remain right where she was.

"Miss Conover?" It was the voice of the nurse.

"Yes. I'm over here on the divan."

"Anything wrong?"

"Good gracious, no! I'm overtired. A little hysterical, maybe. The parade to-day, with all those wounded boys in automobiles, the music and color and excitement—have rather done me up. And the way I rushed up here. And not finding Cutty — —"

"Anything I can get for you?"

"No, thanks. I'll try to snatch a little sleep before Cutty returns."

"But he may be gone all night!"

"Will it be so very scandalous if I stay here?"

"You poor child! Go ahead and sleep. Don't hesitate to call me if you want anything. I have a mild sedative if you would like it."

"No, thanks. I did not know that Mr. Hawksley played."

"Wonderfully! But does it bother you?"

"It kind of makes me choky."

"I'll tell him."

Kitty, now strangely at peace, snuggled down among the pillows. Some great Polish violinist, who had roused the bitter enmity of the anarchist? But no; he was Russian. Cutty had admitted that. It struck her that Cutty knew a great deal more than Kitty Conover; and so far as she could see there was no apparent reason for this secrecy. She rather believed she had Cutty. Either he should tell her everything or she would run loose, Bolshevik or no Bolshevik.

Sheep. She boosted one over the bars, another and another. Round somewhere in the thirties the bars dissolved. The next thing she knew she was blinking in the light, Cutty, his arms folded, staring down at her somberly. There was blood on his face and blood on his hands.

■■

KARLOV moodily touched the shoulder of the man on the cot. Stefani Gregor puzzled him. He came to this room more often than was wise, driven by a curiosity born of a cynical philosophy to discover what it was that reënforced this fragile body against threats and thirst and hunger. He knew what he wanted of Gregor—the fiddler on his knees begging for mercy. And always Gregor faced him with that silent calm which reminded him of the sea, aloof, impervious, exasperating. Only once since the day he had been locked in this room had Gregor offered speech. He, Karlov, had roared at him, threatened, baited, but his reward generally had been a twisted wintry smile.

He could not offer physical torture beyond the frequent omissions of food and water; the body would have crumbled. To have planned this for months, and then to be balked by something as visible yet as elusive as quicksilver! Born in the same mudhole, and still Boris Karlov the avenger could not understand Stefani Gregor the fiddler. Perhaps what baffled him was that so valiant a spirit should be housed in so weak a body. It was natural that he, Boris, with the body of a Carpathian bear, should have a soul to match. But that Stefani, with his paper body, should mock him! The damned bourgeoisie!

The quality of this unending calm was understandable: Gregor was always ready to die. What to do with a man to whom death was release? To hold the knout and to see it turn to water in the hand! In lying he had overreached. Gregor, having accepted as fact the reported death of Ivan, had nothing to live for. Having brought Gregor here to torture he had, blind fool, taken away the fiddler's ability to feel. The fog cleared. He himself had given his enemy this mysterious calm. He had taken out Gregor's soul and dissipated it.

No. Not quite dissipated. What held the body together was the iron residue of the soul. Venom and blood clogged Karlov's throat. He could kill only the body, as he had killed the fiddle; he could not reach the mystery within. Ah, but he had wrung Stefani's heart there. There were pieces of the fiddle on the table where Gregor had placed them, doubtless to weep over when he was alone. Why hadn't he thought to break the fiddle a little each day?

"Stefani Gregor, sit up. I have come to talk." This was formula. Karlov did not expect speech from Gregor.

Slowly the thin arms bore up the torso; slowly the legs swung to the floor. But the little gray man's eyes were bright and quick to-night.

"Boris, what is it you want?"

"To talk"—surprised at this unexpected outburst.

"No, no. I mean, what is it all about—these killings, these burnings?"

Karlov was ready at all times to expound the theories that appealed to his dark yet simple mind—humanity overturned as one overturned the sod in the springtime to give it new life.

"To give the proletariat what is his."

"Ha!" said the little man on the cot. "What is his?"

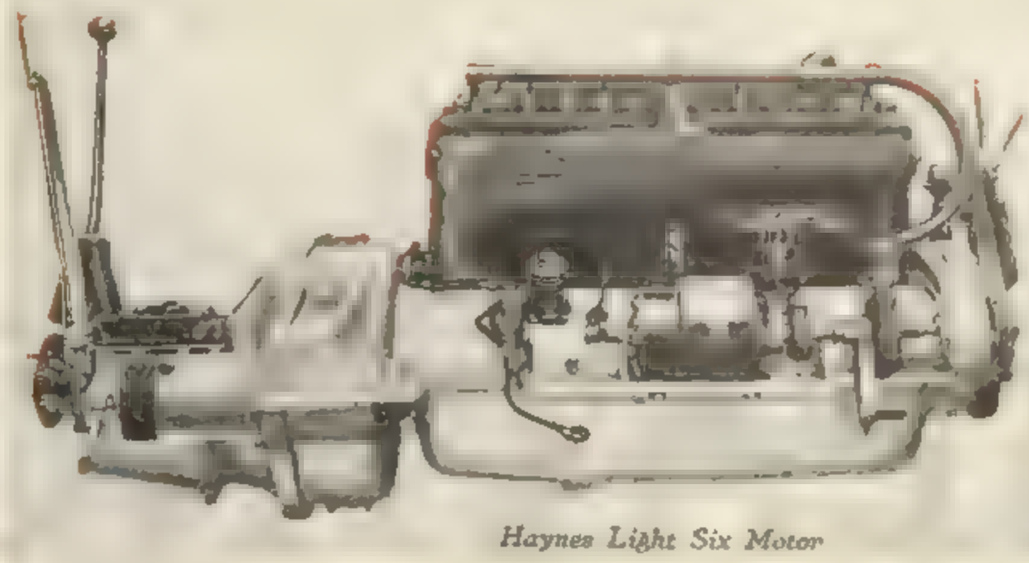
"That which capitalism has taken away from him."

"The proletariat. The lowest in the human scale—and therefore the most helpless. They shall rule, say you. My poor Russia! Beaten and robbed for centuries, and now betrayed by a handful of madmen—with brains atrophied on one side! You are a fool, Boris. Your feet are in strange quicksands and your head among chimeras. You write some words on a piece of paper, and lo! you say they are facts. Without first proving your theories correct you would ram them down the throat of the world. The world rejects you."

"Wait and see, damned bourgeoisie!" thundered Karlov, not alive to the fact that he was being baited.

"Bourgeoisie? Yes, I am of the middle class; the rogue on top and the fool below. I see. The rogue and the fool cannot

(Continued on Page 118)



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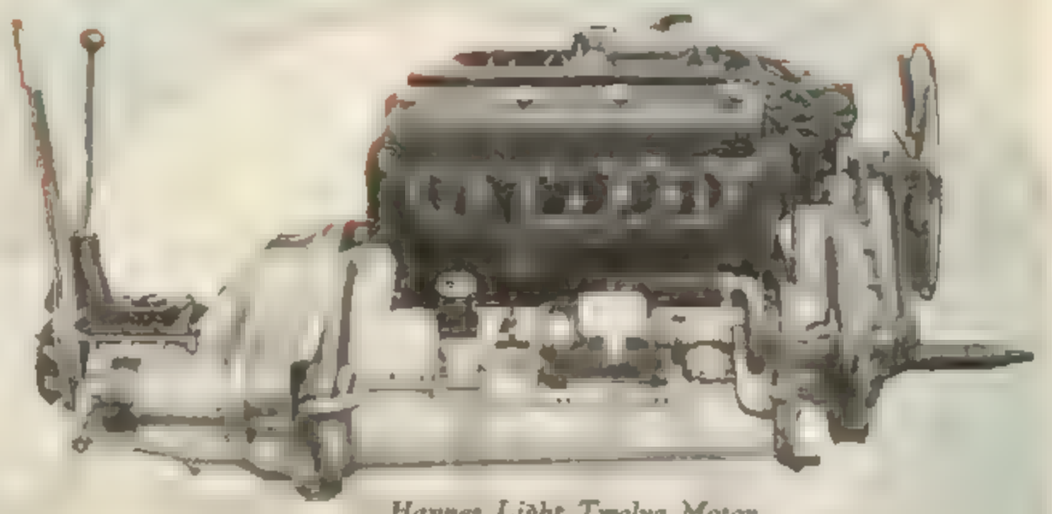

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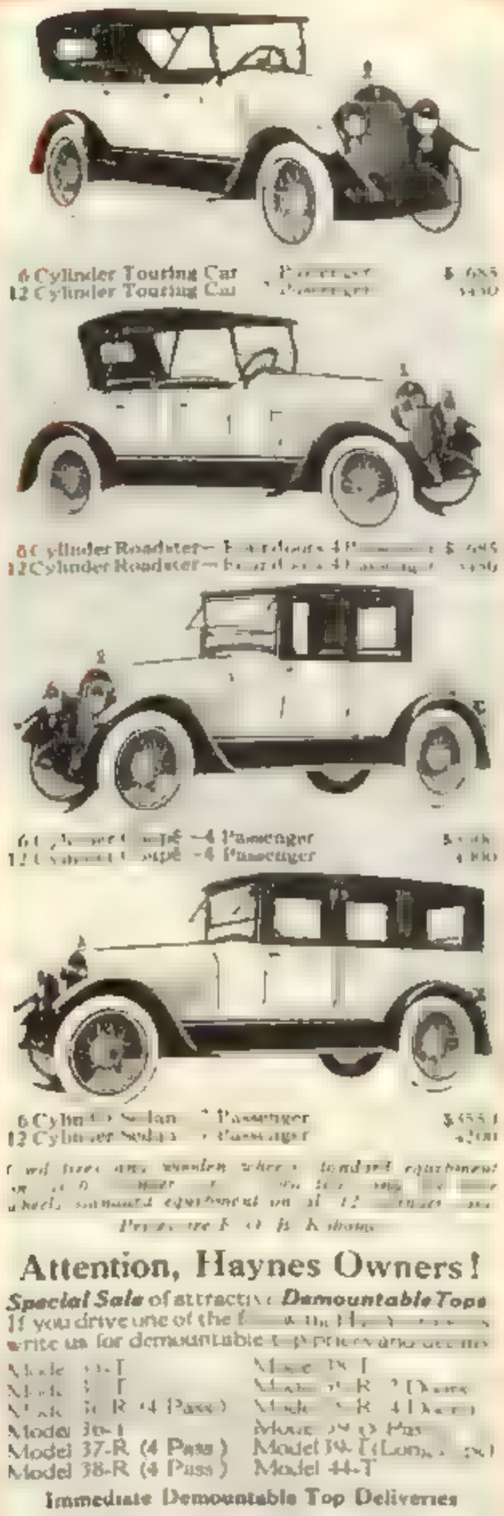

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The Burroughs Calculator will add, subtract, divide and multiply without the writing down of a single figure. Some of its most used applications are extending and checking invoices; figuring payrolls; preparing cost figures; proving freight bills and allowances; making estimates; converting foreign currency; figuring selling prices, profits, etc.; totaling sales by classes; calculating interest; checking all sorts of calculations, etc.

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In the contractor's office it provides the most direct way of getting totals from a mass of detail figures, of which no printed record is necessary. It speeds up every operation that involves *any* of the four fundamentals of figuring.

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For the sales manager it simplifies and speeds such tasks as figuring sales for each man per month or per week, or finding percentages for each one.

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It aids further in the compilation of figures by territories, by products or any classification that may be determined upon by the sales or statistical departments. It has ready an answer for every problem that arises.

The figures you need

Perhaps *your* cost system is entirely different. Possibly you think that a Burroughs Calculator could not be profitably applied, but the fact is that it has been put to work in thousands of cases under all sorts of conditions and has never failed to save money when properly used.

When it's the *result* that's wanted and no record of operations along the line is necessary, the Burroughs Calculator furnishes a way to the answer that is simple, direct and far more speedy and certain than even the most expert pad and pencil figuring.

Burroughs

MACHINES FOR EVERY BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 114)

combine unless the bourgeoisie is obliterated. Go on. I am interested."

"Under the soviet the government shall be everything."

"As it was in Prussia."

Karlov ignored this. "The individual shall never again become rich by exploiting the poor."

Karlov strove to speak calmly. Gregor's willingness to discuss the aims of the proletariat confused him. He suspected some ulterior purpose behind this apparent amiability. He must hold down his fury until this purpose was in the open.

"Well, that is good," Gregor admitted. "But somehow it sounds ancient on my ear. Was there not a revolution in France?"

"Fool, it is the world that is revolting!" Karlov paused. "And no man in the future shall see his sister or his daughter made into a loose woman without redress."

"Your proletariat's sister and daughter. But the daughter of the noble and the daughter of the bourgeoisie—fair game!"

Sometimes there enters a man's head what might be called a sick idea; when the vitality is at low ebb and the future holds nothing. Thus there was a grim and sick idea behind Gregor's gibes. It was in his mind to die. All the things he had loved had been destroyed. So then, to goad this madman into a physical frenzy. Once those gorillalike hands reached out for him Stefani Gregor's neck would break.

"Be still, fiddler! You know what I mean. There will be no upper class, which is idleness and wastefulness; no middle class, the usurers, the gamblers of necessities, the war makers. One great body of equals shall issue forth. All shall labor."

"For what?"

"The common good."

"Your Lenine offered peace, bread and work for the overthrow of Kerensky. What you have given—murder and famine and idleness. Can there be common good that is based upon the blood of innocents? Did Ivan ever harm a soul? Have I?"

"You!" Karlov trembled. "You—with your damned green stones! Did you not lure Anna to dishonor with the promise to show her the drums, the sight of which would make all her dreams come true? A child, with a fairy story in her head!"

"You speak of Anna! If you hadn't been spouting your twaddle in taverns you would have had time to instruct Anna against guilelessness and superstition."

"How much did they pay you? Did you fiddle for her to dance? . . . But I left their faces in the mud!"

A madman, with two obsessions. A pitiable Samson with his arms round the pillars of society to drag it down upon his head because society had defiled his sister! Ah, how many thousands in Russia like him! A great yearning filled Gregor's heart, because he understood; but he suppressed expression of it because the sick idea was stronger.

"Yes, yes! I loved those green stones because it was born in me to love beautiful things. Have you forgotten, Boris, the old days in Moscow, when we were students and I made you weep with my fiddle? There was hope for you then. You had not become a pothouse orator on the rights of the proletariat—the red-combed rooster on the smoldering dungheap! Beauty, no matter in what form, I loved it. Yes, I was mad about those emeralds. I was always stealing in to see them, to hold them to the light, simply because they were beautiful." Gregor's hands flew to his throat, which he bared. "I lured her there! 'Twas I, Boris! . . . Those beautiful hands of yours, fit for the butcher's block! Kill me! Kill me!"

But Karlov shrank back, covering his eyes. "No! I see now! You wish to die! You shall live!" He rushed toward the far wall, a huge grotesque shadow rising to meet him his own, thrown upon the wall by the wavering candlelight. He turned shaking, for the temptation had been great.

At once Gregor realized his failure. The tenseness went out of him. He spoke calmly. "Yes, I wanted to die. I no longer possess anything. I lied, Boris; but it is useless to tell you that. I knew nothing of Anna until it was too late. I wanted to die."

Karlov began to pace furiously, the candle flame springing after him each time he passed it.

There was a question in Gregor's mind. It rushed to his lips a dozen times but he dared not voice it. Olga. Since Karlov could not be tempted to murder, it would be futile to ask for an additional burden of mental torture. Perhaps it had not happened—the terrible picture he drew in his mind—since Karlov had not boasted of it.

"Come, Boris. There is blood on your hands. What is one more daub of it?"

Karlov stopped, scowled, and ran his fingers through his hair. Perhaps some ugly memory stirred the roots of it. "You wish to die!"

Gregor bent his head to his hands and Karlov resumed his pacing. After a while Gregor looked up.

"Private vengeance. You begin your rule with private vengeance."

"The vengeance of a people. All the breed. Did France stop at Louis? Do we tear up the roots of the poisonous toadstool that killed someone we loved and leave the other toadstools thriving?"

"To cure the world of all its ills by tearing up the toadstools and the flowers together—do you call that justice? The proletariat shall have everything, and he begins by killing off noble and bourgeoisie and dividing up the loot! Even with his oppression the noble had a right to live. The bourgeoisie must die because of his benefactions to a people. The world for the proletariat, and damnation for the rest!"

"Let each become one of us," cried Karlov hoarsely. "We give them that right."

"You lie! You have done nothing but assassinate them when they surrendered. But tell me, have not you, Lenine and Trotzsky overlooked something?"

"What?" Karlov was vaguely grateful for this diversion. The lust to kill was still upon him and he was fighting it. He must remember that Gregor wished to die. "What have we overlooked?"

"Human nature. Can you tear it apart and reconstruct it, as you would a clock? What of creative genius in this proletariat millennium of yours?"

"The state will carefully mother that."

Gregor laughed sardonically. "Will there be creative genius under your rule? Will you not suffocate it by taking away the air that energizes it—ambition? You will have all the present marvels of invention to start with, but will you ever go beyond? Have you read history and observed the inexorable? I doubt it. What is progress? A series of almost imperceptible steps."

"Which capitalism has always obstructed," flung back Karlov.

"Which capitalism has always made possible. Curb it, yes; but abolish it, as you have done in unhappy Russia! Why do you starve there? Poor fool, because you have assassinated those forces which created food—that is to say, put it where you could get it. Three-quarters of Russia is against you. You read nothing in that? The efficient and the inefficient, they shall lie down together as the lion and the ass, to paraphrase. They shall become equal because you say so. What is, fundamentally, this Bolshevism? The revolt of the inefficient. The mantle of horror that was Germany's you have torn from her shoulders and thrown upon yours. Fools!"

The anarch's huge fists became knotted; wrinkles corrugated his forehead; but he did not stir. Gregor wanted to die.

Gregor pointed with trembling hand toward the brown litter on the table. "To destroy. You shattered a soul there. You tore mine apart when you did it. For what? To better humanity? No; to rend something, to obliterate something that was beautiful. Demolition. Go on. You will tear and rend until exhaustion comes, then some citizen king, some headstrong Napoleon, will step in. The French Revolution taught you nothing. You play The Marseillaise in the Neva Prospekt and miss the significance of that song. Liberty? You choose license Equality? You deny it in your acts. Fraternity? You slaughter your brothers."

"Be silent!" roared Karlov, wavering.

But Gregor continued with a new-found hope. He saw that his jeers were wearing down the other's control Perhaps the weak side was the political. Karlov was a fanatic. There might yet be death in those straining fingers.

"To seize by confiscation, without justice, indiscriminately all that the group efficient laboriously constructed I enter your house, kill your family and steal your silver. Are your acts fundamentally different from mine? Remember, I am speaking from the point of view as three-quarters of Russia sees it, and all the other civilized nations. There may be something magnificent in that soviet constitution of yours; but you have deluged it in blood and folly. Ostensibly you are dividing up the great estates, but actually you are parceling them out and charging rent. You will not own anything. The state shall own all the property. What will be the patriotism of the man who has nothing? Why defend something that is only his government's, not his own? You are legalizing women as cows. The sense of motherhood will vanish when a woman may not select her mate. What is the greatest thing in the world? The human need of possession. To own something, however little. The spur of creative genius. Human beings will never be equal except in lawful privileges. The skillful will outpace the unskillful; the thrifty will take from the improvident; genius will overtop mediocrity. And you will change all this with a scrape of your bloody pen!"

Karlov's body began to rock and sway like an angry bear's; but still he held his ground. Gregor wanted to die, to cheat him.

"What of power?" went on his baiter. "Capitalism of might. Lenine and Trotzky; are they—have they been—honest? Has Russia actually voted them into office? They sit in the seats of the mighty by the capitalism of force. For the capitalism of money, which is progress physical and moral, you substitute the capitalism of force, which is terror. You speak of yourselves as internationalists. Bats, that is the judgment day of God—internationalism! For only on the judgment day will nations become a single people."

A short silence. Gregor was beginning to grow weak. Presently he picked up the thread of his diatribe.

"I have lived in England, France, Italy and here. I am competent to draw comparisons. Where you went to distill poison I went to absorb facts. And I found that here in this great democracy is the true idea. But you will not read the lesson."

Sweat began to drop from Karlov's beetling eyebrows.

"You will fail miserably here. Why? Because the Americans are the greatest of individual property owners. The sense of possession is satisfied. And woe to the fool who suggests they surrender this. Little wooden houses, thousands and thousands of them, with a small plot of ground in the rear where a man in the springtime may dig his hands into the soil and say gratefully to God, 'Mine, mine!' I too am a Russ. I thought in the beginning that you would take this country as an example, a government of the people, by the people, for the people. Wrongs? Yes. But day by day these wrongs are being righted. No lesson in this for Trotzky, a beer-hall orator like yourself. Ten million men drafted to carry arms. Did they revolt? Shoulder to shoulder the selected millions marched to the great ships, shoulder to shoulder they pressed toward the Rhine. No lesson in that!

"Capitalism, seeking to save its loans, you rant! Capitalism of blood and money that asked only for simple justice to mankind. The ideal of a great people—a mixture of all bloods, even German! No lessons in these tremendous happenings! And you babble about your damned proletariat who represents the dregs of Russia. What is he? The inefficient, whining that the other man has the luck, so kill him! Russia the kindly ox, fallen among wolves! You cannot tear down the keystone of civilization—which took seven thousand years to construct—insert it upside down and expect the arch to stand. You have your chance to prove your theories. Prove them in Petrograd and Moscow, and you will not have to go forth with the torch. And what is this torch but the hidden fear that you may be wrong? . . . To wreck the world before you are found out! You are idiots, and you have turned Russia into a madhouse! Spawns from the dungheap!"

"Damn you, Stefani Gregor!" Karlov rushed to the cot, raised his terrible fists, his chest heaving. Gregor waited. "No, no! You wish to die!" The madman swung on his heels and dashed toward the door, sweeping the pieces of the violin to the floor as he passed the table

Gregor feebly drew himself back upon his cot and laid his face in the pillow.

"Ivan—my violin—all that I knew and loved—gone! And God will not let me die!"

XXI

FROM a window in one of the vacant warehouses twenty-odd feet away Cutty, from an oblique angle, had witnessed the peculiar drama without being able to grasp head or tail to it. For two hours he had crouched behind his window, watching the man on the cot and wondering if he would ever turn his face toward the candlelight. Then Karlov had entered. Gregor's ironic calm—with the exception of the time he had bared his throat—and Karlov's tempestuous exit baffled him. To the eye it had the appearance of a victory for Gregor and a defeat for Karlov, but Cutty had long ago ceased to believe his eyes without some corroborative evidence of auricular character.

He had recognized both men. Karlov answered to Kitty's description as an old glove answers to the hand. And no man, once having seen Gregor, could possibly forget his picturesque head. The old chap was alive! This fact made the night's adventure tally one hundred per cent. How to get a cheery word to him, to buck him up with the promise of help? A hard nut to crack; so many obstacles. Primarily this was a Federal affair. Yonder hid the werewolf and his pack, and it would be folly to send them scattering just for the sake of advising Gregor that he was being watched over.

Underneath the official obligation there was a personal interest in not risking the game to warn Gregor. Cutty was now positive that the drums of jeopardy were hidden somewhere in this house. To perform three acts, then: Save Gregor, capture Karlov and his pack, and privately confiscate the emeralds. Findings were keepings. No compromise regarding those green stones. It would not particularly hurt his reputation with St. Peter to play the half rogue once in a lifetime. Besides, St. Peter, hadn't he stolen something himself back there in the Biblical days; or got into a scrape or something? The old boy would understand. Cutty grinned in the dark.

Any obsession is a blindfold. A straight course lay open to Cutty; but he chose the labyrinthian because he was obsessed. He wanted those emeralds. Nothing less than the possession of them would, to his thinking, round out a varied and active career. Later perhaps he would declare the stones to the customs and pay the duty; perhaps. Thus his subsequent mishaps this night may be laid to the fact that he thought and saw through green spectacles.

The idea that the jewels were hidden near by made it imperative that he should handle this affair exclusively. Coles, the operative he had sent to negotiate with Karlov, was conceivably a prisoner upstairs or down. Coles knew about the drums, and they must not turn up under his eye. Federal property, in that event.

If ever he laid his hands upon the drums he would buy something gorgeous for Kitty. Little thoroughbred!

Time for work. Without doubt Karlov had cellar exits through this warehouse or the other. The job on hand would be first to locate these exits, and then to the trap on the roof. With his pocket lamp blazing a trail he went down to the cellar and carefully inspected the walls that abutted those of the house. Nothing on this side.

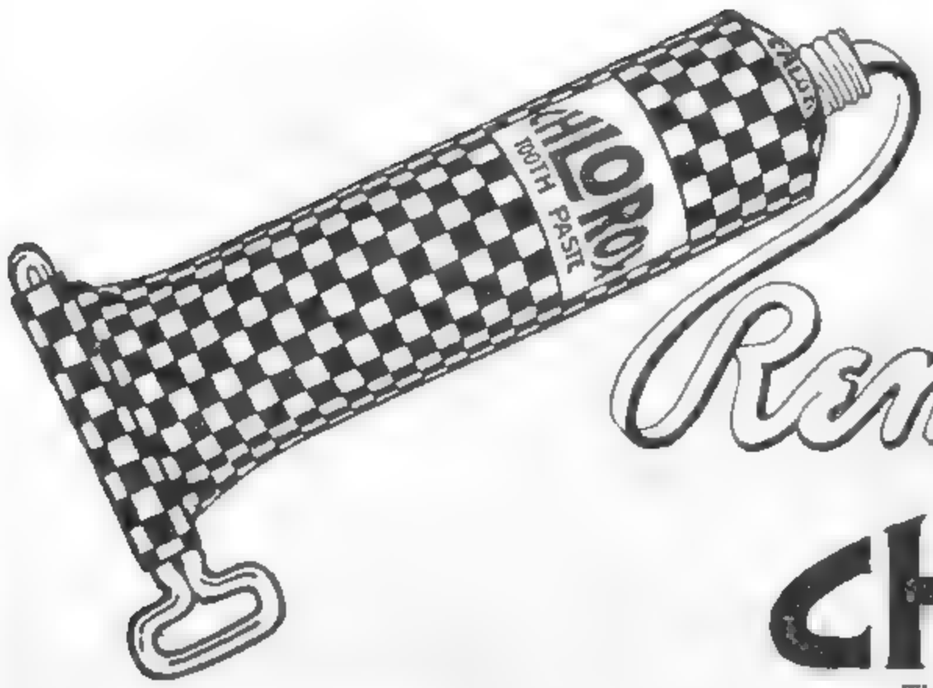
He left the warehouse and hugged the street wall for a space. The street was deserted. Instead of passing Karlov's abode he wisely made a detour of the block. He reached the entrance to the second warehouse without sighting even a marauding tom. In the cellar of this warehouse he discovered a newly made door, painted skillfully to represent the limestone of the foundation. Tiptop.

Immediately he outlined the campaign. There should be two drives—one from the front and another from the roof—so that not an anarchist or Bolshevik could escape. The mouth of the Federal sack should be held at this cellar exit. No matter what kind of game he played offside, the raid itself must succeed absolutely. Nothing should swerve him from making these plans as perfect as it was humanly possible. He would be on hand to search Karlov himself. If the drums were not on him he would return and pick the old mansion apart, lath by lath. Gay old ruffian, wasn't he?

Another point worth considering: He would keep his discoveries under cover until the hour to strike came. Some overzealous subordinate might attempt a coup on his own and spoil everything.

He picked his way to the far end of the cellar, to the doors. Locks gone. He took it for granted that the real-estate agent would not come round with prospective tenants. These doors would take them

(Continued on Page 121)



Remove that Tartar

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The "Milled-in-Oil" Tooth Cleanser

Eliminates the Causes of Tooth Troubles

CHLOROX saturates all deposits and impurities on the teeth and eliminates them from the mouth. It instantly removes the plaque or film. Even the tartar, after repeated brushings with CHLOROX, becomes freed from the teeth and is easily dislodged by the tooth brush.

The freeing of the tartar is strictly mechanical. With repeated CHLOROX brushings the delicate, tasteless oil in CHLOROX easily penetrates the porous tartar. These deposits of salt and lime, called tartar, are always porous, though hard and of long standing.

When the oil penetrates under the tartar it can no longer cling to the teeth and is easily brushed away with the oil milled CHLOROX, which never grinds or scratches the enamel.

A New Method

The method is new; the wonderful ingredient which accomplishes this cleaning is old. White Russian Oil is impregnated into a highly pulverized polishing agent by milling them together until every atom of polishing agent has absorbed an atom of oil. This oil acts upon impurities deposited on the teeth in the same manner that oils in cold creams act upon the impurities in the pores of the skin—it frees them quickly from the teeth. The highly pulverized brushing compound searches out the most minute crevices where decay-producing matter might lodge and puts a beautiful polish on the clean tooth enamel. Teeth kept cleanly polished can never become diseased.

Massages the Gums

While Chlorox is cleansing the teeth and removing the impurities that lie under the overlapping portion of the gums, it is also massaging the gums to healthy hardness and stimulating the circulation of blood; in this way it prevents disease by removing its causes.

Chlorox Retains its Effectiveness

This remarkable oil content is also the reason why Chlorox never hardens in the tube. The last bit of Chlorox forced from the tube by the key is as fresh, smooth and cleansingly effective as the first. Chlorox never wastes; it is most economical.

Guards Against Disease

You must remove tartar and massage your gums if you would guard against disease. You need Chlorox. Ask your druggist for the "Milled-in-Oil" tooth cleanser that cleanses teeth without injury to tooth enamel. Identify Chlorox by the blue and white checkered tube.

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Enclosed fin. 10c. for which please send me a "Two Weeks' Supply Tube" of Chlorox.

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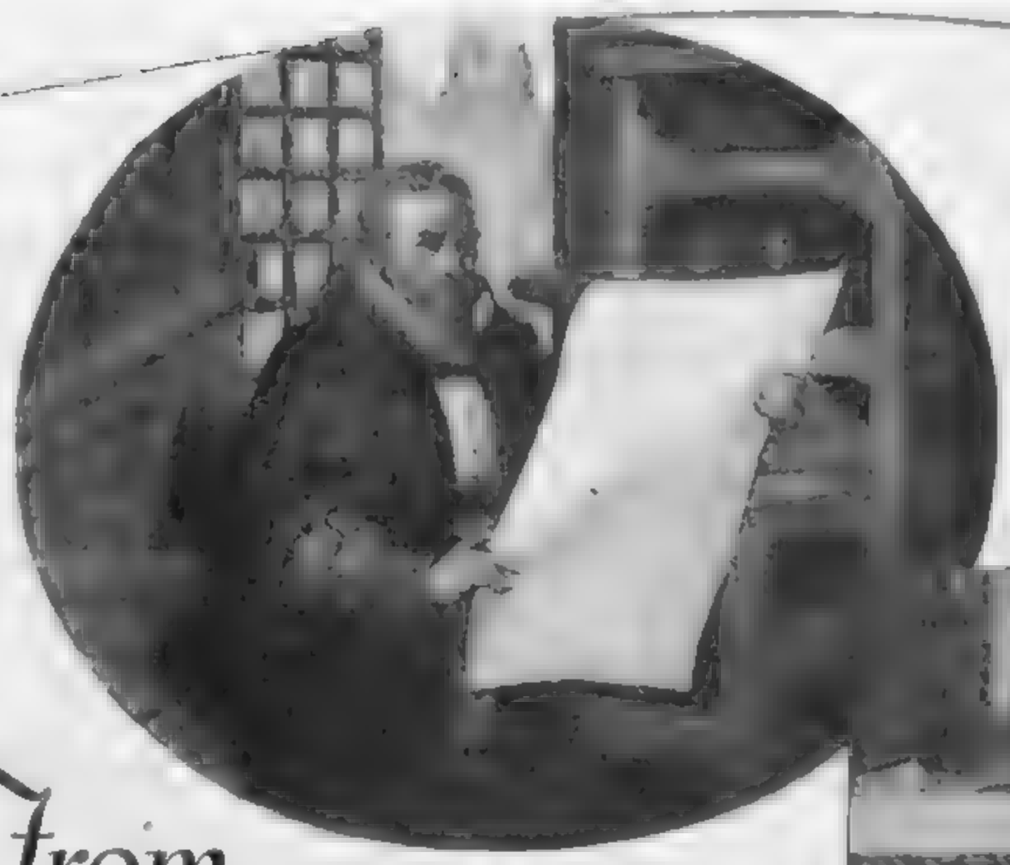
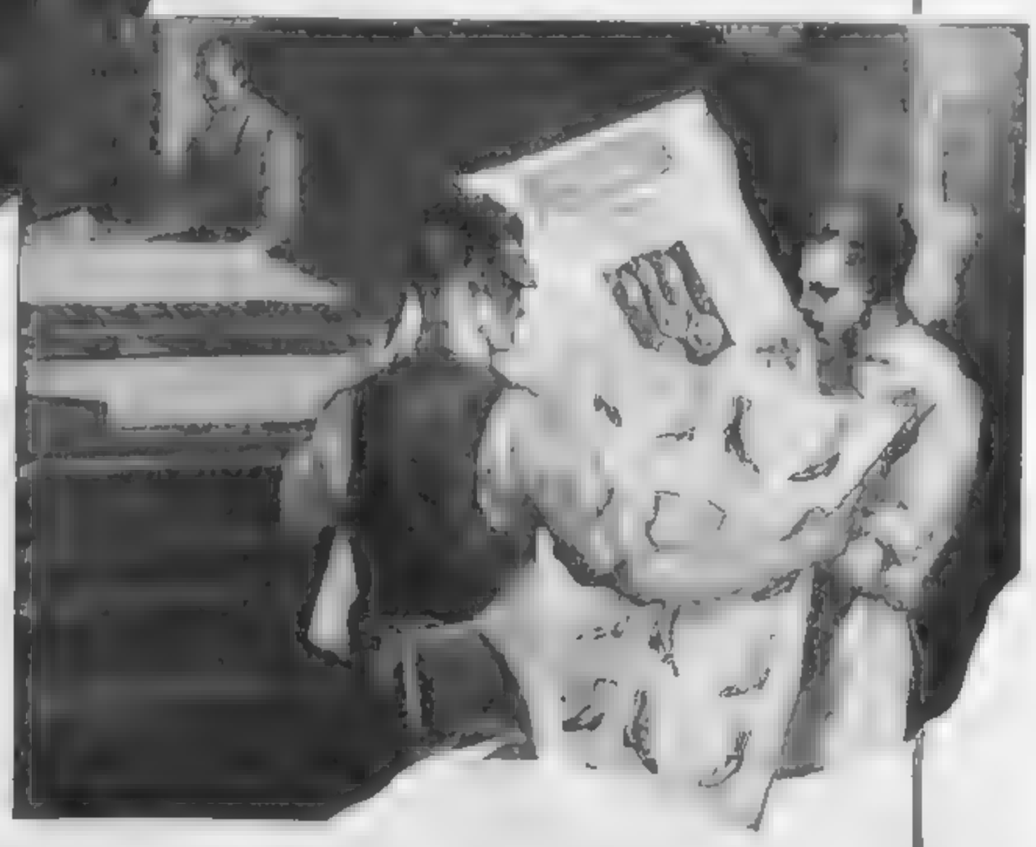


CHRISTOPHE PLANTIN was a 16th century printer. He knew and collaborated with the most learned men of his day. Notwithstanding that printing paper and presses as we know them were unknown to Plantin, his works were renowned for beauty and accuracy, and several were produced at the behest of royalty. His printing establishment at Antwerp is still maintained as a typographic museum and is a Mecca for all lovers of printing.



From Christophe Plantin to these men

THESE men are typical modern printers at work in a modern press room. Between their shop and Plantin stretch over three centuries of printing, but these centuries are jeweled with names like De Vinne, Franklin, Caslon, Jensen, Bodoni and Aldus. The printer from whom you will order your next catalog has a background of men who strove to produce Better Printing. With the help of Better Paper these men will be part of the background of the printer of the future.

PRINTING is an art which is fostered by commerce. It is, nevertheless, an art, and the men who follow it are as proud of good work as Benjamin Franklin was when he printed with his own hands, from copper plates, the paper money for the Province of New Jersey.

Printing has thriven under the impetus which catalog and booklet advertising has given it. Better Paper has also helped to make Better Printing possible, and so has the fact that Better Printing pays.

Whatever the reason why Better Printing pays, it *does* pay, just as better window dressing or better counter display or better finishing of any merchandise pays.

So, because we knew that Better Paper meant Better Printing, we standardized the manufacture of all grades of Warren printing papers which are now known as the Warren Standard Printing Papers.

These papers are sold on the basis of the better work they will enable the printer to do. Your printer wants to do better work. Examples of the advanced printing possible on Warren Standard Printing Papers are to be seen in various Warren Service and Suggestion Books and Brochures which the larger print shops have on exhibit. These books are also in the offices of leading paper merchants, and in those clubs whose libraries are devoted to the examples and lore of printing.

better paper better printing

S. D. WARREN COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

Warren's STANDARD Printing Papers

(Continued from Page 118)

into the trucking alley, where there were a dozen feasible exits. There was no way out of the house yard, as the brick wall, ten feet high and running from warehouse to warehouse, was blind. Now for the trap on the roof.

He climbed the three flights of stairs, crisscrossed and festooned with ancient cobwebs. Occasionally he sneezed in the crook of his elbow, philosophizing over the fact that there was a lot of deadwood property in New York. Americans were eternally on the move.

The window from which he intended dropping to the house roof was obdurate. Only the upper half was movable. With hardly any noise at all he pulled this down, straddled it, balanced himself, secured a good grip on the ledge and let himself down. The tips of his shoes, rubber-soled, just reached the roof. He landed silently.

The glare of the street lamp at the corner struck the warehouse, and this indirect light was sufficient to work by. He made the trap after a series of extra-cautious steps. The roof was slanting and pebbled, and the least turn of the foot might start a cascade and bell an alarm. A comfort-loving dress-suiter like himself, playing Old Sleuth, when he ought to be home and in bed! It was all of two-thirty. What the deuce would he do when there were no more thrills in life?

He stooped and caught hold of a corner of the trap to test it—and drew back with a silent curse. Glass! He had cut his hand. The beggars had covered the trap with cement and broken glass, sealing it. It would take time to cut round the trap; and even then he wouldn't be sure; they might have nailed it down from the inside. The worst of it was he would have to do the work himself; and in the meantime Karlov would have a fair wind for his propaganda gas, and perhaps the disposal of the drums to some collector who wasn't above bargaining for smuggled emeralds. Odd, though, that Karlov should have made a prisoner of Coles. What lay behind that maneuver? Well, this trap must be liberated; no getting round that.

Hang it, he wasn't going to be dishonest exactly; it would be simply a double play, half for Uncle Sam and half for himself. The idea of offering freely his blood and money to Uncle Sam and at the same time putting one over on the old gentleman had a novel appeal.

He stood up and wiped a tickling cobweb from his cheek. As the window from which he had descended came into range he stared, loose jawed. Then he chuckled, as thoroughbred adventurers generally chuckle when they find themselves at the bottom of the sack, the mouth of which has subitaneously and automatically closed. Wasn't he the brainy old top? Wasn't he Sherlock Holmes plus? Old fool, how the devil was he going to get back through that window?

The drums of jeopardy—even to think of them was unlucky! Not to have planned a retreat; to have climbed down a well and cut the bucket rope! For in effect t' was precisely what he had done. Only wings could carry him up to that window. With sardonic humor he felt of his shoulder blades. Not a feather in sight. Then he touched his ears. Ah, here was something definite; they had grown several inches during the past few hours. Monumental ass!

Of course there would be the drain. He could escape; but, dear Lord! with enough noise to wake the dead. And that would write "Finis" to this particular adventure. The quarry and the emeralds would be gone before he could return with help. When everything had gone so smoothly—a jolt like this!

A crowded day, and no mistake, as full of individual acts as a bill at a vaudeville, trained-animal act last. Was it possible that he had gone fiddle hunting that morning, netting an Amati worth ten thousand dollars? Hawksley—no, he couldn't blame Hawksley. Still, if this young Humpty-Dumpty hadn't been pushed off his wall he, Cutty, would not now be marooned upon this roof 'twixt the devil and the deep blue sea. To remain here until sunrise would be impossible; to slide down the drain was equally impossible—that is, if he ever wanted to see Boris Karlov again. The way of the transgressor was hard.

He sat on his heels and let his gaze rove foursquare, permitting no object to escape. He saw a clothes pole leaning against the chimney. Evidently the former tenants had hung up their laundry here. There was no clothesline, however. Caught, jolly well, blooming well caught! If ever this got abroad he would be laughed out of the game. He wasn't going to put one over on Uncle Sam after all. There might be some kind of a fire escape on the front of the house. No harm in taking a look; it would serve to pass the time.

There was the usual frontal parapet, about three feet in height. Upturned in the shadow lay a gift from the gods—a battered kitchen chair, probably used to reach the clothesline in the happy days when the word "Bolshevism" was known to only a select few dark angels.

Cutty waved a hand cheerfully if vaguely toward his guiding star, picked up the chair, commandeered the clothes pole and silently maneuvered to the wall of the warehouse. Standing on the chair he placed the tip of the pole against the top of the upper frame and pushed the frame halfway up. He repeated this act upon the obdurate lower half. He heaved slowly but with all his force. Glory be, the lower half went up far enough to afford ingress! He would eat his breakfast in the apartment as usual. To-morrow night he would establish his line of retreat by fetching a light rope ladder. There was sweat at the roots of his hair, however, when he finally gained the street. He was very tired. He observed mournfully that the vigor which had always recharged itself, no matter how recklessly he had drawn upon it, was beginning to protest. Fifty-two.

Well, his troubles were over for the night. So he believed. Arriving home, dirty and spent, he had to find Kitty asleep on the divan!

XXII

"KITTY," he said, breaking the tableau, "what are you doing here?"

"You've been hurt! There is blood on you!"

"A trifling cut. But I'm hurt, nevertheless, that you should be so thoughtless as to come here against my orders. It doesn't matter that Karlov has given up the idea of having you followed. But for the sake of us all you must be made to understand that we are dealing with high explosives and poison gas. It's not what might happen to me or to Uncle Sam's business. It's you. Any moment they may take it into their heads to get at me and Hawksley through you. That's why we watch over you. You don't want to see Hawksley done in, do you? It's real tragedy, Kitty, and nobody can guess what the end is going to be."

Kitty's lip quivered. "Cutty, if you talk like that to me I shall cry."

"Good Lord, what about?"—bewildered.

"About everything. I've been on the verge of hysterics all day."

"Kitty, you poor child, what's happened?"

"Nothing—everything. Lonesome. When I saw all those mothers and wives and sisters and sweethearts on the curb to-day, watching their boys march by, it hit me hard. I was alone. Nobody. So, please don't be cross with me. I'm on the ragged edge. Silly, I know. But we women often go to pieces over nothing, without any logical reason. Ready to face murder and battle and sudden death; and then to blow up, as you men say it, over nothing. I had to move, go somewhere, do something; so I came here. But I came on—what do you call it?—official business. Here!" She offered him the wallet.

"What's this?"

"Belongs to Johnny Two-Hawks. He hid it that night behind my flatirons on the range. Why, Cutty, he's rich!"

"Did he show the contents?"

"Only the money and the bonds. He said if he had died the money and bonds would have been mine."

"Providing Gregor was also dead." Cutty looked into the wallet, but disturbed nothing. "I imagine these funds are actually Gregor's."

"He told me to give the wallet to you. And so I waited. I fell asleep. So please don't scold me."

"I'm a brute! But it's because you've become so much to me that I was angry. You're Tommy and Molly's girl, and I've got to watch out for you until you reach some kind of a port."

"Thank you for the flowers. You'll never know just what they did for me. There was somebody who gave me a thought."

"Kitty, I honestly don't get you. A beauty like you, lonesome!"

"That's it. I am pretty. Why should I deny it? If I'd been homely I shouldn't have been ashamed to invite my friends to my shabby home. I shouldn't have cold-shouldered everybody through false pride. But where have you been, and what have you been doing?"

"Official business. But I just missed being a fine jackass. I'll look into the wallet after I've cleaned up. I'm a mess of gore and dust. Is it interesting stuff?" dreading her answer.

"The wallet? I did not look into it. I had no right."

"Ah! Well, I'll be back in two jigs."

He hurried off, relieved to learn that the secret was still beyond Kitty's knowledge. Of course Hawksley wouldn't carry anything in the wallet by which his true identity might be made known. Still, there would be stuff to excite her interest and suspicion. Hawksley had shown her some of that three hundred thousand probably. What a game!

He would say nothing about his own adventures and discoveries. He worked on the theory that the best time to tell about something was after it had become a fact. But no theory is perfect; and in this instance his reticence was going to cost him intolerable agony in the near future.

Within quarter of an hour he was back in the living room. Kitty was out of sight; probably had curled up on the divan again. He would not disturb her. Hawksley's wallet! He drew a chair under the reading lamp and explored the wallet. Money and bonds he rather expected, but the customs appraiser's receipt was like a buffet. The emeralds belonged honorably to his guest! All his own plans were knocked galley-west by this discovery.

An odd sense of indignation blazed up in him, as though someone had imposed upon him. The sport was gone, the fun of the thing; it became merely official business. To appropriate a pair of smuggled emeralds was a first-class sporting proposition, with a humorous twist. As it stood now, he would be picking Hawksley's pocket; and he wasn't rogue enough for that. Hang the luck!

Emeralds, rubies, sapphires, pearls and diamonds! No doubt many of them with histories—in a bag hung to his neck—and all these thousands of miles! Not since the advent of the Gaekwar of Baroda into San Francisco, in 1910, had so many fine stones passed through that port of entry.

But why hadn't Hawksley inquired about them? Stoic indifference? A good loser? How had he got through the customs without a lot of publicity? The Russian consul of the old régime probably; and an appraiser who was a good sport. To have come safely to his destination, and then to have lost out! The magnificent careless generosity of putting the wallet behind Kitty's flatirons, to be hers if he didn't pull through! Why, this fiddling derelict was a man! Stood up and fought Karlov with his bare fists; wasn't ashamed to weep over his mother's photograph; and fiddled like Heifetz. All right. This Johnny Two-Hawks, as Kitty persisted in calling him, was going to reach his Montana ranch. His friend Cutty would take it upon himself to see to that.

It struck him that after all he would have to play the game as he had planned it. Those gems falling into the hands of the Federal agents would surely bring to light Hawksley's identity; and Hawksley should have his chance.

Cutty then came upon the will. Somehow the pathos of it went deep into his heart. The poor devil!—a will that hadn't been witnessed, the handwriting the same as that on the passport. If he had fallen into the hands of the police they would have justifiably locked him up as a murder suspect. Two-Hawks! It was a small world. He returned the contents to the wallet, leaving out the will, however. This he thrust into a drawer.

"Coffee?" said Kitty at his elbow.

"Kitty? I'd forgotten you! I thought I smelt coffee. Just what I wanted, too, only I hadn't brains enough left to think of it. Smells better than anything Kuroki makes. . . . Tastes better too. You're going to make some lucky duffer a fine wife."

"Is there anything you can tell me, Cutty?"

"A whole lot, Kitty; only I'm twenty years too old."

"I mean the wallet. Who is he?"

Cutty drained the cup slowly. A good coherent lie, to appease Kitty's curiosity; half a truth, something hard to nail. He set down the empty cup, building. By the time he had filled his pipe and lit it he was ready.

Something bored up through the subconscious, however—a query. Why hadn't he told her the plain truth at the start? Wasn't on account of the drums. He hadn't kept her in the dark because of the drums. He could have trusted her with that part of it—his tentative piracy. That to divulge Hawksley's identity would be a menace to her peace of mind now appeared ridiculous; and yet he had worked forward from this assumption. No answer to the query. Generally he thought clearly enough, but somewhere along this route he had made a muddle of things and couldn't find the spot. The only point clearly defined was that he should wish to keep her out of the affair because there were elements of positive danger. But somewhere inside of him was a question asking for recognition, and it eluded him. Nothing could be solved until this question got out of the fog. Even now he might risk the whole truth; but the lie he had woven appeared too good to waste.

Human frailty. The most accomplished human being is the finished liar. Never to forget a detail, to remember step by step the windings over a tickish road. And Cutty, for all his wide newspaper experience, was a poor liar because he had been brought up on facts. Perhaps his lie might have passed had he not been so fagged. The physical labors of the night had dulled his perceptions.

"Ah, but that tastes good!"—as he blew forth a wavering ring of smoke.

"It ought to have at least one merit," replied Kitty, wrinkling her nose. What a fine profile Cutty had! "Now, who and what is he? I'm dying to know."

"An odd story; probably hundreds like it. You see, the Bolsheviki have driven out of the country or killed all the nobles and bourgeoisie. Some of them have escaped—into China, Sweden, India, wherever they could find an open route. To his story there are many loose ends, and Hawksley is not the talking kind. You mustn't repeat what I tell you. Hawksley, with all that money and a forged English passport, would have a good deal of trouble explaining if he ran afoul the police. There is no real proof that the money is his or Gregor's. As a matter of fact it is Gregor's, and Hawksley was bringing it to him. Hawksley is Gregor's protégé."

Kitty nodded. This dovetailed with what Johnny Two-Hawks had told her that night.

"How the two came together originally I don't know. Gregor was in his younger days a great violinist, but unknown to the American public. Early in his career he speculated with his concert earnings and turned a pot of money. He dropped the professional career for that of a country gentleman. He had a handsome estate, and lived sensibly. He sent Hawksley to England to school and spent a good deal of time there with him, teaching him how to play the fiddle, for which it seems Hawksley had a natural bent. He had to Anglicize his name; for Two-Hawks would have made people laugh. To be a gentleman, Kitty, one does not have to be a prince or a grand duke. Gregor was a polished gentleman, and he turned Hawksley into one."

Again Kitty nodded, her eyes sparkling.

"The Russ—the educated Russ—is a queer biscuit. Got to have a finger in some political pie, and political pies in Russia before the war were less majesty. The result—Gregor got in wrong with his secret society and the political police and was forced to fly to save his life. But before he fled he had all his convertible funds transferred. Only his estate was confiscated. Hawksley was in London when the war broke out. There was a lot of red tape, naturally, regarding the funds. I shan't bother you with that. Hawksley, hoping to better his protector's future, returned to Russia and joined his regiment and fought until the Czar abdicated. Foretasting the trend of events he tried to get back to England, but that was impossible. He was permitted to retire to the Gregor estate, where he remained until the uprising of the Bolsheviki. Then he started across the world to join Gregor."

"That was brave."

"It certainly was. I imagine that Hawksley's journey has that of Ulysses laid away on the shelf. Karlov was the head of the society which had voted Gregor's death. So he had agents watching Hawksley. And

(Continued on Page 124)

Spell it backwards

KLIM

BRAND

POWDERED MILK

MERRELL-SOULE COMPANY

Bringing the Dairy to your home

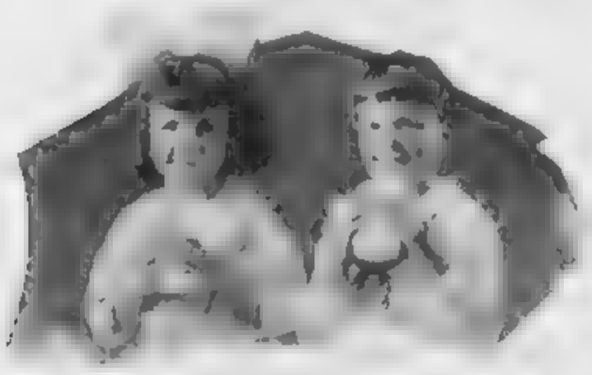
TO most of us farm life stands for freedom, broad fields, and freshness and purity in many forms. We have visions of a garden and fresh foods and endless green pastures and herds of sleek cattle. And then we think of the *country milk*.

Yes, milk, delicious milk, rich, pure, and fresh. The kind we have all enjoyed some time in our lives, perhaps only once, for a day. Back in town and city we long for it as we knew it, fresh, appetizing, and wholesome.

And now Klim has brought the dairy to us.

Now at last we are going to have all the country milk we want. We can enjoy it as the farmer's family enjoys it, no matter where we live. At last we are through thinking of milk in terms of an ice-box and a bottle.

Milk is ⅞ water and ⅛ solids (solids that make butter, cheese, etc.). We remove the water and leave the ⅛ milk solids in white powdered form.



Klim is rich, pure, fresh milk reduced to powdered form without cooking. It is just milk—nothing more; nothing is added, nothing is taken away except the water. Replace the water as directed and you have milk again with all its nutritive value. It is the only powdered "whole" milk offered to the public.

Because Klim is powdered a few hours after it comes from the cow, it retains that fresh, country flavor that liquid milk invariably loses in its long journey to market.

It is this journey to market and the costly handling and distribution that have been taking the dairy farther and farther away from the home and the home's pocketbook. Klim brings the dairy back to the home and assures an unlimited supply of the freshest and purest milk for the future.

Klim puts the home milk supply on a sounder, more healthful, more convenient and economical basis than it has ever been before. It relieves you of the dozen big and little annoyances that have always made the family milk a real responsibility.

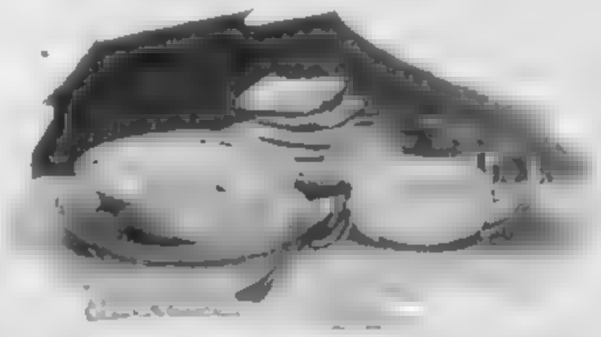
Klim disposes of delivery inconveniences. It cuts out the ice bill and the worry over freezing. It ends waste through souring. It ends fear of taint, impurities, or infection.

Klim is Milk—Full Value

The housewife no longer faces a forbidding array of bottles and pans. The family milk supply in a small tin can goes on the pantry shelf along with the other staples.

Klim is milk with all the food value in it. It is milk that is good to drink. Give it to your children. Their growing bodies need it. The whole family will enjoy its fresh-milk flavor, because it tastes exactly like milk fresh from the cow.

Use Klim wherever you would use milk. Use Klim Brand Skimmed Milk for cooking and Klim Brand Whole Milk for drinking. Make it up in amounts necessary for your immediate need. Then there will be no waste. The Klim you make up today is just as sweet as the Klim you made up yesterday.



Klim is not sold in bulk—it comes only in 1-lb., 2½-lb., and 5-lb. sealed cans.

Let Uncle Sam Be Your Milkman

Send the coupon and one dollar and twenty-five cents ($1.25) for a pound of KLIM Brand Powdered Whole Milk (Full Cream) and a pound of KLIM Brand Powdered Skimmed Milk. This makes 4 quarts of Whole Milk (Full Cream) and 5 quarts of Skimmed Milk—9 quarts for $1.25. It is sold under an absolute guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded.

Learn more about Klim. Send for FREE Booklet—The Wonderful Story of Powdered Milk. This valuable booklet telling all about Klim sent upon request. Included in the $1.25 outfit. Mail coupon TODAY!

Klim Powdered Milk has been tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, Director.

MERRELL-SOULE COMPANY, Syracuse, N. Y.
CANADIAN MILK PRODUCTS, LTD., Toronto

Production in 1919—26,000,000 pounds, equivalent to 125,000,000 quarts.

This can makes 4 quarts of whole milk

This can makes 5 quarts of skimmed milk

Spell it backwards

KLIM

BRAND

POWDERED MILK

MERRELL-SOULE COMPANY

Merrell-Soule Company, Syracuse, N. Y.

Enclosed find One Dollar and Twenty-five Cents ($1.25)—(checks, money orders, or currency accepted), for which send me

1 lb. Package of Klim Powdered Whole Milk (Full Cream) and 1 lb. Package of Klim Powdered Skimmed Milk.

It is understood that this quantity when restored to fluid form, according to directions, will produce 4 quarts of full cream milk and 5 quarts of skimmed milk.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

(Continued from Page 121)

Karlov himself undertook the chase across Russia, China and the Pacific."

"I'm glad I gave him something to eat. But Gregor, a valet in a hotel, with all that money!"

"The red tape."

"What a dizzy world we live in, Cutty!"

"Dizzy is the word." Cutty sighed. His yarn had passed a very shrewd censor. "Karlov feels it his duty to kill off all his countrymen who do not agree with his theories. He wanted these funds here, but Hawksley was too clever for him. Remember, now, not a word of this to Hawksley. I tell you this in confidence."

"I promise."

"You'll have to spend the night here. It's round four, and the power has been shut off. There's the stairs, but it would be dawn before you reached the street."

"Who cares?"

"I do. I don't believe you're in a good mood to send back to that garlicky warren. I wish to the Lord you'd leave it!"

"It's difficult to find anything desirable within my means. Rents are terrifying. I'll sleep on the divan. A rug or a blanket. I'm a silly fool, I suppose."

"You can have a guest room."

"I'd rather the divan; less scandalous. Cutty, I forgot. He played for me."

"What? He did?"

"I had to run out of the room because some things he said choked me up. Didn't care whether he died or not. He was even lonelier than I. I lay down on the divan, and then I heard music. Funny, but somehow I fancied he was calling me back; and I had to hang on to the divan. Cutty, he is a great violinist."

"Are you fond of music?"

"I am mad about it! I'm always running round to concerts; and I'd walk from Battery to Bronx to hear a good violinist."

Fiddles and Irish hearts. Swiftly came the vision of Hawksley fiddling the heart out of this lonely girl—if he had the chance. And he, Cutty, was going to fascinate her—with what? He rose and took her by the shoulders, bringing her round so that the light was full in her face. Slate-blue eyes.

"Kitty, what would you say if I kissed you?" Inwardly he asked: "Now, what the devil made me say that?"

The sinister and cynical idea leaped from its ambush. "Why, Cutty, I I don't believe I should mind. It's—it's you!" Vile wretch that she was!

Cutty, noting the lily succeeding the rose, did not kiss her. Fate has a way of reversing the illogical and giving it logical semblance. It was perfectly logical that he should not kiss her; and yet that was exactly what he should have done. The fatherliness of the salute - and he couldn't have made it anything else—would have shamed Kitty's peculiar state of mind out of existence and probably sent back to its eternal sleep that which was strangely reawaking in his lonely heart.

"Forgive me, Kitty. That wasn't exactly nice of me, even if I was trying to be funny."

She tore away from him, flung herself upon the divan, her face in the pillows, and let down the dam.

This wild sobbing—apparently without any reason—terrified Cutty. He put both hands into his hair, but he drew them out immediately without retaining any of the thinning gray locks. Done up, both of them; that was the matter. He longed to console her, but knew not what to say or how to act. He had not seen a woman weep like this in so many years that he had forgotten the remedies.

Should he call the nurse? But that would only add to Kitty's embarrassment, and the nurse would naturally misinterpret the situation. He couldn't kneel and put his arms round her; and yet it was a situation that called for arms and endearments. He had sense enough to recognize that. Molly's girl crying like that, and he able to do nothing! It was intolerable. But what was she weeping about?

Covering the divan was a fine piece of Bokhara embroidery. He drew this down over Kitty and tucked her in, turned off the light and proceeded to his bedroom.

Kitty's sobs died eventually. There was an occasional hiccup. That, too, disappeared. To play—or even think of playing a game like that! She was despicable. A silly little fool, too, to suppose that so keen a mind as Cutty's would not see through the artifice! What was happening to her that she could let such a thought into her head?

By and by she was able to pick up Cutty's narrative and review it. Not a word about the drums of jeopardy, the mark of the thong round Hawksley's neck. Hadn't she let him know that she knew the author of that advertisement offering to buy the drums, no questions asked? Very well, then; if he would not tell her the truth she would have to find it out herself.

Meanwhile Cutty sat on the edge of his bed staring blankly at the rug, trying to find a pick-up to the tangled emotions that beset him. One thing issued clearly: He had wanted to kiss the child. He still wanted to kiss her. Why hadn't he? Unanswerable. It was still unanswerable even when the pallor of dawn began slowly to absorb the artificial light of his bed lamp.

XXIII

WHEN Cutty awoke—having had about two hours' sleep—he was instantly conscious that the zest had gone from the adventure. It had resolved itself into official business into which he had projected himself gratuitously; and having assumed the offices of chief factor he would have to see the affair through, victim of his own greediness. It did not serve to marshal excuses. He had frankly entered the affair in the rôle of buccaneer; and here he was, high and dry on the reef.

The drums of jeopardy, so far as he was concerned, had been shot into the moon, two hundred thousand miles out of reach. He found himself resenting Hawksley's honesty in the matter of the customs. But immediately this sense of resentment caused him to chuckle. Certainly some ancestor of his had been a Black Bart or a Galloping Dick.

He would put a few straight questions to Hawksley, however. To have lost all those precious stones and not to have inquired about them was a bit foggy, wasn't normal, human. Unless—bang on the plexus came the thought!—the beggar had hidden them himself. He had been exceedingly clever in hiding the wallet. Come to think of it, he hadn't mentioned that either. Of course he had hidden the stones—either in Gregor's apartment or in Kitty's. Blind as a bat. Now he understood why Karlov had made a prisoner of Coles. The old buzzard had sensed a trap and had countered it. The way of the transgressor was hard. His punishment for entertaining a looter's idea would be work when he wanted to loaf and enjoy himself.

Arriving at Hawksley's door he was confronted by a spectacle not without its humorous touch: The nurse extending a bowl and Hawksley staring at the sky beyond the window, stonily.

"But you must!" insisted Miss Frances. "Chops or beefsteak!"

"It will give you nausea."

"Permit me to find out. Dash it, I'm hungry!" Hawksley declared. "I'm no fever patient. A smart rap on the head; nothing more than that. Healthy food will draw the blood down from there. Haven't lost anything but a few hours of consciousness, and you treat me as though I'd been jolly well peppered with shrapnel and gassed. Touch that stuff? Rather not! Chops or beefsteak!"

"Let him have it, Miss Frances," advised Cutty from the doorway.

"But it's unusual," replied the nurse as a final protest.

"Give it a try. Is he strong enough to sit up through breakfast?"

"He's really not fit. But if he insists on doing the one he might as well do the other."

"Righto!"—from the patient.

"Will you tell Kuroki to make it a beefsteak breakfast for four? I know how Mr. Hawksley feels. Been through the same bout." Cutty wanted Miss Frances out of the room.

"Very well. Only, I've warned him." Miss Frances left, somewhat miffed.

"Thanks," said Hawksley, smiling. "She thinks I'm a canary."

"Whereas you're an eagle."

"Or a vulture."

Cutty drew up a chair. "Frankly, I believe a good breakfast will put you a peg up."

"A beefsteak!" Hawksley stared ecstatically at the ceiling. "You see, I'm naturally tough. Always went in for rough sports—football, rowing, boxing. Poor old Stefani's idea; and not so bad, either. Of course he was always worrying about my hands; but I always took great care to keep them soft and pliant. Which sounds rummy, considering the pounding I used to give and take. My word, I used to go to bed with my hands done up in ointments like a professional beauty! Of course I'm dizzy yet, and the bally spot is sore; but solid food and some exercise will have me off your hands in no time. I don't fancy being coddled, y' know. I've been trouble enough."

"Don't let that worry you. I'll bring some togs in; flannels and soft shirts. We're about the same height. Anyhow, the difference won't be noticeable in flannels. I've had to tell Miss Conover a bit of fiction. I'll tell you, so if need arises you can back me up."

When Cutty finished his romance Hawksley frowned. "All said and done, if I'm not that splendid old chap's protégé, what am I? But for his patience and kindness I'd have run true to the blood. He was with me at the balancing age, when a chap becomes a man or a rotter. He actually gave up a brilliant career because of me. He is a great musician, with that strange faculty of taking souls out of people and untwisting them. I have the gift, too, in a way; but there's always a bit of the devil in me when I play. Natural bent, I fancy. And they've killed him!"

"No," said Cutty slowly. "But this is for your ear alone: He's alive; and one of these days I'll bring him to you. So buck up."

"Alive! Stefani alive!" whispered Hawksley. He stretched out his hand rather blindly, and Cutty was surprised at the strength in the grip. "Makes me feel choky. I say, are all Americans good Samaritans?"

Cutty put this aside because he did not care to disillusion Hawksley. "I found an appraiser's receipt in your wallet. You carried some fine jewels. Did you hide them or did Karlov get them? It struck me as odd that you haven't inquired about them." The change that came into Hawksley's face alarmed Cutty. The rich olive skin became chalky and the eyes closed. "What is it? Shall I call Miss Frances?"

"No." Hawksley opened his eyes, but looked dully straight ahead. "The stones! I was trying to forget! My God, I was trying to forget!"

"But they were yours?" Cutty was mystified beyond expression.

"Yes, mine, mine, mine!"—panting. "Damn them! Some day I'll tell you. But just now I can't toe the mark. I was trying to forget them! Against my heart, gnawing into my soul like the beetle of the Spanish Inquisition!" Silence. "But they were future bread and butter for Gregor as well as for myself. They got them, and may they damn Karlov as they have damned me! I had no chance when I returned to Gregor's. They were on me instantly. I put up a fight, but I'd come from a lighted room and was practically blind. Let them go. Most of those stones came out of hell, anyhow. Let them go. There is an unknown grave between those stones and me."

The level despair of the tone appalled Cutty. A crime somewhere? There was still a bottom to this affair he had not plumbed? He rose, deeply agitated.

"I'll fetch those togs for you. Miss Conover will breakfast with us, and the sight of her will give you a brace. I'm sorry, I had to ask you."

"Beefsteak and a pretty girl! That's something. I suppose she was trapped by the lift not running." Hawksley was trying to meet Cutty halfway to cover up the tragedy. "I say, why the deuce do you let her live where she does?"

"Because I'm not legally her guardian. She is the daughter of the man and woman I loved best. All I can do is to watch over her. She lives on her earnings as a newspaper writer. I'd give her half of all I have if I had the least idea she would accept it."

"Fond of her?"

"Fond of her!" repeated Cutty. "Why, of course I'm fond of her!" There was a touch of indignation in his tone.

"Is she fond of you?"

"I suppose so." What was the chap driving at?

"Then marry her," suggested Hawksley with a cynical smile; "make a settlement and give her her freedom. Simple enough. What?"

Cutty stepped back, stunned and terrified. "She would laugh at me!"

"You never can tell," replied Hawksley, maintaining the crooked smile. The devil was blazing in his eyes now. "Try it. It's being done every day; even here in this big America of yours. From the European point of view you have compromised her—or she has compromised herself, by spending the night here. Convention has been disregarded. A ripping good chance, I call it. You tell me she wouldn't accept benefits, and you want to help her. If she's the kind I believe her to be, even if she refuses you she will not be angry. You never can tell what a woman will or won't do."

An old and forgotten bit of mental machinery began to set up a clitter-clatter in Cutty's brain. Marry Kitty? Make a settlement, and then give her her freedom? Rot! Girls of Kitty's caliber were above such expediencies. He tried to resurrect his interest in the drums of jeopardy, which he might now appropriate without having to shanghai his conscience. The clitter-clatter smothered it; indeed, this new racket upset and demoralized the well-ordered machinery of his thinking apparatus as applied daily. Marry Kitty!

"I'm old enough to be her father."

"What's that to do with it so long as convention is satisfied?"

Cutty was so shaken and confused that he missed the tragic irony of the voice. All the receptive avenues to his brain seemed to have shut down suddenly. He was conscious only of the clitter-clatter. Marry Kitty!

"You can't settle money on her," went on Hawksley, "without scandal. You can't offer her anything without offending her. And you can't let her go to rust without having had her bit of good times."

"Utterly impossible," said Cutty, to the idea rather than to his tormentor.

"Oh, of course, if you have an affair —— No, God forgive me, I don't mean that! I'm a damned ingrate! But your bringing up those stones and knocking off the top of all the misery piling up in my heart! I was only trying to hurt you, hurt myself, everybody. Please have a little patience with me, for I've come out of hell!" Hawksley turned aside his head.

"Buck up," said Cutty, his blazing wrath dropping to a smolder. "I'll fetch those togs."

What had the boy done to fill him with such tragic bitterness? Was he Two-Hawks? Cutty dismissed this doubt instantly. He recalled the episode of the boy's conduct when confronted by the photograph of his mother. No human being could be a play actor in such a moment. The boy's emotion had been deep and real. Cutty recognized the fact that he had become as a block in the middle of a Chinese puzzle; only Fate could move him to his appointed place.

But offer marriage to Kitty so that he could provide for her! Mechanically he rummaged his clothes press for the suit he was to take to Hawksley. Well, why not? He could settle five thousand a year on her. His departure for the Balkans—he might be gone a year or more—could be legally construed as desertion. And with pretty clothes and freedom she would soon find some young chap to her liking. But would a girl like Kitty see it from his point of view? The marriage could take place an hour or two before he went aboard his ship. Hang it, Hawksley wasn't so far off. Kitty couldn't possibly be offended if he laid the business squarely on the table. To provide for Molly's girl!

When Kuroki announced that breakfast was ready Cutty went into the living room for Kitty, whom he had not yet seen. He found her by a window, fascinated by the splendor of the panorama as seen in the morning light. Not a vestige of the tears and disorder in which he had left her. What had been behind those tears? Dainty and refreshing to the eye as though she had stepped out of a bandbox. Compromised? That was utter rot! Wasn't Miss Frances here? Clitter-clatter, clitter-clatter. But Cutty was not aware that it was no longer in his head but in his heart.

"Breakfast is served, Your Highness," he announced with a grave salaam.

Kitty pirouetted. For some reason she could not explain to herself she wanted to laugh, sing, dance. Perhaps it was because she was only twenty-four. Or it might have had its origin in the tonicky awakening among all these beautiful furnishings.

She assumed a haughty expression—such as the Duchess of Gerolstein assumes when she appoints the private to the office of generalissimo—and with a careless wave of the hand said: "Summon His Highness!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Eyes Say "Yes"—Meter Says "No!"

Because the eye is an inaccurate means of measuring light, executives are often deceived about the condition of their plant lighting. Not one man in a hundred can really tell the amount of light in a room by looking at it, and ninety out of one hundred will overestimate the amount and quality of the light.

Don't guess about your lighting! It means too much! Modern methods of illumination have increased output 8% to 35% even in plants commonly thought to be already well lighted—not to mention the money-saving decreases in spoilage and the life-saving reductions in accident rate which also have followed.

The Foot-Candle Meter shown below will measure your lighting accurately. Tables which we shall be glad to supply will indicate the foot-candle readings you should have for best results in each plant operation. From the two you can tell whether your lighting is adequate *and in no other way can you tell.*

Do not let the term "foot-candle" puzzle you. It is merely a measure of useful light. It indicates the amount of delivered light in the working plane—that is, at the bench or machine or wherever the actual work is being done.

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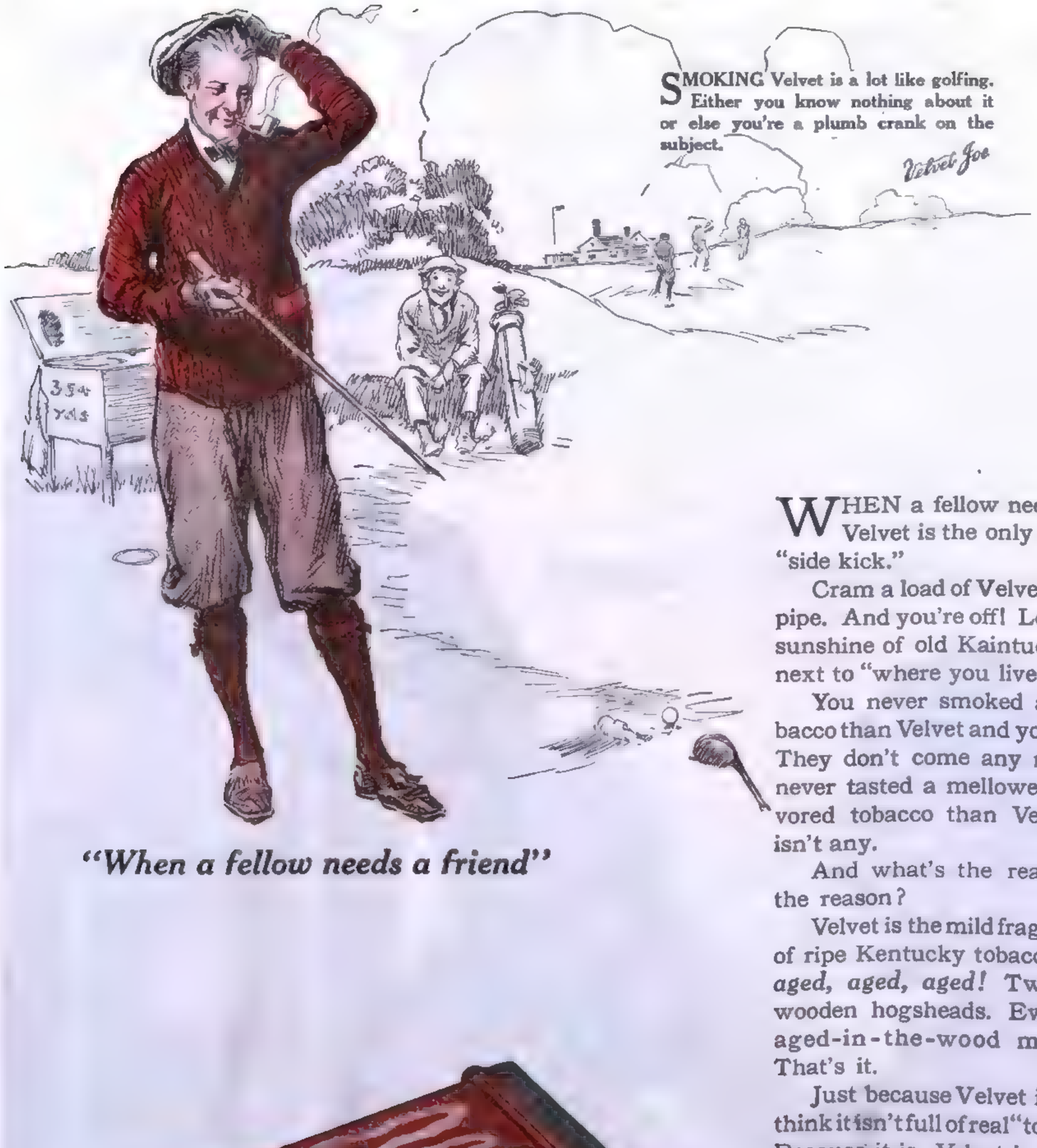
SMOKING Velvet is a lot like golfing. Either you know nothing about it or else you're a plumb crank on the subject.
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WHEN a fellow needs a friend, Velvet is the only and original "side kick."

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Just because Velvet is mild don't think it isn't full of real "tobacconess." Because it is. Velvet is as full of life and go as Broadway on a busy day.

And smooth? You just bet you! Smooth, smoother, smoothest!

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

America's smoothest tobacco

THE POSSIBILIST

(Continued from Page 21)

worker—suspicious always, as you well know, of everyone in this strange country where he works and is despised. Your steel organizer goes then to John Proletaire—John Szkintiski from Polish Russia

"'He says: 'John—what are you? How do you work?'

"'Me laborer.'

"'A laborer—at what?'

"'Me work on crane.'

"'Very good. What then do you do?'

"'Me hitch up the crane—me laborer.'

"'Did you work then—run this crane yet yourself?'

"'Once—twice, maybe, when the other man not there.'

"'What do they pay you then, John, for this?' the organizer then will inquire.

"'Forty—forty-five cents an hour,' he will say.

"'What!' will say the organizer then. 'Forty cents! Forty-five cents! And you a craneman! And cranemen getting seventy—seventy-five cents an hour. Can you equal it? How long has this been going on? How long then have you worked here?'

"'Three—four years,' he will say.

"'And all this time you work for laborer's wages! You—a craneman! All this time they rob you twenty-five—thirty cents an hour—this outrageous corporation for which you work. Never mind, John—you come with us; sign here for the big union! That will stop all this. You then will get back all their stealings. You will be like the Americans, who get the pay they earn—always much more than you!'"

Frenac stopped and smiled, contemplating the picture of the steel organizer and the foreign laborer.

"Oh, you Americans! You Americans! Such ingenuity always. By this they get them in now by thousands!"

Spinner made no answer, smiling merely a dry smile—the recognition which the technician naturally accords to technic.

"By your Western methods—your I. W. W. practical organization of the class-hate power and suspicion. It draws them in—it founds enduringly on broad strong lines of natural class hate."

Spinner smiled at the tribute of the foreigner to American ingenuity and practicality in radicalism.

"And another thing they say to them, most ingenious, most farsighted!" continued Frenac. "I do, as you will say, take my hat off to this also. They say also to John Proletaire—John Szkintiski: 'Come here with us. The United States Government is with us—the President Wilson, the Congress! They are with us against the accursed employers, the corporations. Do you not see always, through the war, what they do? Still more what they have said that they shall do for the laboring man—the worker?'"

Again Spinner smiled his still smile.

"Is it not right, exactly," exclaimed Frenac still admiringly, "what they tell this worker? Is it not proved so to his mind—to all minds, through the war. The Government, the politicians naturally said nothing else. Yes, and yet that is not all," he went on, gesturing with his cigarette. "In the future, if the action of the Government of the bourgeois goes still with labor always—all will be well for the worker naturally. But when it stops, as it must stop somewhere, then where shall be the Government, the state, in the mind of the worker? Shown absolutely as it should be—as it is—bourgeois, capitalist—always the real enemy of the proletariat! You see now what this does! It leaves the government politicians, the Government, high up on the horns of their own dilemma.

"Ah," he said after smoking again, "my friend, this is wonderful—this American ingenuity in this steel organizing—in your own plans. It is no longer tactics—it is strategy. But why should I say this to you, who are in this plan yourself—the great campaign?" exclaimed the Frenchman suddenly, and asked Spinner for the details of his next movements.

"I do not know exactly yet," the other answered him. "I'm back in Chicago now, coming only yesterday, to find out."

But then he told him, in confidence naturally, the news that he had from Sonia that noon of the development of his expectations from Mrs. Brown-Tucker.

"She sends word, for one thing," he told Frenac—for he desired his help and advice in this—"that she would like very much to entertain again on Wednesday afternoon some of us who could give her and her friends some view of the labor situation as it exists now in America since the closing of the war. One of her occasions," said Spinner, "'for her broadening of her vision,'" he said, quoting her with a smile.

The Frenchman smiled understandingly with him.

"You would come, perhaps?"

"With pleasure," answered Frenac.

"And who else?"

"Max Steinig is here I understand tomorrow from the Pittsburgh communists—the Russian Workers. No doubt he would come willingly," suggested Frenac.

"The man exactly!" responded Spinner. "Now two more?"

"I do not know," said Frenac, musing; "unless perhaps those two over there," he said, now looking over where the tableful of noisy Westerners were seated.

"Who are they?" inquired Spinner, examining them.

"Two of your wobblies—from Mesaba—the ore mines."

"A little raw," commented Spinner doubtfully. "And yet perhaps ——"

They were, after all, types—a kind which he now suddenly remembered Mrs. Brown-Tucker had more than once expressed the desire to see and talk to.

"At least," he said, reflecting, "they would probably not be angel hunters. That is one thing. If we could be sure of holding them down—to ordinary house rules."

"You can do that, I think," answered Frenac.

"How?"

"I did not speak to you, not wishing to intrude my personal acquaintanceship upon you, but a meeting of this kind is just what these two men have been asking for—a meeting with some women of this class."

"For angels?" inquired Spinner suspiciously.

"No, for amusement: for adventure only," explained the Frenchman.

"For study, no doubt," said Spinner, imitating a woman's voice, "of the lives and habits of the other classes! But can we trust them to behave; keep their feet off the table?" he inquired practically.

"I feel so—yes," said Frenac. "I feel from speaking with them that they will understand."

The Two Watchers of Revelation—From the West and the East—Each Secured His Information of Conditions From the Other's Field, Paying for it in Kind

"Let's look at them," Spinner said, "at any rate."

Frenac brought the pair across, to state their own case for themselves. The last thing they wanted, it appeared, was to find an angel. They had money of their own in their pockets to spend. They were in town merely for amusement—for the purpose of tearing Chicago off the map and throwing it piecemeal into the lake. Now they were quieting down, getting through, the spokesman of the pair explained.

"We've seen all the women that we could in Chicago," he said—"the old ones. Now we want to see before we go another kind. We thought we'd like to take a look at some of these social-worker janes we've heard about."

The language of the radical underworld is not, when spoken to its kind, always respectful or in fact overpleasing in its discussion of the women of the bourgeois who interest themselves in it.

"Will you play the game—without rough stuff?" asked Spinner, watching them.

"Sure!" replied the speaker with some disgust. "What do you think we are—jungle buzzards?"

"We'll go disguised as types!" contributed the other and quieter one with a dry smile.

Spinner understood of course that he could trust them.

IX

THE one common use for the bourgeoise woman in the red movement—as the talk and curiosity of the two men from Mesaba indicated has been as what the underworld of radicalism has come to call, in common with the theatrical profession, an angel—a financial backer, that is, of new enterprises.

This relation of course is not a new one: it is as old as the meeting of feminine human nature with newly risen points of sympathy in the world.

But in the past few years—and especially during the boiling-up of all kinds of emotionalism in the period of war—new causes and their promoters have risen by the hundreds and thousands, at just the time when women's sympathies were most poignantly roused, crying out for an activity which physically women were quite generally debarred from giving. So this naturally has been the greatest period ever known for the appearance of men and women—but particularly men—seeking patronesses for new causes among the women of the more prosperous bourgeois.

"All laws are off. The underbrush is full of angel hunters," Spinner had often said to Sonia, warning her to keep their own particular patroness, Mrs. Brown-Tucker, free from them.

One of the commonest figures, in fact, in the rendezvous of the reds had now come to be the promoter of some new sentimental radical enterprise looking for his angel. These people came from every quarter of the earth, with every conceivable appeal, from pacifism to Bolshevism—but all held together by the common tie of opposition to existing government. They were passed on to an angel, if successful in their hunt, sometimes by friends; not infrequently, in the more sordid forms of agitation, by some acquaintance of an angel, upon the basis of the payment of a certain percentage of their collections.

All movements, of course—religious, political and social tend sooner or later to come into the hands of the more or less professional type who spring up about their financing and their routine. Radicalism is no exception to this rule; the bourgeoise woman, being outside of the proletariat, is fair game; and the net result of these professional radicals' activities in this line since the opening of the war had been an enormous increase in this curious relation of angels and prophets of radical sentimentalism and reform, which had brought the sheltered and inexperienced women of the bourgeois into contacts with figures and characters which ten years before they might have been alarmed at passing on the street.

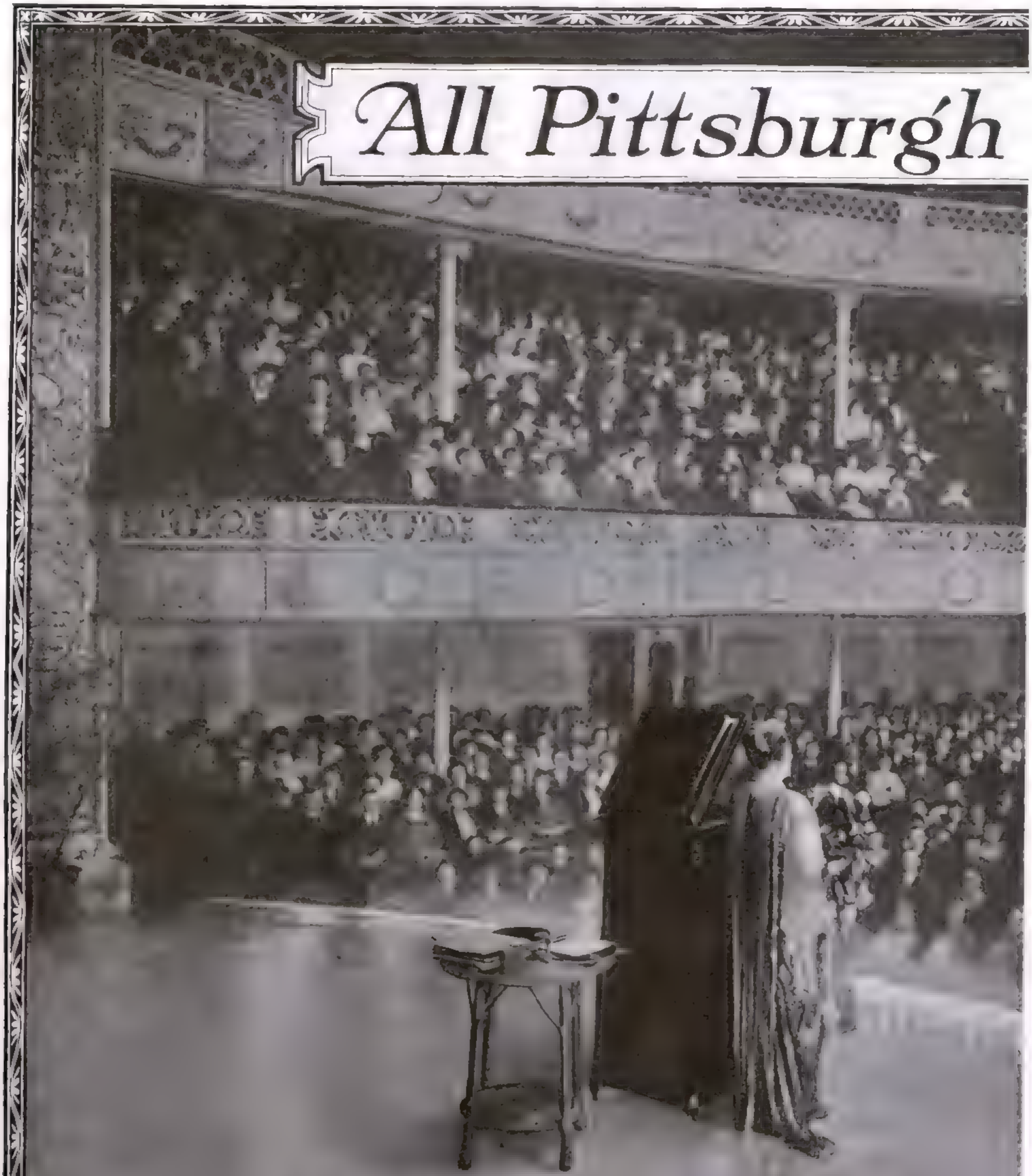
It was certainly a strange relation, as Spinner told himself, looking about that third afternoon following his arrival in Chicago, which would bring this gathering together about a tea table in a great and conspicuous house in one of the wealthiest of bourgeois residence districts of the city.

A Russian samovar—that symbol of the introduction and influence of the mental habits and philosophy of the Russian and Russian Jew among a widely advertised class in American cities during the past fifteen years—was erected in the center of a group of richly dressed women and roughly dressed men, which in the Victorian Age would have been an incredibility, but which perhaps was in essence itself an artificiality not less artificial than many of the pretty poses of that much-despised period.

Frenac was there of course—a connoisseur, an expert in the Latin technic of relations with all kinds of women. But with him was the rather slovenly dressed Steinig, the Russian Workers advocate from Pittsburgh; the two rough-and-ready adventurers in social pleasures from the Mesaba Range; and

(Continued on Page 130)

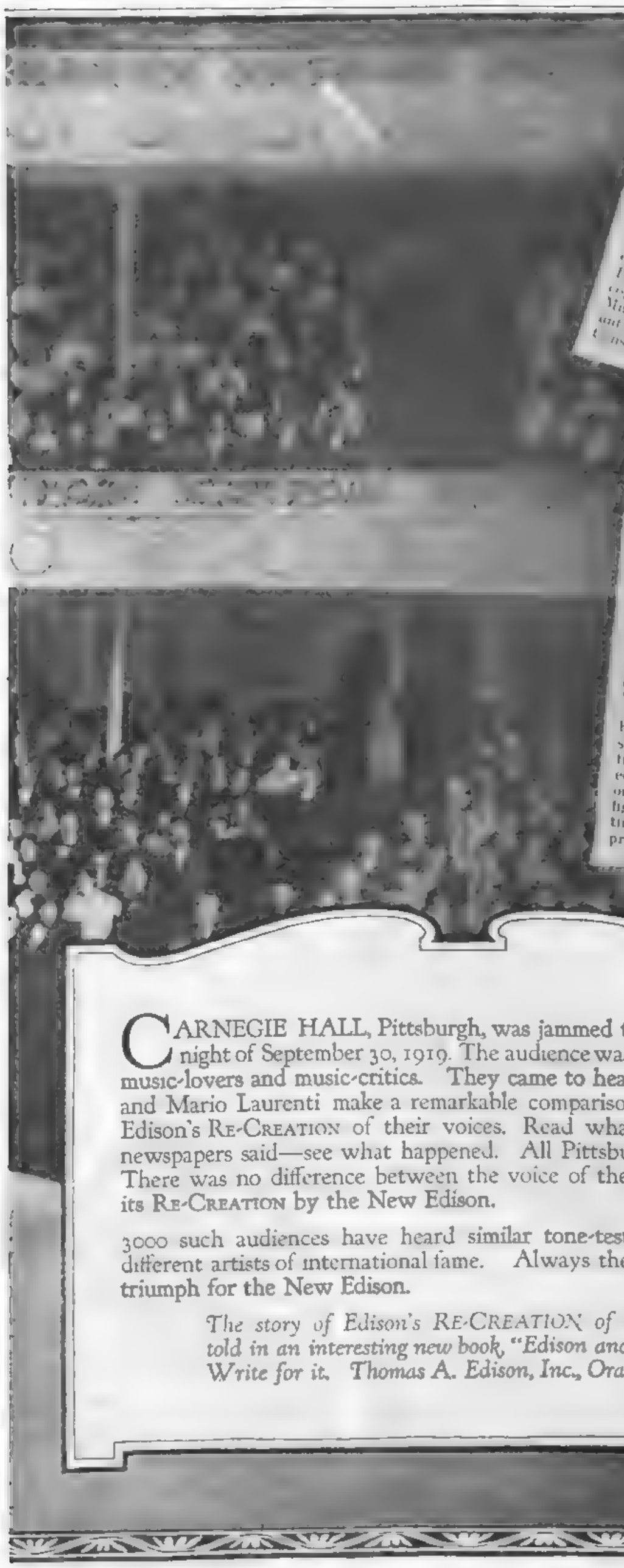
All Pittsburgh



The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

Was Amazed!



(From The Pittsburgh Leader)

Rappold and Laurenti Entertain Big Audience At Carnegie Music Hall

The tones which came from the New Edison phonograph matched those from the living artist so perfectly that it was impossible to detect any difference. The instrument produced not an echo of Mme. Rappold and Mr. Mario Laurenti, but the real thing, the voices of the artists themselves, unaccompanied by any mechanical reinforcement, unassisted by any metallic twang.

(From The Pittsburgh Gazette-Times)

Record Reproduces Voice Accurately

Demonstration Given in Carnegie Music Hall with Edison Phonograph

A demonstration of the exactness with which the human voice may be reproduced on a phonograph record was given last night in Carnegie Music Hall with the new Edison machine.

Several selections were sung personally by Mme. Marie Rappold, celebrated soprano and Mario Laurenti, baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Co. Simultaneously the same selections were produced on the phonograph, and with a substantial lighting effect, it was impossible to distinguish the actual voices from the reproduction.

(From The Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph)

Phonograph R... duction ... Singers

... Hall a ... the new ... sound ... and the ... & the ... ing ... ous ... ful. ... ats ... nes

(From The Pittsburgh Dispatch)

Miracle Songs Create Furore

Concert in Carnegie Music Hall Astonished Big Pittsburg Audience

The proof was convincing. If it were not, another proof was offered. After Mme. Rappold had commenced to sing one number the lights were turned out—ostensibly so that the audience could not watch the singer's lips.

It did not seem difficult to determine in the dark when the singer sang and when she did not. The writer himself was pretty sure about it until the lights were turned on again and it was discovered that Mme. Rappold was not on the stage at all and that the New Edison alone had been heard.

(From The Pittsburgh Sun)

Singers and Music Boxes in Concert

Vocal and Metallic Tones Unable to Be Distinguished

A unique concert was given last evening in Carnegie Music Hall in which Mme. Maria Rappold, well known American soprano, and Mario Laurenti, noted young Italian baritone, took part. The audience heard not one Mme. Rappold and one Mr. Laurenti, but two, the phenomenon being accomplished by means of a cabinet which stood on the stage beside the performers and matched their performance note for note and tone for tone.

(From The Pittsburgh Post)

RECORDS VIE WITH SINGERS IN OWN SONGS

Madame Rappold and Laurenti in "Miracle Concert."

Madame Rappold sang the initial number on the program. In the midst of it her lips ceased to move but the song went on. Slowly it dawned on the astonished audience that the artist was no longer singing, though her voice came forth to them as clearly and sweetly as before. Again she sang and the audience may knew it was the living Madame Rappold, because of the motion of her lips. Her lips ceased to move but her voice continued. The same [illegible] was observed when Mr. Laurenti sang.

CARNEGIE HALL, Pittsburgh, was jammed to its exits on the night of September 30, 1919. The audience was made up of 2600 music-lovers and music-critics. They came to hear Marie Rappold and Mario Laurenti make a remarkable comparison with the New Edison's RE-CREATION of their voices. Read what the Pittsburgh newspapers said—see what happened. All Pittsburgh was amazed. There was no difference between the voice of the living artist and its RE-CREATION by the New Edison.

3000 such audiences have heard similar tone-tests given by forty different artists of international fame. Always the result has been a triumph for the New Edison.

The story of Edison's RE-CREATION of Music is told in an interesting new book, "Edison and Music." Write for it. Thomas A. Edison, Inc., Orange, N. J.

Illustration from an actual photograph taken in Carnegie Hall, Pittsburgh, Sept. 30, 1919.

(Continued from Page 127)

Spinner himself, so recently a graduate from the jungle and the freight train.

Among the women the hostess, this Mrs. Brown-Tucker with whom Spinner himself was so especially concerned, was a widow, the inheritor of two large estates—one from her late husband, a member of a great Chicago commercial family; the other the share which she had inherited in the great mines which had made her father a conspicuous economic and political figure in another section of the United States. She was a woman of large physique, large impulses, large gestures—mental and physical. She came from the strong, fine pioneer stock whose energy grasped so great a share of the natural resources of this country. Her given name was Cythera—registering that odd reverence for classicism which the American pioneer west of the Alleghanies left behind him fixed, often most curiously, in the names of his towns and his women.

This woman had been more than cordial to Spinner at his return to her home; had suggested to him the fulfillment of his hopes from her in her greeting to him.

"I have a surprise for you," she said, smiling that fine, candid smile which was her much-mentioned charm, the smile of beneficent deep-breasted Greek goddess—home bred upon American soil. "You must wait, though," she said then, "until I have arranged and created an atmosphere for my guests."

She left him, then, passing on to the others, in her stiff, ivory-colored satin dress—one of those rich, light-colored shiny fabrics she affected, suggestive of substance and great value. Her motto, often indicated, called for the promotion of breadth of vision; and to all her guests she mentioned this as the immediate purpose of this most informal discussion—what she hoped that all could take out of the little gathering—vision, and tolerance, and a greater breadth of understanding of the new conditions at this critical moment, the ending of the world's war.

The guests arranged themselves according to the natural operation of mental and physical attraction. The men from the Mesaba Range found themselves soon with the more physically attractive of the women—a Mrs. Jenks, the small ash blonde with surprised eyebrows and baby-blue eyes, the negative type so strongly inviting to strongly physical men; and a Mrs. Bugbee, a fine, handsome, rather distant person, whom Spinner sometimes called to Sonia "the marbleous person." Mrs. Brown-Tucker established herself with them, studying always with keen interest the new type.

The miners, stimulated by the women's manner, were soon not merely vocal but Homeric in the description of conditions of rebellious labor on the Mesaba Range, and of personal exploits of physical and moral defiance to aggregated wrong.

Spinner could hear between their periods the judiciously applied feminine stimulation to the natural male rehearsal of personal prowess and hardihood the "Did you really?" of the pink-and-white wonderer at the exploits of men; the "You cannot mean that!" of the more statuesque type; the "You surprise me!" of Mrs. Brown-Tucker.

What strange creatures women were, thought Spinner, watching them; how utterly incapable of abstract interests. Always the insistence of the personal note in their conversations, their reasonings, their relations of all kinds. He smiled furtively at the variations of the same appeal in the speeches of these women to the two miners the tributes of wonder and sympathy and admiration affected in their tones.

The fourth bourgeoise woman, a Mrs. Kent, a small, sharp-faced woman with an acrid voice, a less physical and more mental type, devoted herself to the Russian communist from the Pittsburgh district and the French anarchist, in a real effort to understand conditions. "A small, active, wiry woman," Spinner had described her, "with a small, active, wiry mind." She had taken up radicalism, it was said, after the death of her children.

This grouping left Spinner himself—as he would have wished—and Sonia outside the two main groups. Sonia as usual was in practical charge of the occasion, presiding over the samovar at Mrs. Brown-Tucker's desertion of her post; watching everything; everywhere active and efficient—a marked figure in the pronounced simplicity and coarseness of her dress among the richly dressed women in the room. She was at her best when like this, at the height of her natural activity without time for reflection concerning herself, the proper recognition of her work and person, which the Oriental in her blood so frequently demanded.

Spinner, left to himself, was as usual observing carefully—trying to see and really to understand what he saw for future possible uses. What a curious and illuminating thing it was—this scene that he was witnessing. This heavy and inartistic room—full of Gargantuan stuffed furniture and oil paintings of cows and sheep in rigid, heavy-crusted, gilded frames; the costly clutter of mid-Victorian bric-a-brac—an exact reproduction, he often claimed, of the artistic interior of the minds of these fat American bourgeois, fed to stupidity by a fat and still almost frontier continent, struggling to play with and assimilate the various intellectual and artistic fancies of the past twenty years, whose remains lay all round him in the ornamentation of this room, ugly as a graveyard of pottery and carvings in a collector's cabinet.

And in the midst of it these bourgeoise women sat, wondering, listening, like children at strange travelers' tales, to something outside of their possible knowledge. What was it that brought these eternally shielded and miseducated creatures peering curiously over into the sheer descent of radicalism? he asked himself as he had a thousand times before. Boredom first, without doubt, within the essentially useless aimless life of the richer bourgeoise woman; then, of course, always an active feminine curiosity; and then—in some cases of these angels certainly—the great main impulse of sex. How considerable a space this occupies in the minds and the interests of all radicals can be easily seen and estimated by a mere casual glance in the show windows of any radical bookshop.

But the best generalization he had ever reached concerning these women, he thought, watching them, was that they were driven always through a mental and physical idleness not dissimilar to an Oriental harem's—by an insatiable curiosity concerning the free-moving male, whose life was so much fuller than theirs. Where did he go when he was away from them, physically and mentally? What did he really do? What could they hope themselves to do and feel and experience some day—after possible readjustments of social laws—following his footsteps into the freedom, economic, political and marital, which was the old freedom for him, but for them perhaps would soon be the new.

But now the sharp-faced woman who had lost her children confuted him—as she often did—in his disparaging estimates of these women, by the excellent continuity of her logic, her grim thin-lipped tenacity of hold upon the main point of interest.

"But what is next? That is the question!" she affirmed. "What is coming after this war?"

"Freedom," pronounced Steinig in his rather guttural voice. "Freedom for all!"

"It is spreading now—all over—world-wide!" asserted Sonia, joining now the conversation of that group. "You've been reading probably, like I have, in the past few days all about what the Spartacides are doing now in Germany."

"Against that German house cat, that ex-tame goose of the Kaiser," asserted Steinig, "Scheidemann and his followers."

"Liebknecht he is a different thing," asserted Sonia. "That boy!"

"South German," asserted Frenac. "More Gaul than German."

"A true proletarian a true internationalist, at any rate," stated Steinig.

"Don't forget Rosa Luxemburg also," cried Sonia positively.

"No, don't forget her, eh, Sonia!" said Spinner, entering the conversation momentarily to banter her on her favorite household goddess.

"I mean it!" said Sonia valiantly. "She is worth as much as Liebknecht is to Europe any day. Don't you forget that. The woman and the man stand side by side in the ranks of the new proletariat. The woman no less than the man." She looked defiantly at Spinner, who smiled back.

"In the greatest adventure in all history!" he answered her, quoting Frenac from his previous conversation.

"Exactly so," the latter reasserted.

"But what of us here in this country?" inquired the sharp-faced bourgeoise woman, Mrs. Kent, coming back to the precise point of interest again. She seemed to him like a creature always tense, never able to let down.

"We shall strike the shackles from the wage slaves here also," cried Sonia with her usual turn toward conventionalized dramatic expression when roused or, as now, excited by Spinner's teasing. "We shall have the new democracy here—with the best of them!"

"Positively so," affirmed Steinig; "when once labor starts ruling the world, which already now it creates with its hands."

"What do you think?" asked the sharp-voiced cross-questioner of Spinner.

He was a little irritated probably; anxious about the final news which Mrs. Brown-Tucker was still withholding from him—probably to the end of this gathering; affected no doubt unconsciously, as he often was, by Sonia's trite phrasing of her enthusiasm. He himself employed the stereotyped labor-leader simile of the wage slave and his shackles as little as he could—except, of course, when speaking to street audiences whose taste demanded it.

"I think personally," he said with caustic casualness, "that American labor will have to strike a few of its own shackles off before it starts to rule the world."

"What do you mean?" Mrs. Kent pursued him.

"I mean, to be brief," Spinner answered her in a voice as sharp as her own, "the one general labor organization of consequence in this country, the American Federation of Labor, which is to-day," he said with great distinctness, "the most solid and compact political machine, taken all together, in the world. Labor govern the world!" he said scornfully. "Why talk so loud—until it has shown that it can cast its own votes and get them counted in its own organizations. Until it does, all this talk of industrial democracy will keep on being the greatest joke in the world—the one which makes God laugh every morning before breakfast, when He wakes up and looks down on the earth."

Spinner was speaking in his irritation and anxiety—a rare thing for him to do—upon the subject which was continually in his mind—the condition in labor organizations against which his present campaign was directed.

It has been the claim of the radicals for some time, of course, that the American Federation of Labor and the chief unions within it have been controlled against radicalism for years by the manipulation of a political machinery especially fitted for such control, in the hands of an intrenched and skillful body of labor politicians. This, they charge, is done in this way: The Federation of Labor is governed by an executive committee of eleven men, chosen, of course, from the membership of the various national bodies—internationals, as they are commonly called—which make up the federation. These men have been chosen, naturally, in the past, and still continue to be chosen in large measure, from the greatest of the international unions, which have, of course, the greatest vote in the convention and elections of the federation. This active executive body, constantly meeting, representing in the dominating members a sort of close syndicate of the greater international unions, holding the patronage of the federation given out in such appointments as that of organizers, holding also the still greater power of a court of last resort in disputes of jurisdiction concerning the exact field of industry covered in conflicting claims of different unions—has built up, the radicals claim, a self-perpetuating political machine in absolute control of American labor, whose power is best demonstrated by the fact that its chief officer has been for almost two score years continually reelected, with the exception of one single year.

The charges of the radicals against the federation concern at times, of course, individuals; but their main and important contention is that the system of voting and organization in the body being what it is inevitably must create a continuing autocracy of professional labor politicians. The charges of actual fraud involved in this are generally made not as occurring in the political maneuvers in the federation proper, but within the political machinery of the various internationals which compose it.

"It is a rare raw day, and a sick international," said Spinner, his voice grown strident in his discussion, "when you can get a referendum vote of any kind that's on the level—provided, of course, there is any danger of the inside gang's losing what it wants by it."

"Do you mean that exactly?" inquired Mrs. Kent.

"I mean exactly that," reasserted Spinner; and went on to make his charges—the usual charges of all radicals concerning the present labor organization of the United States.

"Say an international has an election—a referendum of any kind!" said Spinner, and elaborated more in detail his claim and the general charges of the radicals. "It sends out the votes to its locals—the exact number of ballots to which each local union is entitled by its full membership. These go of course into the hands of the local officers, who are generally in the know with the international officers—have to be if they are going to get anything of consequence for their own unions from the internationals.

"Very well. They take the vote in the local," he went on explaining. "How many members vote? How many would—usually? You know, perhaps, how large a percentage of the members come out to the ordinary labor-union meeting. Say they vote in this referendum anywhere from twenty to fifty per cent of the ballots sent to the union officers," said Spinner, talking sharply and directly to the sharp-faced, bright-eyed woman opposite him.

"Very well," he went on. "Now suppose, for example, the international headquarters found that the vote, as it came in, was going against it. What would it do?"

"What would it?" asked Mrs. Kent tensely.

"What would it naturally do? It has, let us say, ten days after the vote comes in from the different unions to count it. It finds it needs a hundred votes—a thousand—yes, five thousand! What's to prevent it from telegraphing to the officers of the locals who are closest to it, and have them send in their surplus ballots—not voted in their unions—marking them themselves; the whole of their unvoted ballots if they need them. These local union officers, whom they can trust, let us say, having held back from sending in their votes until the headquarters finds out how many votes it needs."

"Is that done?" inquired another of the women—the statuesque Mrs. Bugbee; the other group now coming into Spinner's audience.

"Is it done?" said Spinner with a strident laugh. "Why wouldn't it be done—with the present crude methods of voting and counting votes in the federation internationals and locals? What's surprising about it?" he asked them. "You are not astonished now to know there is corruption in city politics, are you? Then why the surprise about labor unions—when their safeguards against fraudulent voting and crooked counting of votes are about comparable to those of American cities of thirty years ago. Yes, much cruder—almost childish! And we all know, I will assume, what political conditions were in American cities thirty years ago."

"This is terrible!" the statuesque woman murmured from beside him.

"Why wonder—why be surprised then?" asked Spinner, addressing his remarks still to his one particular point of attention in his audience—the thin-lipped Mrs. Kent. "Why be surprised that labor is boss ridden? Human nature is the same in labor unions as it is anywhere else, is it not? So long as there are proper tools there will always be men to use them. It is not a matter of personalities—except to the ignorant mind. It is a matter of a rotten system—self-evident on its face, which needs only its statement to be accepted."

"Do I understand you to say," asked Mrs. Brown-Tucker now, "that all international referendum votes are fraudulent?"

"You understand me to say," answered Spinner, "that when necessary to be used the tools are always there—in their voting system. The desire is there—to retain office and power—the desire of professional office-holders in an old-established political machine. I don't have to say anything else because it isn't necessary—to a person of intelligence. It is only necessary in addition to see this political machine maintain itself year after year. Could it be there, going on as it does—a perpetual dynasty in the federation and internationals both—year after year carrying out its program, electing itself or its successors by accident, just on the theory of chances?"

"Do you mean this all—literally?" persisted Mrs. Kent, her bright eyes always brighter.

Spinner laughed scornfully. "Ask anybody," he said, "who has seen any labor

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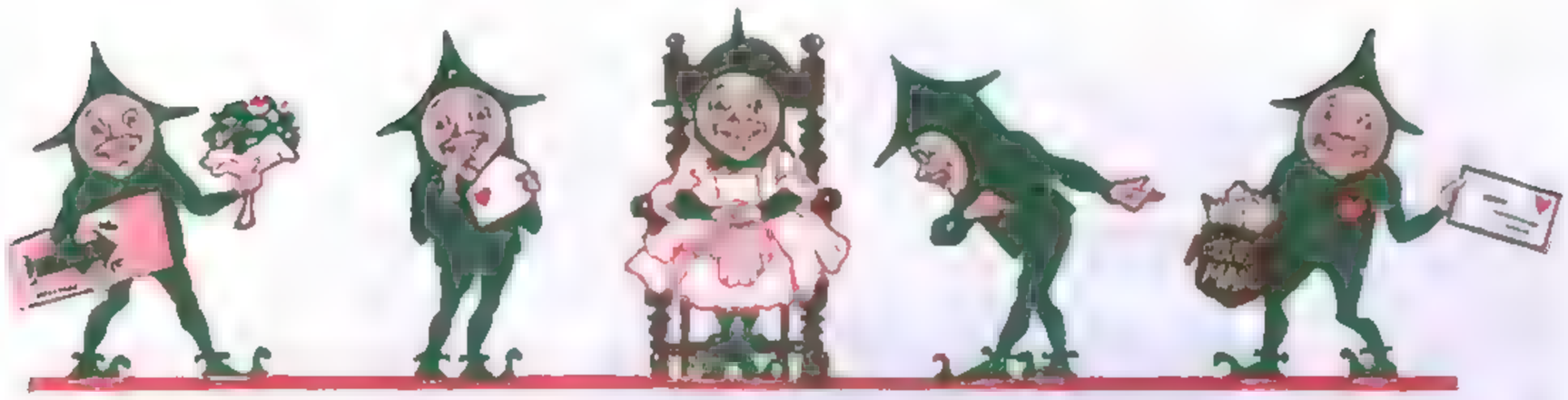

WRIGLEY'S

Merits your lasting esteem because of its long-lasting flavor

Sealed Tight - Kept Right

19 Hours of Service From Each Gallon of Fuel

THE Red Star, new type, all-the-year-'round oil stove, is known for fuel economy. It gives *more* heat—does *better* cooking and baking—and uses *less* fuel. Gives 19 hours of finest cooking or baking heat from each gallon of kerosene. Saves 25% of the fuel usually required.

Has *no wicks or wick substitutes.* Burns *gas* which it makes from kerosene, gasoline or distillate. Has all the beauty, sturdiness and cooking efficiency of a fine gas range. Cooks, bakes, boils or fries *anything*, in the time called for by the best recipes.

Sold by leading furniture and hardware dealers. Look for the Red Star above the shelf. Write for the Red Star Book of Tests—it shows what this stove will actually do.

THE DETROIT VAPOR STOVE CO., DETROIT, MICH., U.S.A.

36

The Wonderful Red Star Burner

One of the great achievements in oil stove construction. Converts kerosene, gasoline or distillate into gas. Mixes gas with proper proportion of air like an automobile carburetor. Produces a double ring of hot gas flame. Burner becomes red hot, adding intense heat. Consumes all smoke and odors. Made of grey annealed iron. Weighs 8½ lbs. Impervious to effect of constant heating and cooling. Lasts for many years. Saves 25% of fuel.

RED ★ STAR

Detroit Vapor Oil Stove

(Continued from Page 130)

politics—from the local up. Ask anybody who has had any inside view of a contested referendum vote!" He laughed again. "It is a national stench and scandal that no nose that ever approached it could miss. It would turn the hardened stomach of a dog. I mean what I say. Year after year the real voice of American labor—inside the federation and its unions, not outside at all, understand—is silenced, manipulated, counted out; its choice of officers defeated by this system."

And he named several examples, which he claimed to be instances of a general national-labor fraud.

"This is terrible," asserted the small, wistful blonde. Even she had broken away from her attentive listening to the men from the Mesaba Range, and they stood now listening with her to Spinner's unexpected and bitter harangue.

"They don't have that in the wobblies—you bet your ears!" asserted the more talkative of the Mesaba men. "We'd bump them off. And we've got a constitution and by-laws framed to stop all that."

"We've had Haywood some time," asserted Spinner, "at that."

"Yes—at four dollars a day and expenses," replied the second man from the range.

"They're honest, I believe. I'll say that," admitted Spinner. "The head ones. I think most of the radicals are—for that matter. At least I personally think so."

"They'd better be!" said the Mesaba man menacingly.

"They have, no doubt," said Frenac smoothly, "the 'holy anger of new causes,' as one of our French writers has said."

"Right," said Spinner, glad to be done speaking—trying to divert attention from himself. "If you don't believe it, ask Sonia about the Spartacides, about Rosa Luxemburg. She feels it herself, right now, your holy anger."

"Sure," said Sonia, not disturbed, "I feel it! Though I might not seem to, but I feel it just the same!"

"But what can be done?" urged the blond Mrs. Jenks, with exaggerated blond helplessness.

"You take," Spinner continued, his mind going back to an obvious instance he had overlooked, "the United Mine Workers, the biggest union in the country. The sentiment in the rank and file there—on just this thing I'm speaking of."

And he went on to rehearse the radicals' charges made concerning the election of various officers of all types, which have been growing into a public outcry with the growth of radicalism in that great organization.

"This is monstrous—monstrous!" asserted the statuesque Mrs. Bugbee.

"They should all be killed," asserted Mrs. Kent with set lips. It was a common expression with her—of final judgment. To Spinner she seemed always like a creature in constant pain, continually desiring to inflict pain upon others.

"But what—what can be done?" persisted the blue-eyed Mrs. Jenks.

"What can we do, you mean?" asked Mrs. Kent sharply.

The face of Mrs. Brown-Tucker, Spinner had been noticing, had been growing continually more flushed as the conversation went on.

"One thing I can do!" she now said loudly. "One little thing," she caught herself, continuing, "I have decided on in our mines—my brother and I! We have resisted the unionizing of our mines, but now we have decided to ask Mr. Spinner to go in, to do what he sees fit, to organize them honestly—as they should be—creating a small nucleus of honesty at least in the district where they are."

There were exclamations of surprise and approval.

Spinner flushed with gratification and hope for his plan. But his patroness—his angel—Mrs. Brown-Tucker, did not go into further details until her other guests were finally gone, and he and Sonia alone remained with her.

"You are aching, I know," she told them, throwing herself back on a divan with a gesture of ample weariness after the last of the others had gone, "to know just what I have planned for you. There is little to be added, I am afraid, to what I told the rest. We have decided, Brother Henry and I, that we wish our property unionized honestly and with full freedom to our own individual men. We must be certain that it must be done properly. And we know of no one," she said with a generous reassurance of her favoring smile, "that we could trust so thoroughly as you. That is it," she said, "in a nutshell, the main idea.

"Now the second and new thing," she continued, drawing back and looking at Spinner with a decided effect, "is this: Brother Henry will be here—in this house—to-morrow. And to-morrow morning at ten o'clock he will be here in the next room—to give you a conference.

"Isn't it wonderful! Isn't it splendid! Isn't it quite a triumph!" she broke off to exclaim. "I have worked on him, I will not say how long, till finally I have convinced him it is the thing to do in every way. And now, to-morrow, I turn him over to you to complete the arrangement. You will find him," she went on, while they sat continually listening, "Brother Henry, a typical American business man. All business through and through. But most kindly—thoroughly honorable and reliable in everything he agrees to do.

"And now," she said, putting her hand to her high forehead with a simple gesture of weariness and dismissal, "I think that is all. You will, of course, understand what must be done next. You will be here to-morrow morning at ten, and I will take you to my brother—and leave you two to go over it together."

She rose, went with them familiarly to the door and saw them out.

Spinner, of course, was still in suspense, still ached to ask her for some more satisfying details as to what had actually happened. But then, he told himself in self-appeasement, she probably would know no more than she had already told. The bourgeoise woman knew—could know from her position—nothing of the real network of intrigue and covert indirection of purpose which ran always under the surface of men's business relations.

But what was it actually which was in this man's mind—this Brother Henry—ruler by inheritance of the great Brown mine interests? Something certainly more than appeared in this woman's conversation; something doubtless which she had no conception of as yet herself.

The thought went on insistently in Spinner's mind as he and Sonia rode south and then west in the crowded trolley cars from the section of the high bourgeois to the dreary west side of the river changed cars, jostled passengers, crashed over switches, and alighted finally at their own dismal corner of the interminable level night dreariness of the street of the homeless men.

He tried Sonia then, to find if she had any clew to the motive, to what was going on in this mine operator's mind; to what the trade was which, in the fashion of a bourgeois, he would require in return for this final concession of the unionizing of his mines.

Sonia had acquired little new knowledge—except that she was quite certain that Mrs. Brown-Tucker had really no idea of this herself. She had expressed herself, in fact, in one casual remark to Sonia, as herself wondering about it.

"Could it be something political?" suggested Sonia.

"Why?"

"Nothing," said Sonia, "exactly. Only she seemed, in one of her guesses, to wonder that."

"It might be. It often is," said Spinner, remembering, of course, the familiar close connection between labor politics and politicians and state and local politics. "At any rate," he said to Sonia, "she seems to be pretty sure of the main fact—that I shall have my chance of working finally in that district.

"We shall have our chance," said Sonia, "you mean!"

He had quite a difficult time, even then, in convincing her that for the present certainly her place was here in Chicago, watching the situation from this end, from her place of confidence and almost invaluable usefulness with Mrs. Brown-Tucker, as the actual practical manager of that woman's radical and intellectual activities. It seemed almost impossible to convince her. She seemed determined to break away from this routine, to go with him into the public prominence and activity of the campaign he was planning in the field.

It seemed to him that she, even more than all the other women—the bourgeoise women she was helping to manipulate—was obsessed to break into the activities previously confined to the life of man. To appear suddenly, in shining armor, the striking figure of the woman side by side with the man in the greatest adventure in all history. To stage the début of the new woman at the raising of the curtain of a new heaven and a new earth.

How differently, thought Spinner after their dispute was done and she had yielded finally, in tears—how differently, thought Spinner, when she finally slept, all this evangelism of the coming of the new world through the gospel of hate worked upon the nervous system of women than upon that of men. How much more sharply it engaged their feelings and their sympathies. It seemed to him, smiling his bitterly amused smile, that she was envious at times of the wild activities and the world prominence even of her idol—her Rosa Luxemburg, whose face, with her other favorite martyrs, stared out opposite him from her wall into the dark.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ANN'S HAT

(Continued from Page 17)

out of the question; his next, that if he could not work there was nothing to do; his next, that he had bound himself to a rather silly appointment to meet a rather forward and perhaps with further encouragement troublesome young woman. And having thought these three disagreeable thoughts he grunted somewhat sulkily, turned over and at once went to sleep again.

While he lingered over a late breakfast his landlady, ministering to his physical wants assiduously, was easily led to the topic of a curious old house with an overhanging gallery and an ivied porch.

Lordy, yes! She knew it well. Maiden's Lane, they called that street—down along. Lordy, yes! A very old house—Mrs. Wingate had lived there a long time—ever since her husband's death twenty years back, it might be, or more. Yes. A stout woman, a fine handsome lady in her time—handsomer than her daughter, though she was counted handsome by some. Very poor people now compared to what they had been once. A solicitor Mr. Wingate had been. An unlucky man in his marriage. But there, there was no use in raking up things that had been buried for so long. . . . Well—yes—there had been something, whatever it was. No one knew the rights of the story exactly. But Mrs. Wingate had left her husband or he had left her, and then the poor man had died and left almost nothing to either his wife or his daughter, only the house they lived in now, which was his property, and all the rest had gone to the hospital. A great flirt in her time, Mrs. Wingate. Though he'd never think it to look at her now—a big, stout, quiet woman, always shabby and by herself. . . . Yes. A funny world with its ups and downs. But the girl was a nice girl, she heard say, clever and all that and pretty enough as far as that went. Lordy, yes! She knew that house when she was in pinafores and passed it every morning going to school by the short cut. Yes. Was the eggs done to his liking?

After breakfast Margetson fiddled about aimlessly, cleaning brushes and looking out at the rain and taking paint stains off his clothes with turpentine. The offending landscape stood where he had placed it before going to bed the night before, its face ignobly to the wall. Ultimately deciding that the rain would continue all day he clothed himself in a mackintosh and started off for a long tramp in the direction of Sherborne.

He returned to Dorchester late in the afternoon, tired, wet, hungry, and resolved to dispatch to Miss Wingate an adroitly but frankly worded little note canceling humorously a compact which neither of them, he would feel sure, had made seriously. It would be easy to produce something lightly graceful to that effect. Before he had taken off his dripping clothes he went straight to his landscape and looked at it solemnly for several minutes. An immense satisfaction filled him.

"Good, that!" he said aloud, and promised himself to be afield by eight o'clock next morning.

In the reawakening of his enthusiasm the episode of the preceding night was completely forgotten.

It was not until a couple of hours later that suddenly recalling it he seated himself unwillingly to compose a missive to Miss Wingate.

The task, so easily graceful in contemplation, proved in actual execution one of such difficulty and awkwardness that dusk crept out upon him from the corners of the room before he had completed it.

His final version ran:

"*Dear Lady:* "I guess that you hardly expect me, and if I went would regret it. In any case the picture was far too charming to hope to capture in any medium at my disposal. Yours very sincerely,

"WARREN MARGETSON."

And mentally he rounded off the curtness of the note by promising himself to purchase and dispatch to her, as soon as he returned to London, an exact replica of the lavender straw hat, if such a thing were obtainable.

But when the letter had been inclosed in an envelope and the envelope addressed in his spacious hand he contemplated it dubiously.

For some reason apart from mere ordinary feminine capriciousness it was clear that she desired that particular hat. And he had certainly promised to give it to her. To inclose a check would be unpardonable. Why not go, after all? Why distrust his own shrewdness and experience? Why jump to the conclusion that this unusually frank Ann was a designing and dangerous young woman? What he had written after an hour's laborious composition was simply three lines of clumsy boorishness. The rain had stopped. There was no excuse for failing to keep his promise, and, on examination, no good reason. He tore the envelope and its contents into neat tatters and tossed them into the grate.

III

THE windows of the room beside the ivied porch were both open. On the table the light of the yellow-shaded lamp revealed the crown of the hat peeping from its tissue paper. But the girl was not visible. Where she had stood there stood to-night a tall stout elderly woman, who at the sound of Margetson's footsteps came to one of the windows and scrutinized him as he halted somewhat indecisively.

"Is it Mr. Margetson?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Oh. I am Ann's mother. She asked me, if you came before she got back from the school, to say that she hoped you would be able to wait. She has an evening class on Tuesdays and Fridays, you see. Won't you come in? I shan't bore you by expecting you to talk to me. I have some sewing to do. So that you will be left to your own devices until Ann comes."

"Thank you very much," said Margetson, divided between embarrassment and a faint amusement. Doubtless frank Ann's directness was an inheritance from her mother. He wondered a little grimly whether any other maternal characteristics were included in the legacy.

In the hall, illuminated by the light from the sitting room, Mrs. Wingate surveyed him with a smile of tolerant good nature. His landlady's description of her had been accurate. In spite of the dowdiness, even shabbiness of her clothes it was evident that she must have been at one time a remarkably beautiful and attractive woman. Her laugh startled him by its youth and silvery maliciousness, so oddly like her daughter's, so instinct, despite her faded middle age, with the challenge of sex.

"Ann is always doing extraordinary things," she said calmly and stooping replaced an incredibly disreputable list slipper which had slipped off. "I am so accustomed to her little eccentricities that I forget sometimes that other people may not understand them. However you appear a comparatively intelligent young man."

(Continued on Page 137)

THE WORLD WORKS

THE CROWN OVERALL
UNION MADE

CROWN

IN CROWN OVERALLS

— A SERMON BY A CO-WORKER WHO WEARS THEM —

You men who run the world's railroads, build the nation's ships and till the earth's soil, know true Overall value. A garment in which you fairly live—in which you kneel and stoop and climb and bend—has got to measure up to 100 points perfect or you won't have it.

The Super-Overall

CROWN SYSTEM OVERALLS mean more than denim and thread. Sheer skill that amounts to positive cleverness in patterning, cutting and sewing and factory management make it the Super-Overall. Crown ingenuity combined with practicability and skill has standardized the CROWN SYSTEM OVERALL as the world's work garment.

100 Point Weight—Fit—Service

No one good point predominates in Crowns. They are 100 points perfect. You know WEIGHT means lasting strength, protection against heat or cold, oil or wind, safeguard against accidents. You know that SERVICE is the result of weight, quality and perfect workmanship. You know that FIT is all-important. Comfort above all. Roominess where needed. Strength at the points of strain.

You can do any kind of work in a pair of Crown Overalls with perfect ease. They respond gracefully with every body movement. Try on a pair. You'll experience a feeling of roominess you've never had before. You are fully covered, yet there isn't the slightest bind anywhere.

Denim That Defies Punishment

Examine a pair of CROWN SYSTEM OVERALLS, compare it with any Overall made anywhere. Put it to the severest test. Throw a pair on the scales. What do you find? The best and heaviest quality indigo blue denim. No better can be had. If it could, Crown would have it. It will outwear any other denim. It is heavier, stronger, better. The kind of material that can stand the yanks and the strains. The kind you can't tear at the first catch.

A New Pair Free If They Do Not Prove Satisfactory

Every Crown Overall is put together to stay. Its sinews are of the toughest thread. The pockets and other trimmings are as though they were welded on. They stay put. Carpenters' nails or shoemakers' gut couldn't make the parts hold better than they do.

Every detail has been tried, tested and approved. The bib is well up under the chin and covers the whole shirt front. The legs are big and broad, the rise is high, the seat is wide and roomy, the buttons are riveted on never to come off. The back is broad and high. Suspenders are extra wide and full of durable elastic that stretches a-plenty.

Note the big safety watch pocket—an original Crown touch. You would not hesitate to put the most expensive watch in it. The watch positively can't fall out even if you stand on your head. Numerous other generously cut pockets for all conveniences. All garments are UNION MADE.

Labor's Answer

Something far deeper, much greater than quality materials and expert workmanship make CROWN SYSTEMS the Super-Overall. It is the spirit at the CROWN plant. The pride and interest Crown employees take in making them.

Every Crown worker feels a personal responsibility in the guarantee behind Crown Overalls. Perfect workmanship such as this, is labor's answer in return for a square deal. How it can work with the greatest efficiency in the most modern of all Overall plants where working conditions are right and where an entire floor of the largest Overall building in the world is devoted exclusively to the welfare and care of employees.

Boys' Overalls Like Daddy Wears

And so they are—these boys' and children's Overalls. All full cut and roomy. Of the same high grade materials and expert workmanship that go into every Crown garment.

Crown All-In-Alls

Men who prefer one-piece work garments will find no better fitting or roomier garment elsewhere than Crown ALL-IN-ALLS. Like Crown Overalls, the quality, material and workmanship are there! Need more be said?

See Overalls Being Made

Over three million men and boys wear Crown Overalls and over twenty-five thousand dealers in all parts of the world sell them, although you will never know the scope and magnitude of the Crown Overall industry until you have visited the world's greatest Overall institution.

A handsome booklet, with 32 pages and over 38 illustrations, entitled, "MAKING THE WORLD'S WORK GARMENTS," tells how Crown Overalls are made. It will be sent free upon application by dealers, writing on their letterheads. Those who wear Overalls may secure copies from their dealers. Others interested will be sent a copy upon receipt of 5 cents to cover postage.

Dealers

Write, at once, for our Free Trial Offer. The greatest Overall proposition ever presented to you. Address Department L.

THE CROWN OVERALL MFG. CO., Cincinnati, Ohio
OSCAR BERMAN, President

OVERALLS

SOMETHING ABOUT NEW ENGLAND —AND A MOTOR CAR

STEVENS DURYEA

ONE of the most inspiring phases of our history as a nation is the story of the early American craftsmanship that was born and bred in old New England.

In the same uncompromising spirit that impelled those fine old silversmiths and clock-makers and builders — the spirit to do things as well as they can be done — the descendants of that remarkable race do their work today.

Here is a group of men whose birthright is a rare tradition.

But, inspired by true creative genius, they are not content merely to follow in the footsteps of their forebears. Upon their inherited standards they have persistently built new and higher standards with tools and materials and methods such as their ancestors never dreamed of.

It is modern craftsmen of this type, characteristic products of New England, who build Stevens-Duryea Motor Cars.

It was these men who set Stevens-Duryea standards more than twenty years ago. It is they who perpetuate these standards today. It is in the results of their workmanship alone that America finds a motor car which is comparable constructively with the finest American firearms and scientific instruments.

Stevens-Duryea and New England craftsmanship are thus permanently and inseparably bound together, not only by ties of tradition, but also by ties of loyalty to a revered ideal expressed in modern organized manufacturing effort.

STEVENS-DURYEA, Inc. *Chicopee Falls:* MASSACHUSETTS

STEVENS DURYEA
MOTOR CARS

(Continued from Page 133)

"Thank you," he said with gravity. "You see, at times, the fact has escaped observation."

She laughed again, looked at him with an indifferent approval and moved toward the staircase.

"I should like to see your pastel when it is done," she said. "And if it is any good—though I don't see how you propose to work in color by that light—I will show you a pastel which Thiswerl did of me twenty-five years ago, in Paris."

"You knew Thiswerl?"

"Yes. Poor Thiswerl! He tried to kiss me once, and tore his nose with one of my hairpins. I always thought him a tiresome, affected person. But most artists are, aren't they?"

A key clicked in the street door.

"Here is Ann now," she said. "It is, I hope, unnecessary to remind you that she wears hairpins."

She laughed once more like a girl of twenty and proceeded up the staircase, waddling as she climbed, and much impeded by the list slippers, one or other of which detached itself at every second stair.

"So sorry to have kept you waiting!" said Ann, disengaging her latchkey from the lock. "I should have warned you last night about my evening class on Tuesdays."

"Your mother has very kindly sacrificed her sewing to my entertainment," he said formally.

She glanced at him quickly, almost shyly, as she passed him, and then led the way into the sitting room.

"I suppose you want to get to work at once," she said, beginning to take off her hat. "You look so very businesslike tonight. So mother has been amusing you. Poor old mother! She's funny, but she's really rather a dear. She's always allowed me to do exactly what I want to do. And so I don't do it more often than I can help. Are you flattered? Or do you think me a very forward young person? Not that it matters in the least."

She tossed her hat and gloves into a corner and took her pose of the preceding evening.

"Is that right?"

"Quite right. But I must have a candle, please. Two if ——"

"Two if we can afford them. I think we can run to two, in your especial honor."

When the candles had been with some difficulty arranged so as to light his drawing she resumed her pose and he set to work with energy. For a little time the silence was broken only by the brushing of his sleeve against his body. When he had sketched in the general lines of his composition he climbed out through the window and in the darkness noted for some minutes the principal values. The girl did not, as he had expected she would, look toward him for an explanation of these gymnastics as he returned through the window. And after a very few minutes he became aware that she was struggling bravely to repress a yawn.

"All right!" he said sharply. "Please yawn if you want to. I can get on with the figure. Are you tired?"

Her efforts to control the yawn twisted her lips, accentuated the long beautiful line of her jaw. At last, conquered, she yawned outright, until her eyes grew tearful.

"I am tired," she admitted. "I've had two hours of that stuffy old kitchen and eleven stuffy-brained pupils. But I can easily stand like this for as long as you want me to. An hour, I think you said."

He began at once to put away his pastels. "Why on earth didn't you tell me at once?" he said frowning.

"No, please go on. I don't mind in the least."

But he stood up.

"Certainly not," he said with finality. "As a matter of fact I don't feel particularly in the humor for working to-night."

"Oh, well—in that case ——" She seated herself facing him. "I may as well confess that I was on the point of sending you a note to ask you not to come this evening. But I thought you might be offended." She smiled and added quickly: "That really was the reason why I did not send it. Not because I was afraid of losing the hat. I—I've changed my mind about the hat, you see."

"Indeed?"

"Yes," she said slowly. "I don't want it now."

"'*Souvent femme varie!*'" he quoted gravely. "Any particular reason for this violent revulsion of feeling?"

"Yes. I've decided not to go to the fête at Oakleigh on Thursday."

"Oh. You wanted it for a fête at Oakleigh on Thursday?"

"I wanted it for someone whom I should have met at the fête at Oakleigh on Thursday."

He Was—and Knew That He Was—on the Threshold of One of the Periodical Fits of Depression Which Afflict Every Painter

"Somebody worthy of being impressed, I presume?"

"Well, I rather think he has been impressed already—from a distance. I don't know him, you see. But on Thursday I should probably have met him. He is very nice—and very eligible. And for the last two years or so whenever we have met—though that has not been very often—he has stared at me with what can only be described as open admiration; respectful but unfortunately unenterprising."

"All this sounds very promising," said Margetson dryly. "It seems a pity to miss this opportunity of Oakleigh. That's Barcott's place. I know Barcott. But I shouldn't have associated him with a parochial fête."

"He has merely lent his grounds. You say you know Mr. Barcott?"

"Quite well. We were at Winchester together years ago. And I've come across him several times down here. Good fellow."

She stared at him reflectively for some moments.

"Yes," she agreed. "He looks a good fellow. Everyone says he is a good fellow." She laughed. "You know nothing of his susceptibilities in the matter of lavender straw hats, do you?" she asked, playing with the folds of her skirt.

"Then Barcott is the person to be impressed? Well—he certainly is entirely eligible. My advice to you is to wear that hat on Thursday."

"You really think so? I took such pains to describe exactly what I wanted. Pages and pages. The friend who bought it for me went to about twenty different shops before she found this. It does seem a pity to allow so much energy to be wasted."

"Do you mind if I ask you quite frankly if you really contemplate —— Well—what, exactly, do you contemplate?"

"Isn't it brutally evident? I am twenty-six. I am stuck here in this heaven-forsaken little town for life—and such a life! Hateful, mean, strangling, perpetual struggling to make ends meet and retain an air of respectable gentility while one is doing it. This man likes me—I know that. He has asked all kinds of people about me. I believe that with a very little opportunity I could induce him to marry me—if I was once properly introduced to him. Not otherwise. He is like that."

"Yes. He was always a bit of a prig, Barcott. But a topping good chap."

"And I think that on Thursday, with a little management, a nice proper, satisfactory introduction could be contrived. I am to assist at a stall run by a Mrs. Tredfold, who knows him. With luck ——"

Margetson paced solemnly up and down the room, his hands deep in his trousers pockets, his eyes fixed on the threadbare carpet. The girl's scrutiny followed him with a guarded persistency which did not escape him. He stopped abruptly before her.

"Why had you changed your mind, then?" he demanded.

Her eyes met his calmly. They were very lovely eyes, sea gray and long-lashed.

"Can't you guess?" she asked. "I think I have wanted to know you all my life."

Margetson laughed shortly.

"Honestly," he asked, "to how many men have you made that remark, say, during the past twelve months?"

"Only three," she replied, her little pearly teeth showing. "That's three besides you."

"Did any of them believe it?"

"All of them—except the one who pretended that he did!"

They looked at one another in silence for some moments defiantly.

"Well," he said at length, "you want nothing from me. Not even the hat. Or do you want it?"

She considered.

"If you will come to the fête at Oakleigh on Thursday, and if you will introduce me, nicely and fraternally, to Mr. Barcott, you may give me the hat. When I am Mrs. Hugh Barcott I will pay you back two pounds five shillings."

"You are a cruel little animal," he said grimly. "But you are a delightfully entertaining one."

"Here is mother," said Ann primly, aware of a soft flapping descending the staircase.

Mrs. Wingate ambled into the room, sewing in hand, and examined the scarcely begun pastel drawing.

"You've wasted my candles, young man," she said severely, and blew them out. "Now, Ann, it's high time you got my hot-water bottles ready. I don't suppose you know anything about hot-water bottles, yet, Mr. Margetson, do you? Do you know, the only really happy moment in my day is the moment when I stretch my feet down under the sheets and find my hot-water bottles."

Ann had risen and disappeared. Margetson murmured some laborious pleasantry, gathered up his working materials and bade Mrs. Wingate good night. From the porch she called after him and he went back, somewhat impatiently.

"If you smoke Turkish cigarettes," she said charmingly, "you may give me one. I've been longing all the time you've been here to come down and ask you for one. Thank you so much. Good night."

"Damn!" said Margetson as he heard the door close behind him.

IV

THE fête at Oakleigh was a triumphant success, at least from the point of view of its distinguished organizers. The day was one of cloudless blue sky and brilliant sunshine, and the local reporters gazing upon the scene on the lawn from the terrace with mysterious but benign gravity observed in anticipatory paragraphs the presence of all the expected and animating features of such functions in satisfactory completeness. There were a military band, a refreshment tent, a coconut shy, a living Aunt Sally, a Punch-and-Judy show, a rifle gallery and several stalls at which ordinarily haughty and exclusive ladies presided with affability and carefully concealed condescension. There was a large and light-hearted crowd—Thursday being early closing day.

The sward was as emerald and its contrast with feminine frocks and furbelows as harmonious as the heart of any journalist could desire.

Everyone appeared to be perfectly happy and well-behaved. Toward the end of the afternoon a drunken man—horrible apparition—did indeed waver out from beneath the trees inexplicably and drift with sinister uncertainty of limb toward the refreshments. But a steward interposing, with pale

(Continued on Page 141)

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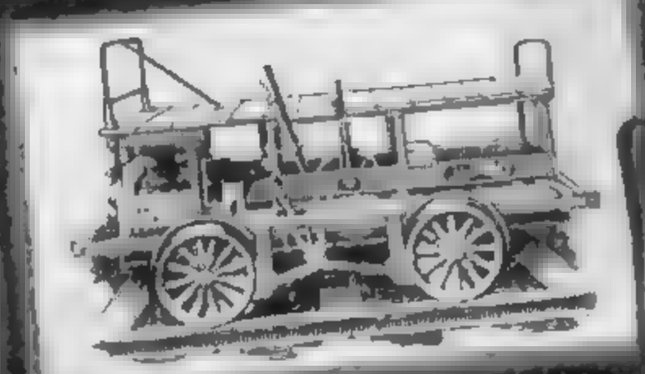

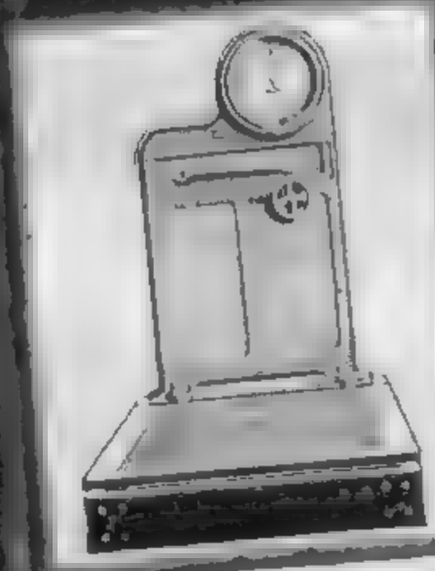

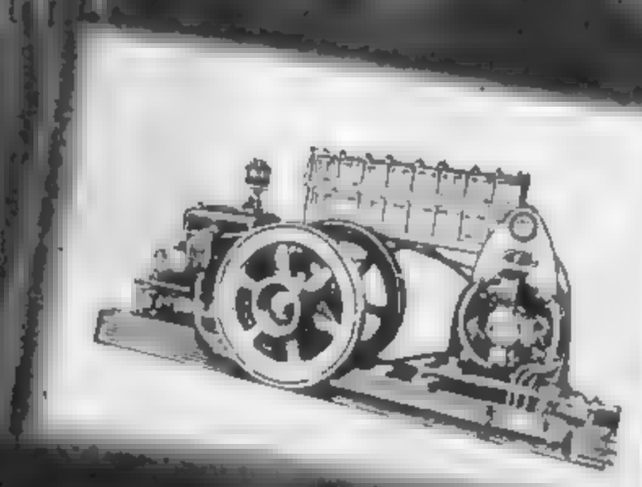

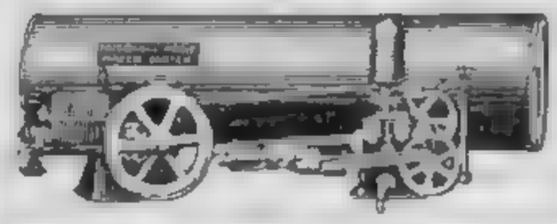

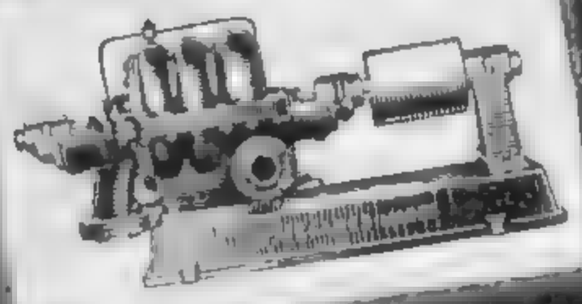

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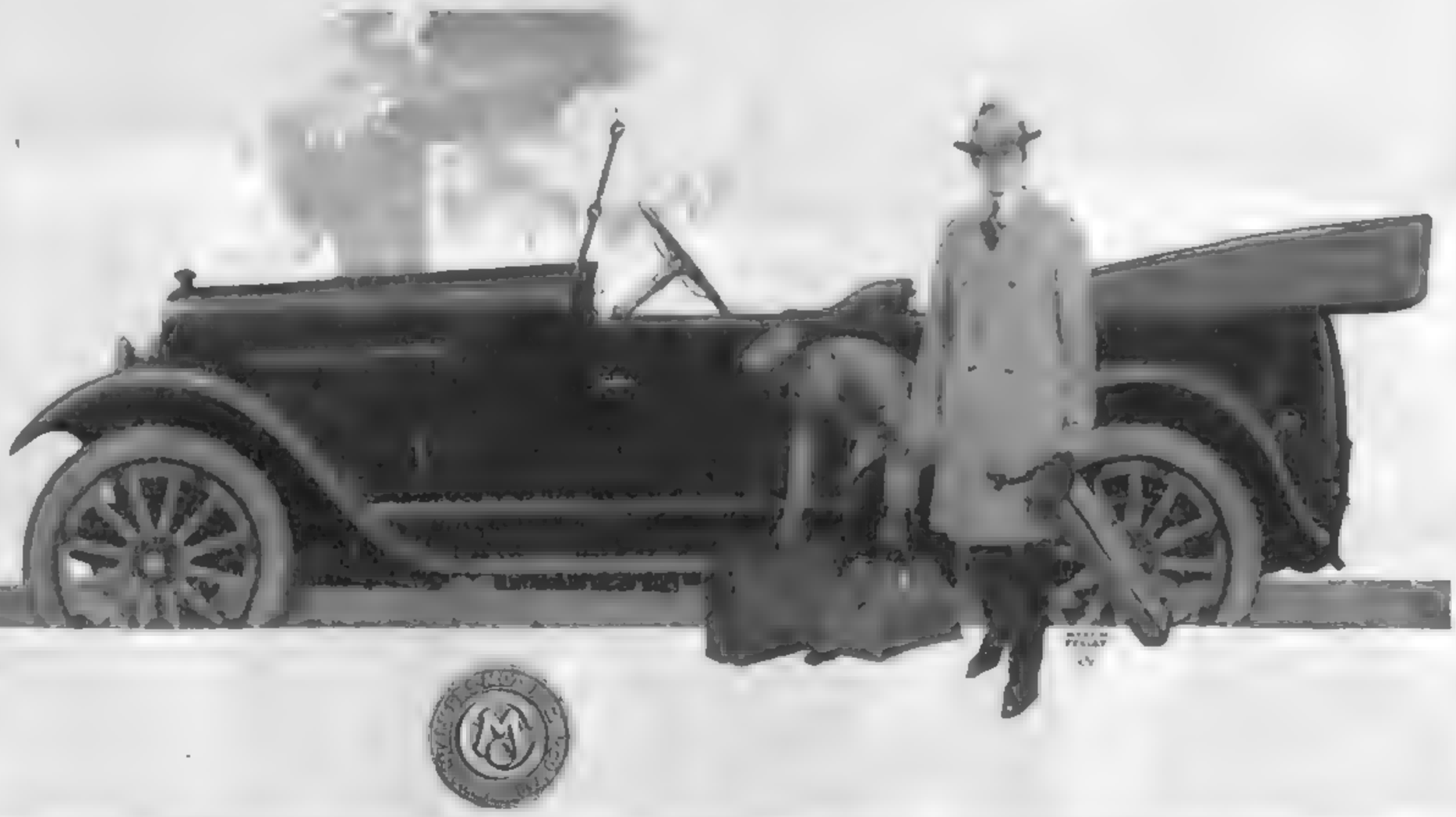
A HIGHER *radiator, a straight cowl, an eminently new and refined body, lower in line, with square doors, deeply tilted seats, a low hung top, a low windshield, contribute a new elegance to the Chalmers, which a well-nigh faultless chassis has made one of the few great cars of the world, and brought its sales to a new, unprecedented peak.*

CHALMERS MOTOR CAR CO., INC. - - DETROIT, MICH.

CHALMERS MOTOR CAR CO. OF CANADA, LTD., WINDSOR, ONTARIO
MAXWELL MOTOR CAR CO., INC., EXPORT DIVISION, 1808 B'WAY, NEW YORK

CHALMERS

WITH HOT SPOT AND RAM'S HORN



(Continued from Page 137)

but determined countenance, his crimson-and-gold-badged breast, the intruder was diverted toward the coconut shy, whose proprietor, a stalwart man in cleanish shirt sleeves, took charge of him at Mr. Barcott's request and saw him safely on to Yeovil road, where he fell asleep.

A number of particularly picturesque young women laden with small beribboned baskets strayed through the throng, offering for sale, with charming wiles, chocolates, cigarettes and mascots of wonderful anatomy. And Margetson, seated with Hugh Barcott under the shade of a conveniently remote elm, observed that his companion's eyes followed the movements of one of these fair merchants with a peculiar attention and indifference to conversational coherence.

"I want to buy some cigarettes," said Margetson, availing himself of an obvious artifice. "Shall we go in search of some?"

"Try mine," said Barcott. But Margetson discovering that his were Turkish developed a sudden desire for American, and the two sauntered toward the crowd. Barcott, who had only arrived in time for the episode of the drunken man, had greeted his old-time school friend with decorous cordiality. Margetson found him amiable, beautifully groomed, handsome in a rich varnished way, his full face a little fat, but his profile incipiently imposing. As they strolled across the grass Margetson reflected that his companion fitted in admirably with the stately old house and beautiful grounds in which no doubt highly varnished and fattish faced Barcotts had lived their stolid complacent English days for centuries. But none the less, regarding that solemn profile with its firm mouth and heavy jut of chin, he doubted a little the wisdom of Miss Wingate's ambition, and the likelihood of its fulfillment a great deal.

As he had anticipated, Miss Wingate saw them as they came and advanced a little way clear of the fringe of the crowd to meet them. Barcott's pleasure at the introduction which followed quite naturally was boyishly manifest. After a very few banalities Margetson inspected Miss Wingate's stock of cigarettes with disapproval, and departed hurriedly in quest of Virginians—which he never smoked. Presently observing the lavender straw hat moving away toward the house under the escort of Barcott's blamelessly tailored figure he yawned, and lighting his neglected pipe made his way meditatively down the drive.

In the ditch a little way from the lodge gates along the road the drunken man lay, snoring peacefully among the nettles and dandelions. Margetson contemplated him gravely for a little while.

"Oh, filthy one!" he said aloud. "What are art and love and dignity and beauty and lavender straw hats to thee? Oh, drunken, base but most happy one, sleep well!"

The sleeper opened two bleary eyes.

"'Sist a pore man t'get cup o'tea," he said without attempting to rise.

"Not perfectly happy after all," reflected Margetson, and went on his way toward Dorchester.

Half a mile outside the town he seated himself on a stile beside the road. He had walked slowly, but the airy warmth of the afternoon had closed in a heavy breathlessness and as he mopped his forehead and looked at a leaden bank of cloud advancing threateningly from the southwest he predicted a thunderstorm before nightfall.

When he had sat there for some minutes a big gray car proceeding at a leisurely pace toward Dorchester passed across the opening in the hedges in which the stile was recessed. In front beside the chauffeur sat a smartly dressed youngish woman whom Margetson recognized as Barcott's married sister, Mrs. Banning-Stephens. In the back Hugh Barcott was listening with smiling attention to some remark of Miss Wingate's. She was looking at him from beneath the brim of the lavender straw hat and emphasizing what she was saying with a pretty gesture of one hand. Barcott sat turned a little toward her, so that his back was presented to Margetson as he passed. Miss Wingate, however, catching sight of the figure on the stile, recognized it and directed Barcott's attention to it. The car stopped, and Margetson, rather annoyed by the rencounter, felt compelled to get off his stile and walk toward it.

"Can we give you a lift?" asked Barcott.

But Margetson declined. He preferred, for the sake of exercise, to walk.

"Hope you've had a pleasant afternoon," he said to Miss Wingate when he had shaken hands with Mrs. Banning-Stephens. Without waiting for her reply he looked skyward. "Lucky to have had such a good day. Looks pretty threatening now."

"Please don't let us be caught in a thunderstorm, Mr. Barcott," said Miss Wingate. "Lightning terrifies me."

Barcott leaned forward at once to the chauffeur's ear.

"All right, Danker. Get a move on her."

Margetson returned to his stile until he judged that the dust of the car had subsided. The arrangement of the occupants of the car—the fact that Mrs. Banning-Stephens was sitting in front, that Barcott was not driving but was sitting behind with Miss Wingate, and, above all, the astonishing fact that Miss Wingate was in Barcott's car in any position—appeared to him curiously significant. Perhaps after all her ambition was not so unlikely of fulfillment. At all events she appeared to have made considerable progress toward that happy result already.

But for some reason, that she had done so irritated him profoundly.

V

THE threatened thunderstorm broke over Dorchester about seven o'clock and then retreated, muttering and unsatisfied, to the southwest again. Margetson, in a condition of fidgety irritability which he attempted to attribute to the oppressiveness of the atmosphere, began and abandoned three times a novel which he had bought on his way down from London, and which, to his utter disgust, dealt with the mental and moral decadence of an artist with piercingly observant green eyes. He thought of writing some overdue letters, but his landlady's ink proved impossible. The pencil to which he had recourse as a substitute persisted in drawing villainous caricatures of himself.

And persistently the vision of Ann Wingate's face smiling into Barcott's from beneath the brim of a lavender straw hat obtruded itself upon the flickering screen of his thoughts.

Was he in love with her? Absurd! But was he in love with her? No. Did he like her? He thought not. Did she interest him? Yes. How?

What did he want to do with her? To that brutal question he brought his conscience with a jerk. But it neither shied nor blinked nor displayed the least uneasiness. From this assured integrity of motives he derived perhaps less satisfaction than he felt it entitled him to. His aims and desires, whatever they were, in regard to Miss Wingate were at all events certainly amiable and innocuous. But why did he take an interest in her, and what kind of interest was it in truth?

He began to make a little mental inventory of this disturbing Ann and characteristically began with her defects.

She was too sure of her physical attractions. She was affected—he felt quite sure that her amazing frankness and indiscretion were more than half deliberate, despite her mother's share in them. She was wanting in self-control, perhaps in self-respect. No properly balanced girl would, even to satisfy her craving to pose as unusual, ask a man whom she had known for a bare hour to kiss her. She was treacherous. Yes—that was the keynote to frank Ann. She was utterly, absolutely, innately, incurably treacherous—the incarnation of feminine falsity. Perceiving on reflection that most of these hastily put-in shadows were much too heavy and too crude he picked up the history of the green-eyed decadent for the fourth time and opened it at random. These were the words that caught his eye.

"'A man who loves a woman ceases to love her when he knows why he loves her.'

"The half-closed eyes of her companion opened lazily.

"'And a woman begins to love a man when she knows why he does not love her.'"

"O good Lord!" said Margetson, and abandoned literature finally for that evening.

"A man who does not love a woman," he enterprised in emulation, "continues not to love her when he knows that he does not love her. And a man who does not love a woman and does not know that he does not love her deserves to be stuffed with putty and left to harden in the doorway of a lunatic asylum."

At this point the fact that he had escaped on the preceding evening from Mrs. Wingate without discharging his debt to her daughter—a fact which all the evening he had kept carefully out of sight in a remote corner of his conscience—escaped from its prison in the guise of a plausible excuse. Presently, with a curiously pleasurable excitement he was descending West Hill, Maiden's Lane, before the heavy isolated raindrops swelled suddenly to a downpour.

As he waited beneath the porch a loud and prolonged peal of thunder heralded the approach of the returning storm. Ann, pale and frightened, opened the door and peeped out at him.

"Come in, Mr. Margetson," she said nervously. "This wretched thunderstorm is coming back again, I know. I simply can't stand lightning."

Murmuring a soothing assurance of his belief that the storm would pass quickly, amid the crackling rattle of another peal he followed her into the sitting room, where he noticed that the shutters of both windows were closed and the fire irons carefully concealed beneath the hearthrug. Ann seated herself with her back to the windows and pointed to the most comfortable chair.

"Mother is sitting upstairs in her bedroom with two lamps lighted and a black shawl over her head and face. She is worse even than I am. She's been afraid to come down the stairs ever since dusk fell. Isn't it absurd that we should be such fearful cowards?"

"How curiously alike you and your mother are," he said, smiling.

"Very," she agreed with a rather dejected nod of her head. She waited until another outbreak had died away. "I wonder if eventually I shall become like her—I mean, stout and untidy and lazy. She was far prettier as a young woman than I have ever been—even five or six years ago when I was passable."

"Your mother promised to show me a pastel of Thiswerl's—but apparently judged me unworthy."

"Yes. Thiswerl did a pastel of her a few years after her marriage. It's rather good, I think." She averted her eyes and added in a lower tone: "It was on account of that pastel that father left her, I believe. Father was a fearfully strict, proper sort of person and he—saw Thiswerl trying to kiss her. He made an awful scene and Thiswerl picked him up and carried him out of the room. Father was a slight little man and Thiswerl was a big strong one. Father never forgave mother. And when he died he left her just a pound a week and this old house; though he had lots and lots of ——"

A deafening peal rattled and crashed just over the house apparently. Ann rose to her feet and catching the mantelpiece for support stood with her other hand to her bloodless cheek, trembling violently.

"Stupid of him, wasn't it?" she said vaguely. "That was very close."

"How fortunate that it waited until the fête was over," he said lightly, hoping to distract her attention. "And that reminds me that I am consumed with curiosity as to the effect of the new hat upon our friend Barcott."

She smiled wanly.

"Mr. Barcott and I got on very well," she said, reseating herself. "He is not exciting. But he is very nice."

"The safest brand."

"He introduced me to quite a number of people—his mother and sister among the number. He gave me tea in a priceless set of Sèvres in the library. He told me all about his principal tastes, amusements, past adventures and present troubles."

"And the future?"

Another peal, more distant and audibly retreating, filled the pause that followed this question.

"Thank goodness, it's going away!" said Ann. "Mr. Barcott's future? Of that he said nothing. But he insisted on bringing me back in his car; and he invited me to bring mother to lunch at Oakleigh on Monday, with the car to call for us and bring us home. So that ——" She smiled down at her interlocked fingers.

"So that ——"

"Perhaps. No—not perhaps."

Suddenly serious she stood up and came across to look down at him.

"I am going to marry Hugh Barcott," she said gravely. "I know it. And—I don't want to, a bit."

"Nonsense," he said gruffly.

"I don't want to, a bit."

"Nonsense," he repeated.

"That is all you can find to say?" she asked, when her glance had rested on his face broodingly for a little space.

"Yes," he said hardly. "You will be a dashed lucky girl if you marry Barcott. And it is nonsense to pretend to think anything else—if you believe what you say."

"You don't believe it?"

"I think it quite possible that you will marry him."

"You don't care whether I do or not?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"It is really no affair of mine. Except that I shall rejoice that in some small way I have contributed to such an extremely delightful and secure ending to our—is it an acquaintance?"

She made a little mocking grimace, turned away, and turned to him again.

"You remember the first night you came, I said something—that you sneered at, and that then I tried to pass off as a joke? You remember?"

"What?"

"I said that I felt that—that I had wanted to know you all my life."

"Oh, yes, I remember. And very prettily you said it."

"And then like a fool I said that I had made the same remark to other men. You remember that?"

"Yes, I remember that. Of course you never did?"

"Never!" she protested hotly. "I said that simply because you sneered at me. I want you to know that. What I said to you was the truth; I should like you to believe that. It may be mad or silly or childish. I don't know. I only know that I feel that about you. All my life I have been waiting to meet you. I knew it the moment I saw the light fall on your face when you came to the window. I'm not sure that I didn't know it the moment I heard your footsteps stop out there in the darkness. There—I've said it now. And now I want you to go away. At once, please."

"But ——"

He smiled, as he guessed, unmeaningly. He felt that his self-control was weakening and that her words and the air with which she had said them had impressed him with a sense of an unreality that was more vital and more important, immeasurably more important than reality. For the first time in his life he could find no light-hearted phrase to ease a moment of embarrassment. He averted his face from hers and the uncomfortable spell was broken. In a thought's time he had readjusted the tried standards of matter-of-fact experience.

"Go!" she repeated vehemently. "Why don't you go?"

"The hat?" he said. "What about the hat?"

With deliberate calmness he took a sovereign case from his pocket and extracting from it two sovereigns and a half sovereign laid them smilingly on the table.

Ann stared, an offended goddess. But while her eyebrows still frowned her lips twitched. She smiled, frowned again, smiled again.

"Two pounds five, not two pounds ten," she said lightly.

"Since you insist."

He replaced the half sovereign by two half crowns.

"And your address? I mean your permanent findable address?"

"The Savage Club will find me always. Good night. Good luck!"

"Good night. Many thanks."

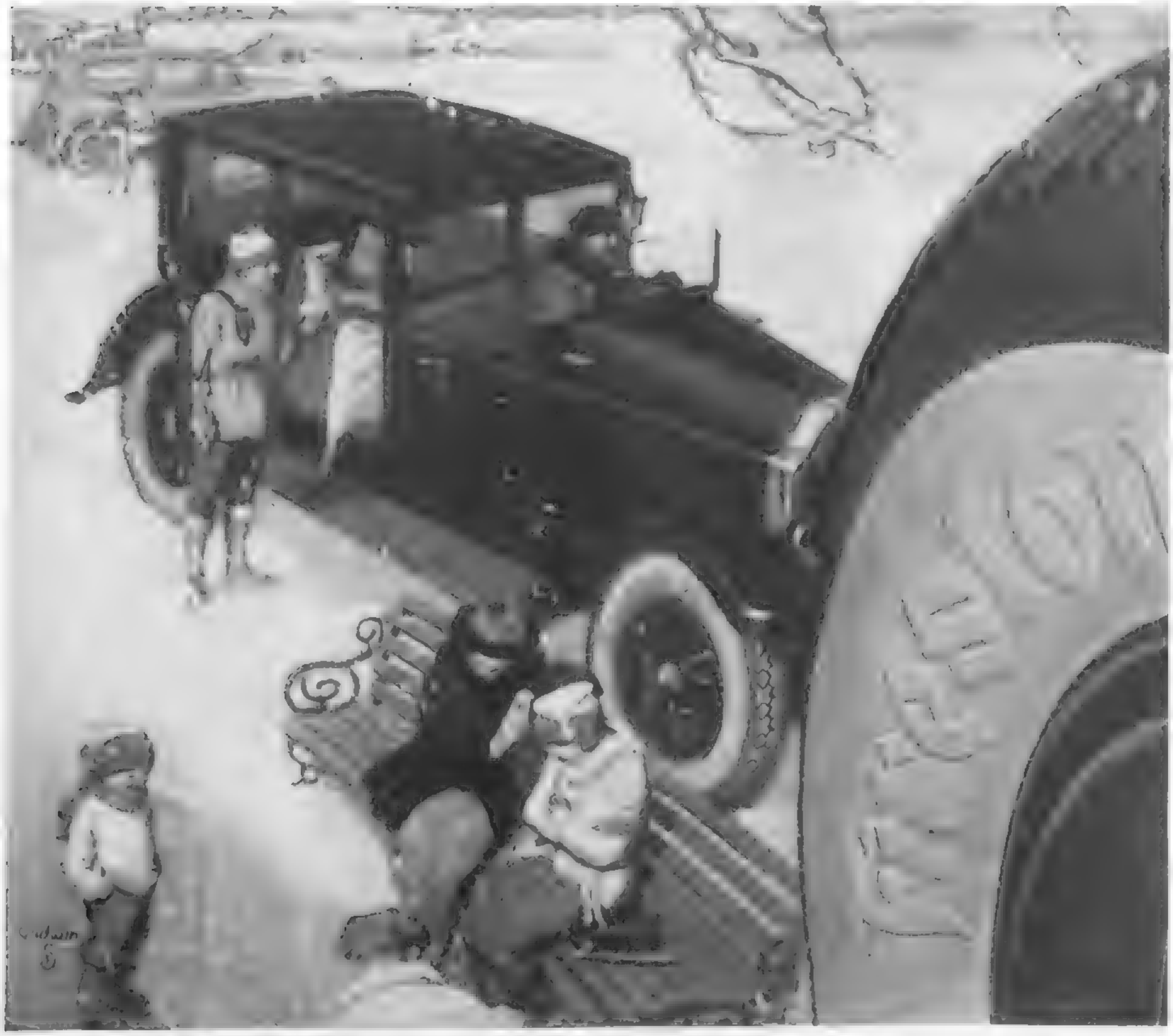
VI

THE remaining days of that week Margetson devoted to the completion of his farmhouse, and on the following Monday transferred his headquarters to Lulworth Cove. There he began and carried forward as far as his pastel sketch and his memory served him an impressionistic portrait of Ann Wingate as he had first seen her from the roadway. Begun on a wet afternoon the picture progressed slowly and at intervals to an unsatisfactory exaggeration of effect and was presently abandoned.

When, toward the end of August, Margetson returned to London this souvenir of Miss Wingate narrowly escaped consignment to the flames. But as it was a small canvas it was permitted to escape this inglorious fate and for eight or nine months stood undisturbed in the corner of the big studio in Chelsea.

It was not until March of the following year, 1914, that tidings of Miss Wingate reached Margetson. Toward the middle of that month an announcement in the Morning Post informed him that Ann, only daughter of Mrs. Wingate and the late James Wingate, had been indeed married to Hugh Reginald Barcott, Esq., of Oakleigh, Dorset.

(Concluded on Page 145)



THE extra size of Firestone Cord Tires is one of their most obvious advantages, and largely accounts for their capturing leadership among cords last year.

Now their less obvious superiorities are beginning to count even more. The character of Firestone rubber and cord material, as well as the extra quantity of it in these tires, adds mileage far beyond that which might be expected from its greater size alone.

And tests on winter roads are teaching car owners that in this new Non-Skid Tread Firestone engineers provide real protection against skid.

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They are up for Arson

Which one would you sentence heaviest?

OPINIONS would vary as to which one of these famous firebugs is the worst culprit.

But nine out of ten people would indict the oil lamp, gasoline, waste litter or matches, and overlook the insignificant little brand over at the end, seemingly guilty of nothing more than "smoking in court," but really the worst offender of the lot.

Not that the oil lamp, the gasoline and the match aren't guilty. Their toll of fire loss is well known. But actually they are small inside workers, who can never pull a big job—a community fire—without their little accomplice, the roof ember.

It is this burning fragment from another fire, this ember blown from one inflammable roof to another that is responsible for a great part of our huge annual fire loss. And it is in protecting you from this ever present menace that the service of Johns-Manville is most vital. Buildings roofed with Johns-Manville Asbestos are themselves preserved from this danger and are prevented from menacing others.

Furthermore, in addition to fire protection, asbestos carries with it a greatly increased durability. This wonderful fibrous mineral is not only absolutely fireproof but is immune to the disintegrating effects of sun, snow, hail, ice, rain, smoke and acid fumes. It is truly the ideal roofing material. Buildings of all sorts are covered with it in some one of its several forms, such as shingles, ready roofing, built-up roofing, Corrugated asbestos. Thus Johns-Manville affords to the modern roof not only protection from fire but a very high degree of durability.

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that keeps the heat where it belongs
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that cut down fire risk
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that save power waste
LININGS
that make brakes safe
FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Serves in Conservation

(Concluded from Page 141)

Margetson read the announcement without surprise and for some weeks half expected to find in his post a letter inclosing the sum of two pounds five shillings. Then one afternoon in New Bond Street he met Mrs. Barcott with her husband, face to face. Barcott plainly would have stopped, but his wife as plainly would not. Her bow and smile were, however, perfectly friendly; her air—as Margetson noticed with a sense of loneliness and a twinge of a jealousy which a moment before he would have declared for him impossible—was one of perfect contentment. After that meeting he ceased for some reason to expect that amusing letter from Mrs. Barcott which he had hoped would accompany the repayment of her debt.

Some two months later another announcement caught Margetson's eye one damp and foggy morning. Margetson & Wilcox, the banking firm of which his grandfather had been the founder and in which the bulk of his capital was invested, had stopped payment, and between two mouthfuls of bacon and eggs he learned that, at thirty-four, a few hundred pounds stood between him and a life without bacon and eggs or indeed perhaps without breakfasts of any kind.

When he had sold the only completed picture in his possession at a ridiculous figure, paid some of his debts, given up the key of his studio and for the first time dined in an A. B. C. shop, he departed to Lulworth Cove in a third-class carriage and a spirit of valiant stoicism. He had asked for a reason for art, and Fate had thrust one into his hands. That was what it came to, and just that.

VII

HE WAS still at Lulworth Cove when war laid its grasp upon an amazed world. He was at Neuve Chapelle; at Loos, where he was wounded in the left leg; on the salient until a machine gun got him in the right arm; on the Somme, where a splinter tore away most of his right shoulder; and thereafter, on his discharge from hospital, staff major at a brigade headquarters in Ireland. In Ireland he remained, with occasional periods of leave, until April 1919, when he was demobilized. He left the army with a limp, a disabled right arm and hand and a large stock of readjusted views.

This and thus did Warren Margetson in the great war.

It is not to be for a moment supposed that during those years Margetson thought about Ann with any continuity or regularity. At times he did indeed think of her—sometimes with passionate regret, sometimes with half-amused tenderness, sometimes with intimate speculation. But there were long periods during which he did not think of her at all; and there were incidents not very absorbing and quite devoid of happiness save that they made one forget temporarily that leave would end and that one would go back, and that no one cared a tinker's curse—which is not a great deal—whether one went back or not; or stayed for good and all where one went back to.

But gradually as the months and years dragged leadenly by, Ann became an idea, an atmosphere, and in the end a driving force. To Margetson's composition his northern forbears had bequeathed a dogged strain of puritanism that found in this idealized Ann an opportunity for its satisfaction. There were no incidents in the last three years of Margetson's service. And there was a good deal of carefully unostentatious benevolence toward people whom at heart he shrank from.

An old friend of his dead father's, a partner in a big firm of sanitary engineers, offered him a position on his office staff. The offer held out a sufficient present income and a chance of advancement; but the prospect of long hours devoted to the monotonous grind of office routine, indoors, and in a smoky Midland city, and the necessary abandonment of painting involved by it, save perhaps during rare holidays, appalled Margetson. During his leisure time while in Ireland he had begun with systematic energy to train his left hand to replace the useless right one. It was slow, heartbreaking work at first, but at the time of his demobilization he had already acquired a facility sufficiently encouraging to induce him to ask for a couple of months in which to consider the offer that had been made him. To this its maker somewhat reluctantly agreed, and Margetson with the light-heartedness of an escaped schoolboy packed his traps and sped away to his beloved Dorset.

From Lulworth Cove he moved on to Wareham, then to Poole, then to Wool. And from Wool, on the last afternoon of May, he traveled by train to Dorchester and set out on foot along the road to Oakleigh.

Coming to the stile on which he had sat that sultry thundery evening and realizing that six years had passed since he had stood on that spot an odd desolation fell upon him. Of those six years five, stripped now of their ghastly glamour, had been utterly and irretrievably wasted. And he was just forty, and learning his trade over again. He went on his way, limping and disgruntled.

Six years. Five since he had seen her. What scars and seaming had those five years left upon her?

Barcott was dead, he knew; killed near Arras in the spring of 1917. Mrs. Barcott, he had heard at Wareham, lived with her mother in the big house, and since her husband's death had seldom been seen outside its grounds. A sudden impulse, of which the least motive had been the satisfaction of his curiosity, had induced him to make the journey to Oakleigh to see her. As he proceeded slowly along the pleasant sunlit road that impulse began to appear to him more and more inept and impertinent. But, he reflected, she was still his debtor.

As he went up the drive he perceived ensconced in a comfortable chair on the lawn beneath a mauve sunshade Mrs. Wingate, arrayed with subdued splendor and smoking a cigarette in solitary peacefulness. He went across the grass to her and she rose from her cushions with genuine pleasure in her smile of greeting. She had grown a little stouter; her eyes had faded a little more; and the hand which she gave him was ever so slightly tremulous. But her laugh was as amazingly girlish as ever.

"My dear Mr. Margetson!" she exclaimed impressively. "What a delightful surprise! Ann will be so pleased. You look very well and strong. We saw your name on the casualty lists. Your poor arm! And you are lame. Well, well—thank goodness you have come out of it all alive. I shouldn't go in just now if I were you."

He seated himself on the grass at her feet.

"No?" he smiled.

"No. Ann has two holy terrors in there trying to induce her to subscribe ten guineas to some fussy old charity to save them from subscribing more than a guinea themselves. Stay here and talk to me."

She waved a neatly shod foot stiffly.

"I have beautiful slippers now, you see. I have beautiful everything now. Ann insists on dressing me up like this. Look at me. And I've got a maid now all to myself. Of course you heard about poor Hugh?"

He nodded gravely.

"A good fellow," said Mrs. Wingate, lighting another cigarette. "And I tried my best to like him. But I never did, until I heard that he was dead. I'm not endeavoring to be funny. It's perfectly true. He was so fearfully pompous and self-satisfied—and his neck creased unpleasantly at the back. And then—well, I expect you've heard about his will?"

"No," said Margetson.

Mrs. Wingate looked at him with quizzical intentness.

"Well—he made it a condition in his will that Ann should not remarry. Fancy any man being vain enough to do that. If she marries again the estate and the house—everything goes to his cousin, Bernard Barcott. Ann will have five hundred a year—and her memories of him. Wasn't it spiteful of him? Poor fellow!"

"Well—Ann—I mean Mrs. Barcott is not likely to remarry—so that ——"

"It would be folly on her part to think of doing anything of the kind. Ann is not a fool! But, of course, she is my daughter—and I certainly think it was extraordinarily selfish of Hugh, I must say. I never really did care for Hugh.

"But Ann and he got on very well," she continued after a meditative silence. "Wonderfully well. In fact, he impressed himself on Ann. Ann has grown rather pompous too—specially with me. I suppose the effects of Hugh will wear off in time—but sometimes I wish that she would allow me to go back to the old house in Maiden's Lane. It's never been let—it's standing there empty. And there is no likelihood of pompers' dropping there on top of one when one doesn't feel in the humor of pompers."

"Pompers?" he repeated, puzzled.

Three ladies appeared on the terrace, moving statelily.

"There are two of them," said Mrs. Wingate, crushing her half-finished cigarette beneath her heel in surreptitious haste. "Two holy terrors. The real Barcott breed—a sister and a cousin. Conceited as peacocks, obstinate as mules, poor useless anachronisms. I hate the whole tribe of them. Pompers, I call them."

At the foot of the terrace steps Ann's visitors left her and departed with dignity and elegance down the drive. Ann came slowly across the grass toward her mother, whose voluminous petticoats hid Margetson from her eyes. When he rose and limped toward her she stopped and went white, then blushed rosily.

"You!" she said simply.

He had come armed against disillusionment. But as their hands met and his eyes took in all her sweet calm loveliness his heart leaped.

He found her taller, slimmer, faintly more assured. But otherwise she had changed not at all physically—and he had persuaded himself to expect wrinkles and an incipient double chin.

Yet she had altered in other things. He found himself presently, as they chatted, thinking how wonderfully women assimilated atmosphere. Here was this girl, who until a few years ago had probably never in her life been able to spend a shilling without careful consideration, mistress now, and obviously capable mistress of a big house, a big estate, a little retinue of servants and an income which assured her the gratification of every reasonably possible desire.

Two illuminating details detached themselves from the general background effect of opulence that colored her talk. She had rebuked her housekeeper that morning for paying sixpence too much for a dozen eggs, and she was in the process of acquiring for thirteen hundred pounds a new car. She spoke with a mannered sympathy of her kinswomen's charity, and disapproved gravely of her mother's naughty attitude toward it and them.

"It is our duty," she said with seriousness and a heightened color. "I do not evade it. Why should you try to?"

"If it is considered my duty to pomp," said Mrs. Wingate, "I shall pomp in public, not on my own hearthstone. I want tea, Ann. Cease to be noble and tell them to bring it out here at once."

After tea, when Mrs. Wingate had retired—as she confided privily to Margetson, to take off her corsets and have a nap before dinner—Ann and he had a long and erratic conversation.

"Mother," said Ann, "wants keeping up to the scratch. That's why I bully her like that; it's jolly hard work for me to keep up to the scratch sometimes—that's the worst of not being certain that one had a great-grandfather. But with mother to keep an eye on as well—well —— But it's got to be done, hasn't it?"

"I suppose so."

"Whenever I feel slack I stalk Willett. Willett is a butler—I expect Willett's great-grandfather was a butler, probably to the contemporary Barcott. When I look at Willett's fishy blue eye and his curving waistcoat and his little quick podgy legs it braces me. It frightens me—but it tightens me up. Now—let's talk about you. I am so weary of myself."

Presently he told her of the sanitary-engineering possibility.

"You would never stand it," she said at once. "It's impossible. Out of the question."

"At any rate I have still another month to think it over. You see—I made up my mind to start clear. I owed some money—not a great deal, but enough to swallow up my gratuity. I have no pictures to sell ——"

"How long before you will?" she asked.

"I give myself a year. I am still frightfully clumsy."

"You have sold all the pictures you painted before you joined up?"

"Every one. Except a horrible daub of you?"

"Of me?"

He explained, and she listened with eager eyes.

"I will buy that picture if you will sell it to me," she said quietly.

"Oh, nonsense! It's merely an unfinished sketch. A travesty—so far as the portrait is concerned."

"It does not matter," she urged. "I will buy the sketch from you for two hundred pounds—and you will finish it some day—when your left hand has grown clever enough."

He shook his head, but she would not be denied.

"Two hundred and fifty pounds." She laughed her old soft provocative laugh. "Two hundred and fifty-two pounds five, it must be. Will that last you a year?"

There was a long silence.

"Ann ——" he began, and stopped. "I expect that in the end I shall paint just as well with my left hand," he said slowly.

"Yes, of course."

His arm waved in a gesture that included the stately old house and all its ordered beautiful setting.

"This is all fine and splendid and rich," he said thoughtfully; "and very becoming, Ann."

"Thank you, Mr. Margetson."

He frowned at her.

"Thank you, Warren," she said demurely.

"The thing is, Ann ——" he went on, feeling for his pipe. "Yes?"

He found the pipe and tapped its bowl against his heel.

"The thing is, Ann—do you want it, really?"

"The fact is I don't, Warren," said Ann. "Provided you can promise me an occasional new hat."

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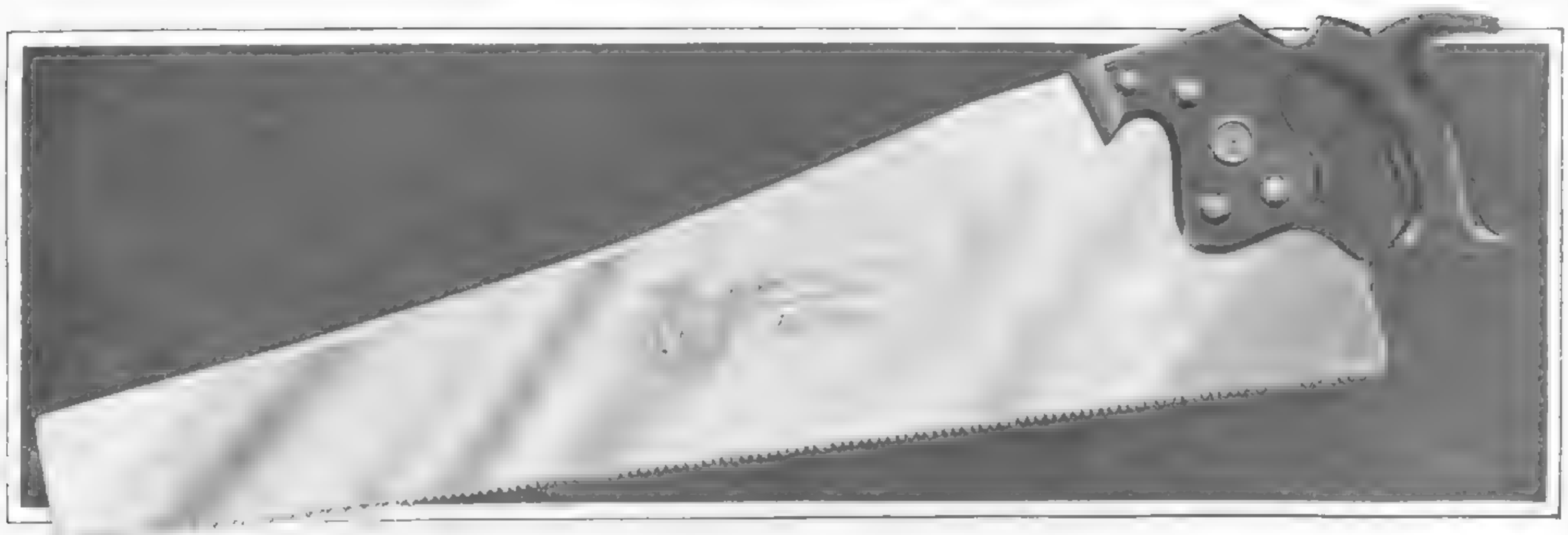

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SAWS AND TOOLS

PUTTING THE HEARSE IN REHEARSALS

(Continued from Page 9)

he tells me, largely because he immediately deposited his share of the advance royalties in his bank and went right on working at his old job until the day arrived upon which we had agreed to get together in his suburban home town out on Long Island and begin to write the play. But I wasn't married then.

Wherefore my collaborator left solely in my hands the job of carrying on the many illuminating and helpful discussions about the proposed play which one was bound to have with the numerous stage experts one was always running into at almost every swinging half door in the Forty-second Street neighborhood back in antediluvian days. So far as I remember, during the ten days that elapsed between the moment I got my check for $250 from the producer and the day I finally arrived at my collaborator's home town to go to work on the play, I spent $285 of this amount.

Genius Knows No Calendar

From the somewhat irritable—and irritating—viewpoint of my older collaborator this initial expense could have been shaved a bit, but personally I don't see how. His argument was that if I had cut short my Broadway discussions about the play in time to show up in his home town on the Monday we had agreed to start writing instead of on the following Friday, I would have saved a large part of the $285 and he would have saved all of the $19 which he says he spent on telegrams and telephone calls while trying to find me along Broadway, and our first act would be just so much further advanced. As if the day of the week upon which a work of art is begun has anything to do with the excellence of the work! So far as I could judge, he seemed to be obsessed with the fool notion that if Shakspere had waited until as late as a Tuesday to start to write Hamlet the piece would have been a fliv.

I just let him rave. When he had talked himself out I repeated my original proposition regarding the helpfulness of these indoor discussions along Broadway, and as a clincher to my argument I quoted an authority no less eminent and industrious and successful than George M. Cohan himself. I told him how George a few nights before had dropped in for a glass of buttermilk while I was telling the café manager about the play we were about to write, and the way George, at my invitation, had lined up beside me and had listened attentively and silently—motionless, in fact, except for an occasional lift of the right arm—while I had started all over again and had told him the plot from the first act to the last.

And then I described how George finally had picked up his buttermilk check as I figuratively was lowering the last curtain on the play we were so soon to do, and I further described how George had meditatively rubbed the mahogany with his palm and had broken his long and attentive silence by remarking "Well, kid, this is a great place to do it," and had gone out into the night. I had caught George's meaning immediately—free and open discussion of one's work with professional experts amid congenial surroundings—but my collaborator seemed to muff George's point absolutely.

I think, however, I already have made it clear that my collaborator was a somewhat dreamy literary esthete—not practical at all.

Our play when finished was rich in soul struggles. As my collaborator and I looked at the completed work from a coldly objective and calmly judicial viewpoint we could discover only one fault—if fault it were—with the play: Our hero, Egbert, and his wife, Hildegarde, the heroine, orally began to get beyond our control as the play progressed, especially toward the end of each of the acts. This was particularly true of Hildegarde. Our Hildegarde finally reached the point as every sympathetic creative artist readily will understand—where she had us face to face with the problem of how we could drop the curtain while she was still in the middle of a speech and at the same time not appear to be rude to her. We didn't want to interrupt a lady, but we couldn't have stray ends of her speeches sticking out under the lowered curtain. In the end we went over to a near-by country-club grill for an hour or so to brace ourselves and everything, and then—hurrying lest we weaken—we went back to our workroom and shoved a blue pencil down Hildegarde's throat again and again and again. But it hurt us more than it hurt her.

And now we had a right little tight little play, told cleanly in a somewhat lengthy but absorbing prologue and four acts. The prologue showed Egbert and Hildegarde in their native up-state town; Egbert, a brilliant and ambitious young law student who was one with his sweetheart, Hildegarde, in her highly idealized yet practical concepts of political power and her beliefs in the great social and economic good that political power—rightly directed and used—could accomplish.

Then—to sketch the plot briefly in a paragraph—our first act of the play proper disclosed Egbert and Hildegarde married and living in the metropolis, Egbert now a famous lawyer and ambitious to become governor of the state. Here was where the soul struggles began. Egbert, now drunk with ambition, his soul besmirched and weakened during daily and nightly contact with politics as Tammany understands the word, was beginning to look upon power as a selfish end rather than as a means to achieving the good. Hildegarde's soul struggled steadily throughout the four acts to save the spiritual life of her Egbert and attain the good, the beautiful and the true, fighting alone her pitiful fight. And in the end they both were dragged down to disaster, Egbert spiritually, Hildegarde in body as well as soul.

Our play was a tragedy.

I suppose it is a silly confession to make; nevertheless, I am not ashamed to say that even now my eyes film and I gulp a bit as I think of the sublime soul struggle of our Hildegarde and the pathos of her ending, for she was very dear to me. The end came in the fourth act and on the night of the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November—dramatically at the very moment of hideous victory, with the newsboys off-stage screaming to the world that Egbert had been elected—Hildegarde crumpled in a heap before the living-room fireplace, alone, her world gone—the strains of Hearts and Flowers on violin and piano as her little boy and girl practice their evening music lesson beyond an alcove—Hildegarde's great fourth-act speech as the victorious Egbert, arm in arm with some of his vile Tammany cohorts, staggers home soused to the ears—her hurried exit the bark of a pistol off-stage—Egbert's horrified glance into the open door—his wild cry to his screaming little ones: "She has shot herself in the pantry!"

The Terse, Snappy Title

On the night that my collaborator read our play to the producer and his general stage director—whose real name I never learned, owing to the fact that his employer and everyone else invariably addressed him as Bearcat—my colleague and I first explained to the producer and the massive and somewhat uncouth-looking stage director that everything about our play was subservient to its elemental conflict between the spiritual and the material. We had thought of and had discarded many possible titles, we further explained, but finally had decided to call our play simply A Fool Hath Said in His Heart There is No God.

Now it had always been my impression that the sole duties of a stage director were to act as a sort of foreman at rehearsals, seeing to it merely that the actors learn the lines exactly as written and then practiced acting at rehearsals until they were letter-perfect. But it seems I was mistaken, at least so far as the person called Bearcat was concerned. For no sooner had my collaborator adjusted his Oxford glasses and announced the title, before beginning to read the play, than the Bearcat broke in with the first of his many annoying interruptions.

"Boss," he cried to the producer, "you been saying I could buy a piece of this show and here's where I call you. I don't want none of the box-office profits, but if you send this piece out on the road under the title these gents have given it all I want is the electric-light-sign privileges in front of the show shops where it's played, me to build my own power plants and do the wiring in each town we play at. Are you on, Jake?"

Evidently the producer did not take the fellow seriously. We did. We saw that here and now was the time to nip in the bud once and for all any effort, no matter how slight, to change one syllable of our play from title to the final line. We had not expected the contingency to rise so early, but here it was and we had come prepared for it.

My collaborator whipped out a copy of our contract with the producer and read the saving clause:

"The beforementioned said party of the first part and the aforesaid party of the second part do further stipulate, consent, avow, declare and agree that no change, alteration, modification, variation, emasculation, elision, amplification or deletion shall hereinafter, either as asseverated or likewise thereafter, as hereinbefore stated by the party of the first part as aforesaid, except by those presents in lieu of other agreement when so stated by the party of the first part ex proprio motu, and the said party of the second part does likewise and also so consent, act and stipulate ex proprio motu, as hereinbefore agreed in the said Paragraph Three of the said Article Two."

A Few Minor Changes

There it was, in law-tight language. Nevertheless, the person known as Bearcat continued to growl and interrupt throughout the subsequent reading of the play until at last even he seemed to grow weary of hearing his own voice. At any rate he was soon sprawled out, his feet cocked up on the manager's desk, evidently intent upon his own moody thoughts during the reading of the latter half of the play. Consequently my collaborator, thank heaven, was able to give full dramatic force to the reading of the third and fourth acts, his voice rising to real dramatic heights I had not thought him capable of as he declaimed the last part of the peroration of Hildegarde's great speech before she rushes off-stage and shoots herself in the butler's pantry:

"Victory, Egbert? Ha! Ha!" *(Crosses to C. and confronts Egbert, laughs hideously.)* "'Is it victory, Egbert, to consent to the base transmutability of all that is fine and florescent in your God-given consciousness, solely that you may reach farther into the filth to finger the bauble that you and the craven creatures who own you body and soul now call victory—consenting to lie prone in the filth, dead to all consciousness of the cosmic infrangibility of the good, the beautiful and the true? Victory?" *(Grasps Egbert by rumpled lapel of full-dress suit.)* "Was Lucifer, Egbert, victorious when raised to hellish royalty, yet damned and damned and eternally damned to everlasting inhabitancy in the full and fetid helium of hell's own hell? Is this the Egbert that was wont to sit with me in the twilight of other days and murmur with me in full, strong measures: 'What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world if he lose his own soul?'—the Egbert whose soul was wont to sing to me in the immortal lines of John Milton's Paradise Lost:

"Profoundest Hell,
Receive thy new possessor! One who brings
A mind not to be charged by ——"

There was a bloodcurdling interruption.

"Boss, I got it! I got it!"

The Bearcat vulgarian's sudden bellow of savage triumph was far more than a mere interruption of the reading; it was annihilation. Even the producer, who had been sitting motionless with one of his chins resting on his fist, sat up.

"I got it, boss!" screamed the Bearcat fellow again, jumping to his feet and joyfully kicking his chair into a corner. "I even got a idea of a sort for the title—something like Petticoat Politics, only that ain't it exactly. Cheer up, boss! Just let me race up to the little ole flat now, and I'll sharpen me a box of lead pencils and I'll get the missus to stew me up a coupla gallons of black coffee to keep me awake and I'll den in all night and write.

"Boss, have Mike or Loole call the first rehearsal for eleven to-morrow morning—I don't need no sleep when I'm like this. Just see that the hams are on the job at eleven at the show shop and, so help me, I'll blow into that rehearsal with the outline of a zipper that'll make Broadway think a new Charley Hoyt's come to town."

Impulsively he grabbed my hand and my collaborator's and shook our glasses off.

"You're there, collegers, you're there!" he cried ecstatically. "Why, you poor nuts, you gimme the best idea that's come along since I've broke into big time!"

"Petticoat Poli-poli-poli——" my collaborator began to stutter in a strange voice, when the Bearcat shouted gleefully again.

"Polly! You said it, prof! That's the name for that hired girl in your piece—not Norah, like you call her now," he yelped. "Gosh darn it, professor, you're just filthy with ideas! Gimme a little kiss!"

He made an elephantine pretense of embracing my learned colleague, then grabbed his hat and coat and was gone.

I don't think we so much as began to come out of our daze that night until the midnight train that was taking us back to Long Island was under way. Then my collaborator and I, seated glumly in the dim smoker, bitterly discussed the fiasco of the reading. How far the Bearcat fellow had been from grasping the delicate nuances of our play, even its large, simple fundamentals, was disgustingly evident to us the minute we recalled that the only character which seemed to have stuck in his mind was the poor, insignificant Norah, the hired girl, whom he proposed for some mysterious reason to rechristen Polly. Norah was the only unimportant character in our play. She was on the stage but twice, once to bring in the tea things and again to hand a note to Hildegarde. And Norah didn't have a single line to speak!

"I suppose we will have to consent to a few minor changes," murmured my collaborator as we were parting for the night, "if only to expedite the production. But let us thank heaven for one thing—the political theme of our play everlastingly prevents even those unspeakable Broadway barbarians from injecting by any stretch of imagination any beds, bedding or bedrooms into the play, and I defy them to work the word bed into the title."

Which lifted some of the load from my mind, for I saw that this was true.

When we arrived at the theater an hour ahead of time the next forenoon my collaborator and I were pained to learn that there was little of the literary atmosphere about rehearsals which we had expected. We had held to the common belief that at the first rehearsal the playwright seated himself in the center of the stage, with the company seated in a semicircle on either side of him. Then, we supposed, there would be the slight annoyance of submitting ourselves—for future publicity purposes—to being photographed while so seated, following which the playwright, who in our case was to be my co-author, would read the play to the company from beginning to end in order to give the players a clear understanding of the plot before rehearsing their various parts.

More Disillusionment

Upon entering the dimly lighted theater, however, the only hint of literary atmosphere was presented in the person of a young man wearing a red sweater, who was seated at a common kitchen table on the stage, his back to the vacant auditorium, his whole attitude showing that he was being held spellbound by something he was reading, which we naturally supposed to be the manuscript of our play. We groped our way toward a stage box carefully, lowering our voices to whispers so that we would not distract him. But even before he knew we were present he interrupted himself and dispelled the last vestige of literary atmosphere remaining.

"O-o-o-h, Eddie!" he suddenly cried out vulgarly, his cry evidently being addressed to some unseen worker laboring and whistling off key up among the flies far above the stage. "For the luvva Pete, Eddie, get this wheeze from the death notices in this week's Big Time Topics—the column, you know, which this sheet runs to bunk the profession into inserting death notices and memorial cards at one buck a line. Lissen, Eddie: 'In loving memory of the late Michael J. Hooley, sterling comedian, prince of soft-shoe dancers and loving parent, who on the twelfth instant departed from this vale of tears leaving Four Happy Hooleys!'

"Do you get it, Eddie?" he continued to scream between guffaws, and following a

(Continued on Page 152)

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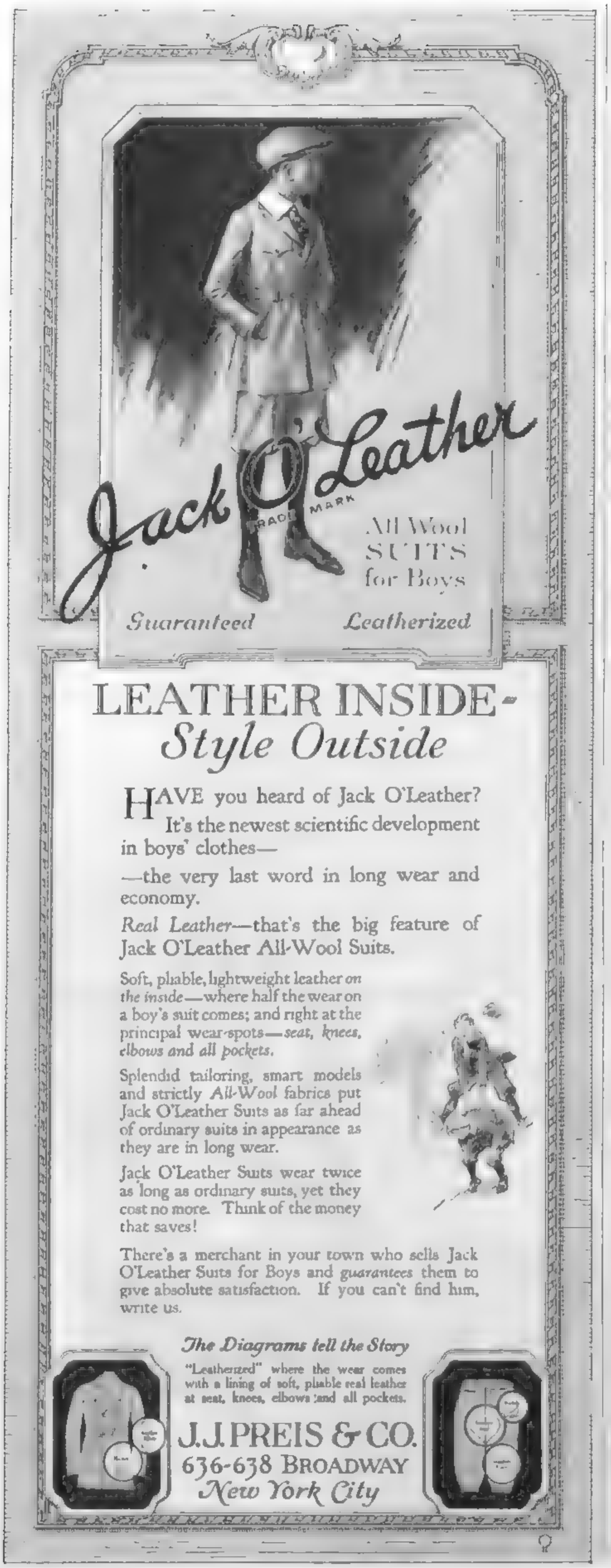

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(Continued from Page 149)

characteristic inclination of all dull wits to emphasize the point of an anecdote by endless repetition, he read the card again, carefully explaining to Eddie that the orphaned Hooleys were not happy in their bereavement, but that Four Happy Hooleys was the professional name of their vaudeville act. And this buffoon was the creature we had supposed was absorbed in our manuscript! It was not a happy beginning of a far-from-happy day.

The lout might have gone on with his repetitions of the joke indefinitely if our producer had not come upon the stage from the wings. Accompanying the producer were two men and a woman, evidently players who were to appear in our tragedy. And now other men and women appeared, singly and in pairs, until finally nine players, or the total number of characters in our tragedy, were all present—even the girl who was to play the lineless rôle of Norah. So interested were my collaborator and I in the fascinating game of trying to guess which of the men was to be Egbert, which girl was to be Hildegarde, which gentleman our Reverend Doctor Burton, and so on down the list, that we quite overlooked the fact that it was now nearer twelve than eleven o'clock and the stage director had not yet appeared. It was wonderful to sit there and see the brain children whom we had brought forth during the long weeks of intellectual travail suddenly walking and stalking in the flesh before our eyes! And we were pleased to note that the actors really seemed to be almost as well-bred and intelligent as the men and women in our own circle of intellectuals.

Then abruptly, and as if from afar off, we heard dull sounds that quickly increased to a medley of voices, scuffling of feet, a mounting roar as of coming gales and storms. Things—heavy things—fell overhead-stage; the canvas walls of the bedroom scene—in which the three acts of the farce then running in that particular theater occurred and which was now in place on the stage—began to shake. And out upon the stage exploded the Bearcat with a dozen or more men and women tumbling along happily behind him.

The Bearcat's eyes were heavy and bloodshot, as if from lack of sleep. His hair was tousled, his person unkempt. From his coat pocket protruded a great bundle of yellow paper, evidently the product of his literary labors of the preceding night. But despite his disheveled appearance there was a light in his red eyes and a look on his pale face which, notwithstanding the fact that the man was a soulless barbarian, were akin to the triumphant glow that comes to the face of the creative artist in moments of glory.

"Lamp this bunch of bandits, boss! Just lamp 'em!" he cried to the producer, indicating with a wave of his hand the inordinately happy group of stranger thespians who had tumbled onto the stage in his wake. "Right off the Broadway curbs I snatched 'em, as fast as they came up for air this morning, boss—Wops and Harps and Heinies and Abie Kabibbles that never expected to get nearer a Broadway stage than Miner's Eighth Avenue burlesque joint. But good character people, every one of 'em, boss. And they'll make good in this show—the way I see this piece now."

As Bearcat Sees it Now

He sluiced the sheets of yellow paper from his pocket to the deal table on the stage. He pulled off his coat, then his collar and cravat and wrapped them in the coat. He flung the bundle across the footlights toward the vacant front-row seats and swung round toward the jabbering players.

"Everybody on stage!" he roared, cracking his palms together with the sound of a volley of pistol shots. "Can the chatter, people! Pardon me, ladies, for interrupting, but what do you Janes think this here is—a white-goods sale, or a rehearsal? 'Tenshun now, 'tenshun!"

I mistily remember that the producer buttonholed the fellow—if one can buttonhole a creature garbed chiefly in a dirty gray sweater—and whispered earnestly to him and that from time to time they glanced toward us during the whispering. Also vaguely I recall the producer coming to our box then and asking us in soothing tones at least to listen to any suggestions, possibly some slight changes, which the stage manager might have thought of overnight. And I remember that as the Bearcat person began to give to the huddled players what he termed "just the brief guts of this piece, as I see it now," I found myself on the stage with the actors, leaving my learned collaborator still seated in the stage box, his arms tightly folded, his teeth clinched, brows knitted, his eyes glaring fixedly into space.

"Lissen, people!" the Bearcat person was bellowing. "This piece, like I told most of you when I engaged you, is politics, politics, politics, from soup to nuts. D'you make me, people? We ain't got all the details worked out yet, as I see it now; but keep these high spots of the plot in your nut so's you'll know, ladies and gentlemen, where you're at when learning your sides.

"Now, 'tenshun! In this piece there's a swell old Fifth Avenue guy named Egbert, who's—well, this Egbert, people, is the kind of a dub whose folks would just naturally christen him Egbert. Make me? And he's got a wife named Hildegarde, who's also a fathead; and Egbert's got political ambitions to be a reformer; and Tammany Hall, knowing this guy Egbert's got a pot of money, kids him along and nominates him for state senator in a district where Tammany couldn't elect George Washington a deputy dog catcher, anyway. Make me? And in the first act we plant it that old Cold Storage Egbert is ——

"One minute! Looie, make a note of that wheeze. Just write on your pad 'Cold Storage Egbert' and 'Egg' and we'll work it up later."

Polly's Part Paramount

"In the first act, I say, we plant that Egbert and Fussfuss, his wife, don't know no more about practical politics than my sister's tomcat's kittens. Make me? But among their servants—'tenshun, everybody, because here comes the plot—among their servants they got a swell Irish hired girl named Polly and this Polly's sure one lollapalooze! We called her Norah at first, but now we've decided to call her Polly. Polly's there with the looks and the bean and the pep. She's got everything. Especially she's nuts on politics, practical politics, account of being Irish—make me? She and the Tammany district leader's wife are as close as the Dolly Sisters; and she knows all the cops in the precinct by his first name, and the boss street sweeper and the barkeeps and election district captains and the whole bloomin' works! Now there's the main idea we plant in the first act, as I see this piece now."

The creature paused to blow his nostrils. Momentarily he turned and addressed the best dressed and most prepossessing young actress in the group.

"Simpson," he said to her, "we cast you to play Hildegarde, but now you're to play Polly, the way I see this piece now. We—now clam yourself, Simpson, clam yourself! Why, you poor nut, Polly's going to be this whole piece, from and including the title all the way to black coffee! We've as good as tied a can to the Hildegarde dame, so shut up, Simpson, and lissen.

"People," the fellow resumed, again addressing the group, "you get the big idea, don't you? There's a lot of subplot stuff about old Egbert's sporty son getting the old gent in bad politically by paying a gambling debt with a check that has the old gent's name on it and about the way Polly gets the young dub out of trouble and about Polly's sweetheart, the plain-clothes cop, that is made a police captain election night in the last act.

"Never mind that stuff now. The main thing is that Polly starts right in at the kick-off and raises the devil.

"In the second act Polly gets the boss Wop street cleaner and bunches of firemen and cops and everybody all to come to a swell blow-out she gives up on the servants' bedroom floor of Egbert's ——"

I had been half conscious of hard, throaty breathing burning the back of my neck for some moments. Now there was a clatter as my collaborator dashed his gloves and stick to the stage, shoved me aside and leaped out in front of the Bearcat person.

"Cease, loon, cease!" he screamed, and his voice was terrible to hear. "Ye gods, fellow! Street cleaners! Police thugs! Politics, fellow, may make strange bedfellows, but before my colleague and I will so much as listen to any m-m-more-m-m-m ——"

His lips were being muffled against the widely sweatered chest of the Bearcat, for scarcely had my co-author begun to speak when the giant stage director had run round the table and convulsively clasped my

(Concluded on Page 154)

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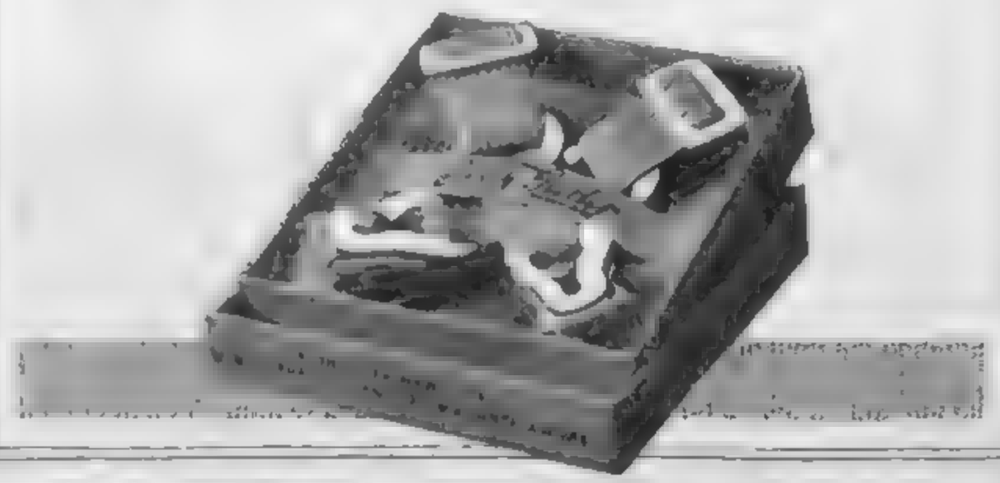

(Concluded from Page 152)

learned colleague to his bosom. And now the Bearcat was a bearcat no longer. As a mother gazes fondly down upon her babe in arms the stage director was looking down upon the graying locks of the struggling head he was pressing to his bosom. In the one-time Bearcat's eyes was a look of admiration akin to awe, and as he spoke his voice was very gentle.

"Professor," he murmured softly and simply, "I gotta hand it to you. When I said last night you was filthy with ideas I didn't know the half of it. Prof, I've always knocked colleges, but I know now that when my kid grows up he's going to the one you went to. The new title you just give me the idea for is what I tried to think up all last night and couldn't, me lacking the education you got. I been promising you a sweet little kiss, ain't I, prof? Well, here's where I make good."

And the savage actually stooped and bussed my colleague on the cheek!

I trust it is unnecessary for me to say that we could have no further relations with the man or with his employer, the producer—who followed us toward the footlights and still insisted that we "at least try the piece Bearcat's way, or at any rate wait and listen until he's finished."

We did wait down at the edge of the stage, but only because for many minutes we were too dumfounded to know what to do or where to turn. Wherefore we could not help but listen as the voice of the stage director—now a more savagely exultant Bearcat than ever—boomed on and on. And if his account of the vulgar blow-out in the servants' sleeping quarters, which was to replace our carefully constructed second act—the scene of which, as we had written it, was a tea that the wife of a professor of political science was giving for Egbert and Hildegarde and other intellectuals—if, I say, the substituted second act was disgusting the act that followed was unspeakable.

Evolution of a Bedroom

"We've tied a can to the prologue and the fouth act, people," the Bearcat was shouting when my collaborator and I could no longer resist the temptation to listen to his final blasphemies. "This third act I've just roughly sketched for you is the last act, as I see the piece now. You got the idea, ain't you? Election night, with brass bands and fireworks outside Hildegarde's bedroom windows and the newsies yelling 'Egbert's elected' and Polly helping Hildegarde off with her duds one minute and yelling 'Come on up, boys,' or something like that, out the window to the paraders the next minute; and each time Hildegarde gets another piece of clothes off to go to bed Polly bringing more and more politicians into the room—it'll be a scream, people, this act, if I do say it myself to congratulate the old dame. And at last Hildegarde gets into her nightie—we gotta do that delicate, but we can get round it by using a bedroom screen—and then there'll be one last big blast of fireworks off-stage; and right into the room marches a lot of big political guys with Egbert on their shoulders, with his three-quart hat all stove in, and soused to the gills; and Hildegarde throwing fits; and Polly yelling a final tag that's a lollapassazzah, 'Three cheers for King Charles of Tammany Hall and all the King Charles spaniels!'

"Curtain."

The Bearcat sank back into the chair beside the table, sweat beading his brow, his lungs heaving.

It was then that I managed to tell the producer that our names must not appear on the programs or in the advertisements of the play.

He promptly pulled out a check book and then and there offered to give us each a check for five hundred dollars for all our rights in the production. I accepted the offer for my collaborator and myself quite as promptly, my colleague weakly nodding assent. He was too distrait to speak, I could see, as he stood perilously near the edge of the footlights, his back to the yawning auditorium, his body bent and shaking and shrunken.

The Bearcat, his breathing somewhat near normal again, once more was on his feet.

"Another thing that's just come to me," his raucous voice resumed, and he half turned to include the producer and my colleague and me among his audience. "Instead of pulling off the first act in Egbert's library we can save building a set by having that act also in Hildegarde's bedroom."

A Title With the Wallop

"And now before we start to rehearse the first act, people, I want you to let the correct title of this piece sink into your beans. I told some of you guys on the way here to the show shop that the name of the piece was to be Polly's Petticoat Politics, but you just heard the professor there suggest a title that's got that one skinned forty ways from the ace. It's a bird! Lissen, everybody, so's you'll have this title right in case you know any of the newspaper boys and can work 'em for some publicity for the piece.

"'Tenshun, back there! I won't spring it till I get strict 'tenshun!'

I can still feel the sickening silence that enveloped us as we waited. Clearly I still see my haggard collaborator, his hand half raised as if to ward off a coming blow, his body swaying flightfully close to the edge of the deserted and abysmal musician's pit that yawned just behind and below him.

"The name of this piece, people," the Bearcat shouted triumphantly, "is—'tenshun, everybody! The name of this piece is Polly's Political Bedfellows."

There was a crash behind me. I swung about. My colleague was gone.

Hastily I slid down the neck of the bull fiddle and then climbed down the façade of the piano to my stricken colleague's aid. Fortunately the bass drum had broken his fall.

I suppose the actual rehearsal was begun after I had helped my colleague out to a drug store. I don't know. Naturally we had no wish to attend that rehearsal or any that followed. Besides, I began to realize—after cashing my latest and last check for five hundred dollars and devoting two weeks or so to straightening out some affairs along Broadway—that when one's employer is good enough to give one a leave of absence it is unfair to stretch the leave of absence to unseemly lengths. And so I returned to my desk in lower Manhattan, not because the five hundred dollars was gone but solely because of my realization that a man owes it to himself and his job to stay on the job.

I heard of our play only once after that. One day many weeks later I ran into the Bearcat person in Broadway and I could not resist the temptation to ask him about the outcome of the piece.

"She was a fliv, Polly was," he sighed sadly. "She died in Scranton. Just when I had her going great too. But the boss butts in and begins to suggest changes, like these butt-in manager guys always do. He goes and sticks songs into it! Can you beat it? Shoving jazz stuff into a straight dramatic show like you boys wrote! And he hires a tenor that's terrible; and the first night this tenor guy opens his yap, right away the whole show is shot to pieces. But I still say that if the boss had only kept his lunch hooks off your 'script, kid, you two boys sure did have one swell idea for a clean and classy show—if they hadda only let it alone."

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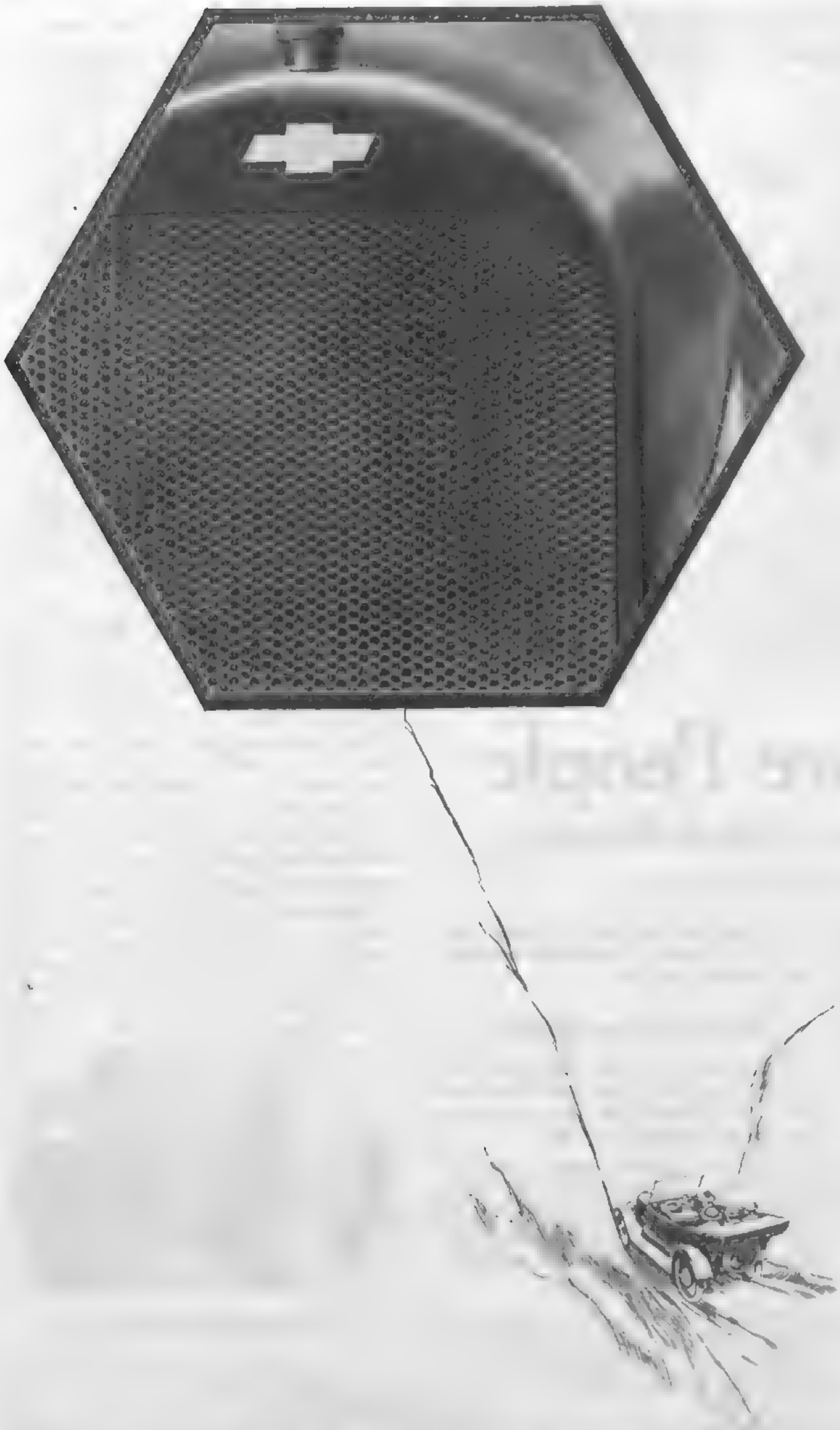

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GLAD HANDS

(Continued from Page 13)

some sort of engineer. Beyond that, though, for all his easy good nature, little could be found out from him about himself. It was in a way as if he wondered to find himself herding with the indiscriminate crowd that flocked to the customers' room. There are men like that in these places.

Occasionally Charley had run into Caswell at some uptown hotel or at a theater and once he had seen him dining with Buford, the Speedup Company's Wall Street representative. Charley figured that Buford probably must have met Caswell at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s. Buford did a lot of his trading there. However, what Charley knew of Caswell was little.

But all this is in passing. It was queer that a man once so likable and friendly as Caswell should have turned against his former pals, and vaguely Charley wondered whether Caswell's adversities might not have unbalanced him. Certainly his meaningless slurs against such good old chaps as Clogg, Theobald, Farr and Ehrlich seemed to hint at it, and Charley, his brow ruffled, was still debating it as he turned the corner and made his way toward Frank's place. The instant he stepped inside, though, Charley's face cleared like a burst of sunshine. The gang was waiting, and as they saw Charley they hailed him joyously.

A silver bucket filled with ice stood beside the table, and out of this emerged the neck of a bottle thickly incrusted with gold foil. All the four scrambled to their feet as he reached the table; flushed and animated, his cloudy thoughts forgotten, Charley took the chair they pulled out for him. He wet his lips a moment. Leaning forward then, his face aglow, he looked from one to the other gayly.

"All ready?" he inquired.

They evidently were very ready.

"Shoot!" said Clogg.

"Boys," said Charley, and his voice broke as he said it, "it's a knockout, a killing!"

Then with no further waste of words he told them what he'd got from Buford.

Tips are no rarity in Wall Street. It is a poor day there when even the dabbler cannot scare up a few of them. The real dope, the Simon-pure inside stuff, however, is notable there from its rarity. But here now was something that had about it every earmark of having come from the inside, the very penetralia of that part of the Wall Street cosmos known in the vernacular as "the know." And as Charley gave them the detailed particulars, one by one, of the impending deal in Speedup the eyes of the four men gleamed and they listened, each of the four breathless. Charley in picturing to himself the sensation it would create had in nowise overdrawn it. Clogg was the first to speak. His cigar bitten fiercely between his jaws, he shot a glance at the others.

"Boys," he said, "it's murder!"

Murder indeed! It was a chance to pull off that classic killing, the clean-up every Wall Street dabbler sees in his dreams, and a fierce commotion, though it was guarded, cautious, swept round the table. One must be careful in letting a tip like that get loose.

"Shake, Charley," said Mr. Theobald, reaching forth a hand that shook.

"Good old Charley, you!" cried Farr.

Mr. Ehrlich, excitement overcoming him, pounded the table noisily with his glass. The waiter came running and Ehrlich, his face purple, his mustaches bristling like a war lord's, pointed furiously to the wine bucket on the floor.

"Oben der vine!" he ordered wrothfully; "vy don'd you oben der vine for Mr. Rudd?"

Good old pals! Charley even in his glee hadn't expected anything like this, and his face shining he sat for a moment watching the liquid as it creamed and bubbled in its long-stemmed glass. All four of them now had begun to discuss eagerly how they would play the tip the instant the market opened in the morning and for a moment Charley seemed to be forgotten. But eager and interested as he was himself, Charley remembered Caswell. Caswell was waiting in the restaurant round the corner, so he must arrange his own part in the deal, then hurry back to him. Pushing his glass to one side, Charley broke in on the others.

"Listen, boys," he interrupted.

Hurriedly he told them what he wished. It was the first time in passing that Charley had been broke; it was the first time also he had ever asked them a favor. Plucking up his courage, however, he plunged into it. All of them were good fellows, weren't they, so why should he be embarrassed? At the first all four seemed to be a bit puzzled. Then presently a light seemed to dawn on them.

"I see," said Clogg; "you mean you're busted."

It was so indeed and Charley nodded. Encouraged now, he went on with what he had planned. A fifth of the profits, as it has been said, was what he'd figured would be about right for his share, and as he mentioned this Clogg spoke again. The three others had listened intently. As for Clogg, while Charley was talking he had been absorbed in gazing at the ceiling, all the while rolling his cigar over in his mouth. Now he drew his eyes down and gazed at Charley.

"You mean we're to put up the money, then give you a fifth of the profits?" he asked.

"Yes, that's it," Charley answered eagerly, and Clogg worked the cigar over in his mouth again.

"I don't see it," said Clogg, and Charley gazed at him bewildered. What Clogg said he hadn't quite grasped.

"What say?" he faltered.

"I don't see it," Clogg said as before, and Charley gaped.

"You don't mean you won't?" he gasped.

It was exactly what Clogg meant. It was evident as well what the three others would have said had they been called on to say it. His wits at sea, Charley glanced at them, but none of the three returned the glance. They were gazing at the ceiling, their air indifferent.

"If you're broke, as you say," said Clogg, "we might stake you to, say, fifty shares. I don't see, though," he added laconically, "where you get that other stuff—a fifth of what we make. We're not doing business for our health, you know."

Charley found it difficult to speak.

"But I gave you the tip, didn't I?" he stammered.

Clogg smiled briefly.

"Sure," he said; then he added pleasantly, "but then that's what any good fellow would do for another good fellow, isn't it?"

Charley's face grew suddenly colorless.

"I'm through with such good fellows!" he said and, shoving back his chair, he rose.

A moment later the street door at Frank's place banged shut. It was the last time, too, Charley would be seen in there. Charley, it seems, had had his fill of the sort of friends he'd met there. The friends, though, did not seem to be in the least overwhelmed by Charley's curious behavior. They probably had other more important matters in their minds.

The clock had struck four when they rose from the table in the corner. Having consumed the champagne, their votive offering left untasted by Charley, they had divided the check scrupulously among themselves and were now departing uptown.

"Remember, boys," said Clogg, "be down early in the morning," and he added they must all hop aboard Speedup the instant the market opened. Farr and Theobald nodded, but Mr. Ehrlich, who for some time had been tugging his mustaches energetically, turned to Clogg hesitantly.

"Say," he said in a thick, throaty voice, his habitual tone, "you don'd subbose, do you, that der dib he give us is a faig? Vat if it ain'd a straid dip? Vat if he puds one over on us?"

"What?" Farr and Theobald exclaimed together. Clogg, however, after a moment's thought shook his head.

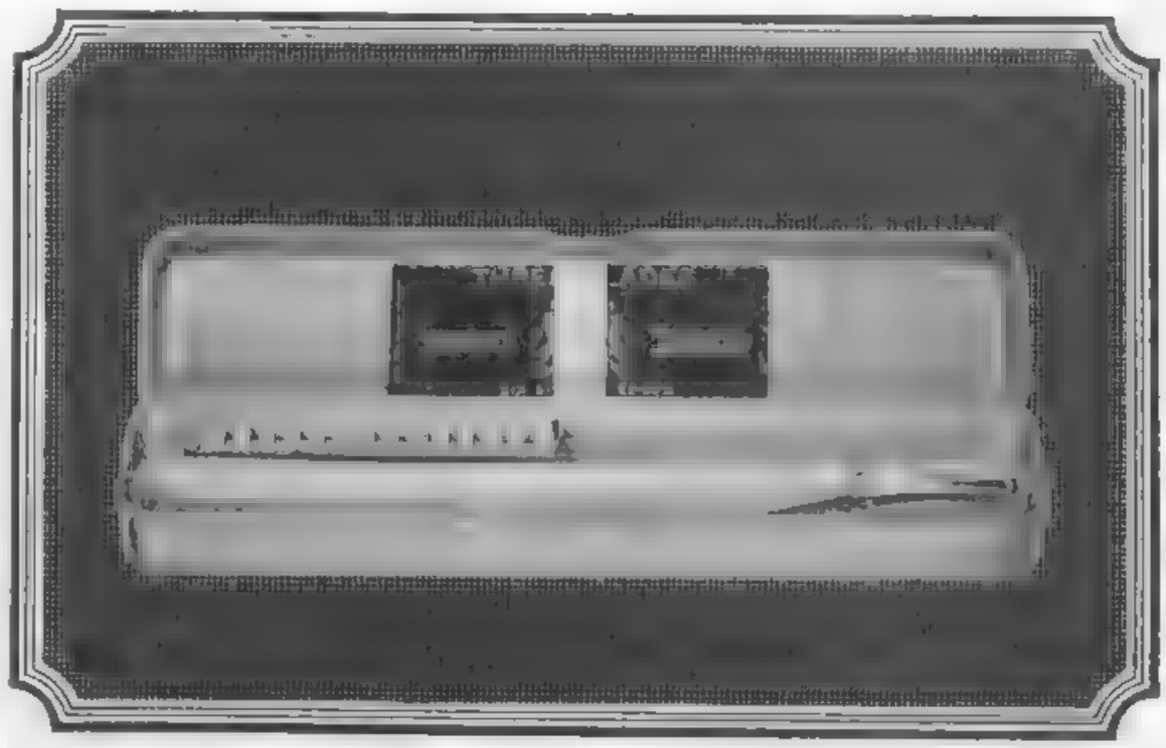
"Nonsense, Heinie! Ain't the boob always claiming he's a good fellow?" Then with the same sagacity Mr. Clogg added: "Take it from me, boys, the sucker hasn't the head to put over anything crooked."

He was probably right—Charley hadn't. In the Broad Street restaurant at that moment Charley sat staring at the floor, looking for all the world as if he'd just had the ground kicked out from under him.

He had, too, it might be added.

IV

IT WAS as Clogg had said—he and the three others unquestionably were not down in Wall Street for their health. That is why, too, perhaps, the four had so long survived the vicissitudes that beset the



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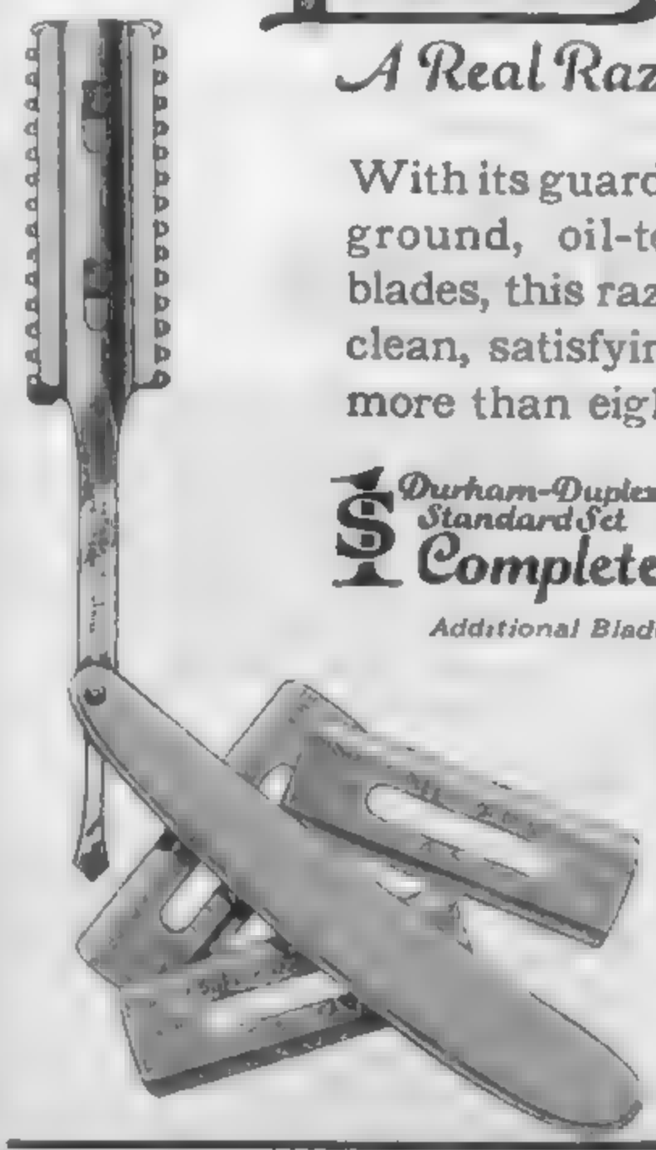

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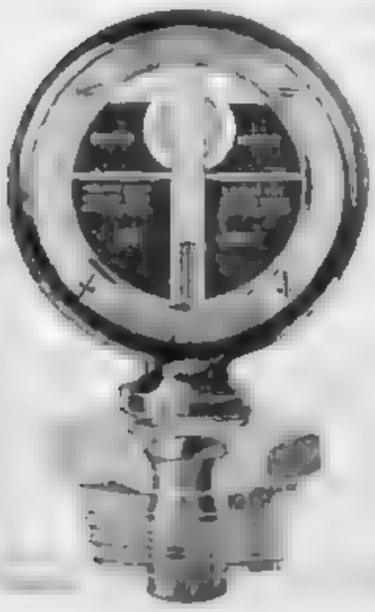

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dabbler's path. It pays of course to be a good fellow—to get next to everyone you can; but to be a mere good fellow—that is, the sort unfeatured by discriminatory quotation marks—why, Clogg, Farr, Theobald and Ehrlich left that to the shines, the dubs and tinhorns. However, Charley Rudd had other reasons for feeling that the ground had been kicked out from under his feet. It was not just this awakening that left him floored.

Here he was with that tip, the inside dope on Speedup, and he hadn't the money to play it.

"Can you tie it?" he exclaimed.

Caswell smiled amusedly.

The sandwich was still uneaten. He had as yet not even tasted the coffee. Deliberately, however, he still continued to stir that now cold and streaky beverage, listening as he did so to Charley's disjointed, somewhat incoherent tale of what had happened over in Frank's place. Shocked as Charley was, though, to find his idol's feet were mud, it was evidently no revelation to Caswell.

The tip, however, was now uppermost in Charley's mind. All he could dwell on was the luck of having dope like that and being left flat to see it burn up worthlessly. With that tip and the money to play it he could have made a clean-up! Made a million perhaps! He was in the midst of it when Caswell spoke.

"That's what you think, Charley," he said.

It was the same speech he had made before, but in his disgust Charley did not remember that. Neither did he remember the prophecy had come true.

"Think nothing!" he replied the same as he had before. "I know!"

"Do you?" smiled Caswell. And his tone amused, he drawled: "Don't forget, Charley, where you got that tip of yours!"

"What?" inquired Charley. He had said nothing to Caswell about where the tip had come from.

"You got it from Buford, you know," said Caswell.

Then Charley gasped. It was, to say the least, startling. The man again had proved his uncanny faculty for hitting in the dark and making bull's-eyes, but this was by no means all about him that was curious. As Charley in his wonder peered across the table he saw for the first time something else that added to his bewilderment. Caswell, if you regarded him closely, seemed neither so gaunt and famished as Charley had imagined; neither was he so unkempt and seedy as he'd appeared at first sight. True the suit he wore was soiled, but he was still clean shaven, his hands and face were as newly washed as Charley's, while the shirt he had on, a soft flannel affair, might have come from a shop or laundry that morning. But more amazing than all was that he should know about Buford.

"See here, now, who told you about him?" faltered Charley.

Caswell smiled lightly.

"That's nothing," he replied. "I know the tip he gave you too."

"What?" Charley cried again.

Caswell nodded. On top of that, his drawl as amused as ever, he gave in detail how Speedup was to be run up a few points to get the public in; then how the props were to be kicked out from under it and the price sent tumbling. He knew, too, how at the bottom the insiders were to load up on it, drive the price sky-high afterward and at the top get out, leaving the public to hold the bag. Charley, his eyes bulging, sat and gaped at him. He had reason to know he was the only outsider to whom Buford had given the tip. He said so, and Caswell nodded amiably.

"Yes, Charley, and the first thing you did was to tip off that gang of con men—Clogg and those pals of his."

Charley at this flushed hotly. Buford had exacted no promise that Charley should keep it to himself.

"Why did you do it, though?" asked Caswell, and Charley with a shrug grunted savagely.

It was because he'd thought they were good fellows. He leaned back disgusted. It was bad enough to find himself the gull of a bunch like these, but what was that compared to being left helpless with that tip he had? He could not get his mind away from it. Not even his astonishment at Caswell could do that. It is once in a lifetime, you know, that a dabbler gets a chance to make a killing.

Caswell's eye at this lighted with a momentary gleam.

"A killing?" he inquired.

A killing, yes. Charley's disgust grew pronounced.

"All right," said Caswell, "but how do you know Buford tipped you straight? How do you know he isn't a good fellow too?"

The start Charley gave was next to a jump. How indeed did he know?

"Good Lord," ejaculated Charley, "you don't mean he is? Why, the woods seem full of them!"

But at that Caswell shook his head.

"You're wrong, Charley. Good fellows, the real sort, are few and far between. They are, anyway, in a place like Rooker, Burke & Co.'s." His voice softened then. "You're one of them though—one of the right sort, not the kind that are good fellows for what there is in it. That's how I knew you'd be broke," said Caswell, and he added: "The ones like you almost always are."

He leaned forward then and laid a hand on Charley's arm.

"I want you to promise me now," said Caswell, "that even if you get the money you won't play that tip on Speedup. Will you promise me?" he asked.

To say Charley was amazed now does not describe it. More than merely that, he was dumfounded. He got his tongue presently.

"Why?" he demanded.

Caswell shook his head.

"I won't tell you why. I'll tell you, though, why I won't. You're so good-hearted and easy—such a good fellow, if you like—that you couldn't keep it to yourself. That's why I won't tell you—I don't dare," added Caswell, and leaning back in his seat he studied Charley with his deep, somber eyes. "You ought to get out of Wall Street, old man," Caswell said, his tone regretful. "The Street's no place for you. Why don't you quit it anyway?"

Why not indeed? Charley, in fact, already had begun subconsciously to ask the question of himself. There had been times that afternoon, to be frank, when the mustiness of Worth Street had seemed sweet-scented in contrast with what he'd just encountered. Funny, though, that a bird like Caswell should advise any man what to do. As for that promise Caswell sought to make him give, Charley at the thought of that gave a shrug of disgust. How could he play his tip anyway? He had neither the money nor anyone from whom he could borrow it. And even if he had, how could he know now whether Buford, another good fellow, hadn't double-crossed him.

"Well, do you promise?" asked Caswell, and Charley gave another shrug.

"All right, if it makes you any happier," he grunted.

It seemed to make Caswell much happier. His face brightening, he shoved away the still untasted cup of coffee and rose.

"I must be going now," he said briskly.

Charley pointed to the sandwich and the coffee.

"Aren't you going to eat those?" he inquired, adding then: "You're going with me, aren't you, to get those things I promised—the clothes and the pair of shoes?"

Caswell by way of reply laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Good old Charley!" he said softly, smiling.

Charley made no protest. He had got past riddles now.

"Too deep for me," he grunted.

It was, too, if he had only known it.

They parted at the door. Across the way was that same high-priced, high-powered car that had followed them from the first; and as they emerged from the restaurant Caswell again made the driver a covert signal. This time the car remained where it was and Caswell turned to Charley.

"Don't forget your promise," he warned.

"I won't," Charley answered listlessly; and having shaken Charley's hand, Caswell mingled with the crowd pouring past in Broad Street.

Charley went the other way. He went listlessly, his hands in his pockets, his head thrust down between his shoulders. What a crusher it had been! What beastly luck it all was anyway! But that was all past now and his mind in its aimlessness turned back to Caswell. Queer about that bird, wasn't it?

Had Charley at the moment looked back over his shoulder he would have thought it even queerer. Caswell, crossing Broad Street, had just stepped into the car. As he did so the chauffeur touched his cap to him,

(Continued on Page 161)

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(Continued from Page 158)

and Caswell leaning back among the cushions, the car at his order went speeding on the way uptown.

Queer—"mighty queer," as Charley would have said himself.

■

THE drive in Speedup is too recent and too well remembered to need here any detailed description. It is only necessary to say that the deal was a killing in more ways than one. In some quarters it might better be described as a slaughter. Herod himself was a mere amateur, a dilettante, compared with Speedup in the matter of the innocents it laid low.

At half past nine that morning Mr. Clogg briskly entered Rooker, Burke & Co.'s. His manner was alert and he was grinning affably. His was the air of one who has a great and agreeable duty to perform and is eager to get busy at it. His evident radiance was the least bit blurred, however, as he observed Charley Rudd seated by the door. But then Mr. Clogg was not the one to let a little thing like that obscure his geniality.

"Good morning, Charley," he said heartily. Charley looked at him for a moment.

"Are you speaking to me?" he inquired.

Mr. Clogg at once rolled the cigar over to the other side of his mouth. He remarked that he had just said good morning.

"Did you?" said Charley, and with no further remarks he calmly turned his back on Clogg.

The three others—Farr, Theobald and Ehrlich—entered presently. In each instance about the same little comedy ensued. In the case of Mr. Ehrlich there was a variation. Mr. Ehrlich was of the type who have proved so convincingly the impermeability of their hides. A little bewildered when Charley turned his back on him, Mr. Ehrlich sought to offer him a cigar.

Negligently Charley took the cigar, inspected it momentarily and then dropped it into a convenient cuspidor.

"Vy! Vas iss los?" inquired Mr. Ehrlich, astonished.

Charley smiled at him his most engaging smile.

"If that cigar was for the tip I gave you," he said, "I was afraid you might get sore on me if the tip didn't turn out straight."

"Vat?" ejaculated Ehrlich.

"Well, time will tell," said Charley sweetly; "time will tell!"

It was pretty cruel. Mr. Ehrlich shook visibly as he elbowed his way across the customers' room, shoving aside the others who happened to be in his way. But Clogg apparently was able to soothe the uneasy gentleman's qualms. A few minutes later at any rate Charley saw him along with the three others give their orders to Buck Rooker, the firm's head partner.

"Five hundred shares did you say?" inquired Rooker, Mr. Ehrlich seeming to find some difficulty with his speech.

"Five hunnerd, I said it," said Ehrlich, and he indicated the three others; "ve dake each der same."

"Sh-h!" Clogg said sharply.

Charley had heard though. Five hundred shares apiece—a regular plunge for that four—meant two thousand shares. As Charley detected, too, from the color of the order blank Rooker penciled it on, the gang was going short on Speedup. That was right too. The four, according to the dope, stood in line to make a clean-up.

Two thousand shares, and what Clogg had offered to carry for Charley was a beggarly fifty!

Rather curiously, though, Charley merely grinned. Lighting a cigar, he made his way across the room and, finding himself a chair, sat down where he could see everything that took place. For some reason he was as eager to see what was about to happen with Speedup as if he'd had a fifth interest in those two thousand shares.

A moment later the stock ticker, pounding and clacking busily, whirred like a bird beating its wings. Then with a whack of its type wheel it started on again.

"They're off!" piped the quotation clerk, and the room stirred momentarily.

The market opened with a roar. Among the first stocks listed on the tape was Speedup—five hundred shares of it—and the price was a quarter under the close of the night before. Three blocks of Little Steel followed, then a transaction in Speedup followed. They came fast and thick after that. In five minutes every second quotation was in the stock, and as the clerk, slapping in the pasteboard numerals on the board, hustled to keep pace with the tape, Charley Rudd sank lower and lower in his chair.

Speedup Common was dropping as if indeed the props had been kicked out from under it. Opening at 85½, a quarter under the close, in the first half hour the price had dropped to 82¾!

"Damn!" said Charley to himself.

It was the limit! Buford had been right—that tip he had given had been straight; and his eyes dull and murky, Charley glanced across the room to the corner by the New Street door. Clogg, Theobald, Farr and Ehrlich were standing there, and as he looked at them Charley could see the exultation gleaming in their eyes.

The sight was enraging. It was exactly as if that four had tricked him out of a fortune that by rights was his, and sickened by it his eyes burned hotly as he watched them. Clogg, his mouth working, rolled his cigar from side to side, his thumbs in his armpits and his chest stuck out. Farr and Theobald, Charley could see, kept nudging each other at each fresh quotation. As for Ehrlich, his glee seemed to have engulfed him. Guttural expletives rose thickly from his throat and in turn he pawed first one and then the other of the gang.

"Th' trimmers!" Charley was muttering to himself, when all at once a restless murmur escaped the throng in the customers' room.

Something seemed all at once to have happened to Speedup. The stock had touched 82. There through a dozen or more sales it stood fixed exactly as if some invisible hand had pegged it fast. Then of a sudden it seemed to wrench itself free. From 82 in a sale of a thousand shares it jerked back to 82¼. There for two sales it hung. Then at the next sale it edged up another eighth. After that, though, there seemed no holding it. Bit by bit it jabbed its way along to 83, then 84, making progress as a heavy, slogging football team in the face of opposition shoves its tedious way along the length of the field toward its goal. At 84, though, it began again to back and fill, and glancing over in the corner Charley Rudd saw the heads of the four together, all four of them talking at once.

As usual, however, Clogg dominated the talk. He got his way presently, and—watching—Charley saw him cross the room and go to Rooker. Charley was no spy, no eavesdropper, but he rose instinctively in his chair and peeped as Rooker took out his pencil and wrote.

The gang had gone short another thousand shares. All told, they were now short three thousand shares of Speedup!

Ten minutes later Speedup cut loose in earnest. It was nearly noon. A few minutes before that hour a messenger entered with a note and handed it to one of the clerks. A moment later the clerk crossed the room and handed it to Charley.

"Message for you," he said, and Charley, a little wondering, tore it open. He had to read it twice then before he could grasp its purport. And even when he had scanned it a second time, his eyes starting, Charley was not certain what the thing conveyed.

It was as terse as it was vague.

"Watch Speedup," it said, "as if you had a thousand shares of it." The signature was the single initial "C," and a gasp escaped him.

"Caswell!"

Speedup at that instant hit 88.

Was it a jest? Was Caswell, as he had suspected, mad? And was this note a whim of his addled fancy? Then Charley took another look. What if Caswell were not mad? What if Caswell's clothes, his reappearance, too, had been a masquerade? Why had he refused Charley's charity? And why, too, under those rumpled clothes he wore had he looked so well kept, so sleek and nourished? If it was not a joke, though, and Caswell was in earnest, where was Charley any better off? Had Caswell sold Speedup or had he bought it? Were those thousand shares long or short of the market?

There was no way in fact, as Charley Rudd sat there staring at the board, to tell whether the thousand shares were making money for him—scads and oodles of it—or whether they already had been wiped out.

"Oh, hell!" cried Charley, and the sweat streaming from his face he kicked back his chair and rose.

Speedup was now 88½ and Clogg, Theobald, Farr and Ehrlich stood before him.

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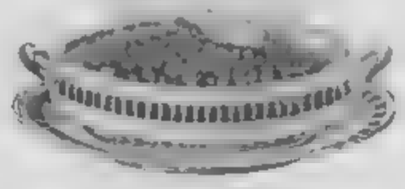

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The beans are baked for hours at high heat, but the baking is done in steam ovens. The beans are not crisped or broken.

The beans are baked in sealed containers, so the flavor can't escape.

And a zestful sauce is baked with them—a sauce which our experts spent years to perfect.

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With a new, delightful flavor, due to blended nuts and scientific toasting.

"Say, Charley," said Clogg, and he seemed to find some thick difficulty with his speech, "not going out to lunch, are you?"

Charley looked at him a moment. Clogg was smiling effusively, but behind the smile Charley could detect the effort with which the man made it. His teeth bared themselves more as if he would have snarled rather than smiled.

It was pretty thin in fact, that smile, that invitation.

"What do you want?" Charley growled.

Ehrlich at once began to paw him. Ehrlich made no pretense of any such subtlety as Clogg's.

"Say, dot dib, yes," he choked throatily—"vas dot dib straid? Speedup she goes down, don'd she?"

The answer Charley gave was the truth. It was the very answer, though, that was calculated to wreck the last shreds of Ehrlich's composure.

"Why ask me?" he inquired.

He could hear Ehrlich wheeze as he turned on his heel and left them. The hue in Ehrlich's face, too, was that deep purplish hue that signals apoplexy. Mingled with Ehrlich's wheezes were a few heartfelt curses. In these he was joined by Clogg, Farr and Theobald.

Speedup in another burst of fireworks just then crossed 90.

"Oh, well, it's nothing to me," sighed Charley, and hunching up his shoulders in a shrug he fell gloomily to watching the board again.

VI

A FEW minutes before the close a rumor ran the rounds at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s that four of the firm's oldest traders were in trouble. It was understood that having first gone short on Speedup they had subsequently switched, only to have Speedup go against them again, the stock receding 2½ points the moment they had made the change. Accordingly they had switched back again, the result being that once more they had been whipsawed. Speedup in another flurry near the close now was threatening to cross par before the gong sounded on the floor.

Charley Rudd, his air morose, stared at the quotation board. Now and then as Speedup Common indulged in some specially hectic burst he would draw out of his pocket Caswell's note and strive anew to make heads or tails of it. After hours of reflection it was now his impression that Caswell, ruined, must have lost his wits. It was pretty queer though. Caswell in spite of his singular manners and appearance had after all seemed shrewdly rational and coherent. That was but a part of it though. How had Caswell known about Buford? How, too, had he known, as events proved, that Buford's tip had been crooked? *If* ——

Charley gave a start—a jump rather.

"What?" he cried to himself.

The next instant, his eyes starting, he dragged Caswell's note from his pocket. If Caswell knew, if Caswell were on the level and if his wits were not addled, then that thousand shares he'd written about ——

"Oh, heck!" Charley mumbled to himself.

The odds on those "ifs" were too many for him, and disgustedly he thrust the note back into his pocket again. Just then there was a slight commotion in the customers' room. It came from a corner by the New Street door. Clogg, Ehrlich, Farr and Theobald stood there and in front of them was Rooker. Clogg, his face colorless, was gesticulating violently; Ehrlich, his manner placating, was pawing Rooker with eager hands. Farr and Theobald, also colorless, stood by speechless.

"What's up?" asked Charley of the man next to him.

The man curled his lip.

"That bunch of glad hands have just got the hook," he answered. "Rooker's calling them hard for margins."

The statement was at once confirmed.

"All right," said Rooker, his voice raised slightly, "then I'll have to close you out."

Charley gave a slight exclamation.

"What say?" the man he had spoken to inquired.

Charley did not seem to hear him. He did not seem even to have heard Rooker's remark. His face stupid, he was staring through the plate-glass window into New Street.

Out there a large high-powered car had just drawn up at the curb. Out of the car first stepped Buford, then a figure Charley instantly knew followed him. It was Caswell, but what a different looking Caswell! He was dressed now in a smart, neatly fitting business suit, an expensive fur overcoat and a soft hat equally smart and comfortable. The chauffeur touched his cap respectfully as Caswell gave him an order, and then followed by Buford, Caswell entered Rooker, Burke & Co.'s.

The gang, their faces a picture, stood there, but Caswell did not seem to see them. He spoke to Rooker and a moment later the head partner came hurrying toward Charley.

"Hey, Charley," said Rooker, "Caswell's over there and he wants to see you."

Then, his air aggrieved, Rooker gave him a nudge with his elbow.

"Say," said Rooker, "why didn't you ever tip me off Caswell was in so deep in the Speedup Company?"

"The Speedup Company?" croaked Charley.

"Sure," nodded Rooker; "ain't he the president and general manager?"

A long while later, it seemed to Charley, he awoke as if from a hazy dream. He was in Caswell's car; the car was heading uptown, threading its way through the Broadway traffic, and at Charley's side sat Caswell. Caswell was laughing lightly.

"That's simple," he was saying. "We're building a new plant over in Jersey and as I'd been over there to inspect it I had on those rowdy clothes. That's what gave me the idea to drop in at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s. I wanted to see what those glad-handers—that fellow Clogg and his pals—would do if they thought I was down and out, as I looked—a hobo. Well, they did it all right!" said Caswell. Then his face softened and he laid a hand on Charley's arm. "You fooled me though. I thought by this time you, too, might have become a fake and a trimmer like them—one of those birds trading on that easy hurrah-boys guff for all they can get out of it. And what did you do, Charley? You shamed me! You were broke—flat on your uppers almost—but you were the same old Charley."

The car was turning into Worth Street. In spite of the fact he was no longer on his uppers, Charley was going back to his old-time job, and as the car stopped in front of a well-remembered door Caswell gave Charley's arm a friendly little squeeze.

"That's why I put you down for that thousand shares I'm carrying for you," he said, and Charley gave him a puzzled glance.

"I don't see why," he said, and Caswell gave his arm another squeeze.

"I've told you why," said Caswell, and he added: "It's because you're a good fellow, Charley."

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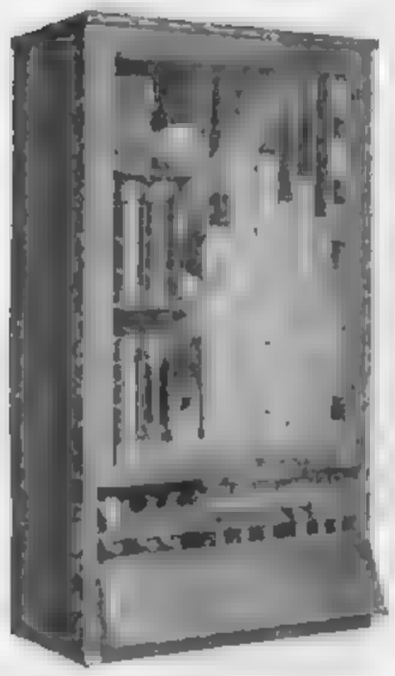

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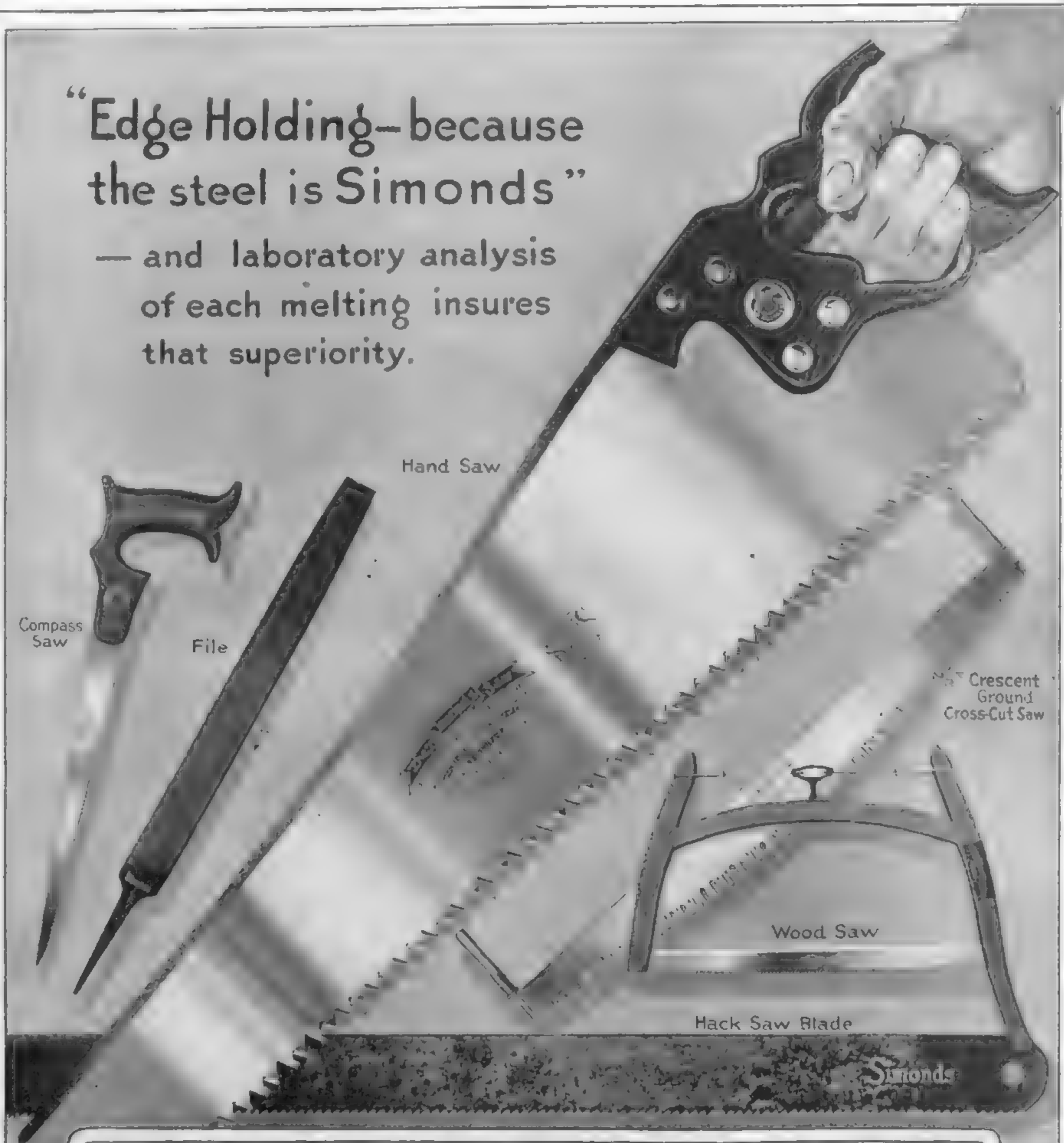

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FORTY YEARS OF A DIPLOMAT'S LIFE

(Continued from Page 29)

for higher aims than a commonplace existence permits. In the stubborn struggles of our day men like Mr. Roosevelt have no leisure, for they are soldiers who cannot be relieved from the danger line."

If it had been Witte's good fortune, as it has been mine, to read Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children he would have added that, profoundly as one must admire the great statesman, it is impossible not to love the man who wrote these letters.

On our return from Oyster Bay we took the night train for Washington. We spent the next day sight-seeing in the capital, including an excursion to Mount Vernon, and returned the following morning to New York in time for joining Mr. Morgan on board his yacht Corsair for an excursion to West Point. At the military school we were received by General Miles and witnessed a parade of the cadets. This concluded the series of functions in connection with the execution of the Treaty of Portsmouth, and Witte sailed for Europe on the twelfth of September.

Our close collaboration in the peace work had brought us together and had effaced whatever trace of distrust and animosity might have lingered in his mind. We parted as friends and remained friends to the end. I shall never forget how, in the first weeks of the war, when he was alone in town, the countess not having arrived yet from Biarritz, where the outbreak of the war had surprised her, he would come to my little room at the Yacht Club, where I was living, simply to unbosom himself of his feelings of anxiety and despair, which he knew I was sharing in every respect. He would walk up and down like a caged lion, in impotent rage—a helpless witness of the vagaries of purblind incompetence and light-headed folly that had plunged the nation into the catastrophe of a general war which could only lead to the destruction of his lifework and doom the country to ruin and perdition. We both knew that the end was to come of all that was dear to us and that we had lived for. He, at least, was mercifully spared the agony of witnessing it.

When Witte returned to St. Petersburg he did not meet with the reception which the momentous service he had rendered his Sovereign and his country entitled him to expect. The Emperor's gratitude took the form of conferring upon him the title of Count, but his enemies did not fail to remark sneeringly that he should have been created Count Polousaghalinsky, which means Count of Half Saghalin, a title which, as has been shown in the preceding chapter, was in reality deserved by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Lamsdorf. The kind of reception Count Witte met with on the part of the majority of the public and the press hardly gave him much concern. He was justly proud in the consciousness of having faithfully served the best interests of his country, not only for the present but for the future as well. Little did the signatories of the Treaty of Portsmouth dream at the time that they had affixed their names to an instrument which in all probability will go down in the history of mankind as an act marking the close of an era when it was still possible to terminate a great war by a peace leaving the door wide open for a reëstablishment of friendly relations between them.

Secretary Root was right when, at Colonel Harvey's banquet on the seventh of September, referring to the pact just concluded, he spoke these weighty words:

"It takes more courage to make peace than it takes to make war."

When he spoke of the courage required to make peace he meant, of course, his word to apply not to the negotiators and signatories of the treaty, who were mere agents, but to the sovereigns whose wills they obeyed.

Much has been said and written in regard to the right to declare war and to conclude peace, which most constitutions reserve, with or without limitations, to the sovereign in monarchies and to the head of the state in republics, and which in autocratically governed countries belongs exclusively to the monarch. The right to declare war is certainly open to the gravest abuse and should be unquestionably surrounded by the most elaborate safeguards. But the right to conclude peace, which at the same time is not only a duty but the gravest of all duties devolving on the supreme power in a state, would seem to be best placed in the hands of a power as far as possible removed from the effervescence of popular passions of the hour.

The condition of Japan at the time of the conclusion of the Portsmouth Treaty is a case in point. As soon as the inner circle of the Japanese Government had come to the conclusion that the continuation of the war could no longer serve any reasonable purpose, had become financially onerous, and would demand sacrifices of blood and treasure not commensurate to possibly attainable results, they did not hesitate to take the necessary steps to bring about negotiations for peace. Though in response to popular clamor they had allowed public opinion to expect the payment by Russia of a huge war indemnity, the acquisition of the whole island of Saghalin and the satisfaction of a number of other exaggerated claims, they were prepared to accept, when confronted with the impossibility of realizing these expectations, and did accept, lesser results, such as it had been possible to attain by conciliatory negotiations. They had the moral courage and were able to do so—in calm disregard of popular indignation, which almost reached the point of revolutionary outbreaks — because they were not dependent for their lease of power on popular favor, and their statesmanlike decision had the approval and unflinching support of their Sovereign, to whose sacred authority the whole nation professes unquestioning obedience and loyalty.

As regards Russia the case was somewhat different. The war had never been, so to speak, a national war, as it was in the eyes of the Japanese people. The bulk of the nation had simply accepted it as a disastrous infliction, a dispensation of Providence that had to be borne in patience until the end, and the sooner such end came the better. The revolutionary parties, to whom a prolongation of the war would have furnished an opportunity for widening their criminal agitation, may have been disappointed by the early conclusion of peace, but on the other hand, as they had probably been apprehensive of a triumphantly victorious peace which might have strengthened the hands of the government, they had no reason for being dissatisfied with the terms of the Portsmouth Treaty. The bourgeois liberal parties for similar reasons were indifferent to the outcome of the war—or sneeringly acquiescent.

Having been opposed to the war from the beginning they were in a position to say: "We told you so!"

Serious opposition to the conclusion of what now would be called a premature peace came only from military circles and from all those to whom the idea of terminating an inglorious war by a peace without victory presented itself as a painful shock to their feelings of patriotism. It was only natural that foremost among them should have been the Sovereign himself, moved by love of country no less than by pride and jealous care of the glory of his reign. The more admiration was due to him for having had the moral courage to silence his personal feelings and to conclude an unpopular peace as soon as he had been convinced that this sacrifice was demanded of him in the interest of the welfare of his country and his people.

But both nations owed a debt of profound gratitude to the great statesman who had the wise insight to realize that the indefinite continuation of a war which could only end in the exhaustion of one of them or of both could not possibly serve the true and permanent interests of either side, nor of the rest of mankind, and who had the moral courage to undertake the delicate and risky task of mediation between them, undeterred by the apprehension of being considered a pacifist.

This debt of gratitude was frankly and unreservedly acknowledged by the rulers of both nations, however great may have been the disappointment of the militaristic elements on both sides, in whose eyes a war would naturally be considered rather in the light of a prize fight, that can be terminated with honor only by a knockout blow dealt to the vanquished by the victor. In the

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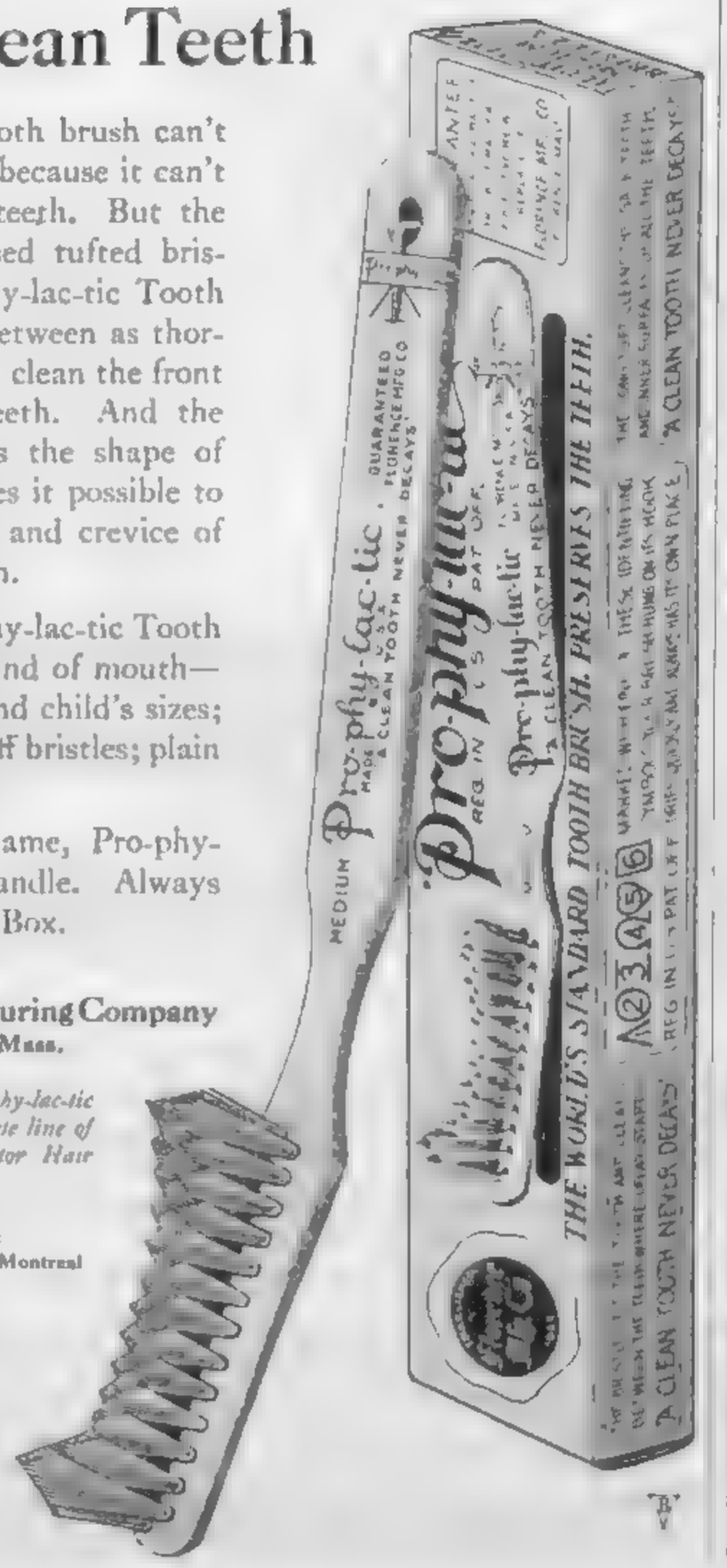
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THE WORLD'S STANDARD TOOTH BRUSH. PRESERVES THE TEETH.
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eyes of history, however, President Roosevelt's success in bringing about the Portsmouth conference and the consequent termination of the war by a peace of justice and conciliation will ever be regarded as the crowning achievement of his brilliant career as a statesman and Chief Magistrate of this great nation.

In the accomplishment of the delicate task he had undertaken President Roosevelt was most efficiently seconded by the American Ambassador to Russia, Mr. George v. L. Meyer, who displayed in the execution of his instructions a singularly quick perception, unerring judgment and skillful handling of the human material he had to deal with. President Roosevelt was at pains to render ungrudging justice to the efficiency of the aid received from his representative. In his autobiography—Pages 586 and 587—he, referring to the negotiations connected with the Portsmouth conference, writes as follows:

"During the course of the negotiations I tried to enlist the aid of the governments of one nation which was friendly to Russia and of another nation which was friendly to Japan in helping to bring about peace. I got no aid from either. I did, however, receive aid from the Emperor of Germany. His ambassador at St. Petersburg was the one ambassador who helped the American Ambassador, Mr. Meyer, at delicate and doubtful points of the negotiation. Mr. Meyer, who was, with the exception of Mr. White, the most useful diplomat in the American service, rendered literally invaluable aid by insisting upon himself seeing the Czar at critical periods of the transaction, when it was no longer possible for me to act successfully through the representatives of the Czar, who were often at cross purposes with one another."

As regards this latter statement the President, I think, was laboring under some misapprehension. I hope I have made it clear in the preceding chapter of these reminiscences that, contrary to the expectations of our well wishers at St. Petersburg, Witte and I had on the very day of his arrival in New York reached a complete agreement as to the conditions of peace we could accept, as well as to the conduct of the negotiations.

In looking through the pages of the biography of George von Lengerke Meyer, by M. A. De Wolfe Howe, I note an extract from a personal letter the ambassador had written to President Roosevelt on the subject of the presentation of his letters of credence to the Emperor Nicholas, which I take the liberty of quoting here, as it permits an estimate of the delicacy of the situation which he had to deal with and which in the end he dealt with most successfully:

"I had hoped," writes Mr. Meyer, "I should see the Emperor alone, as the English Ambassador had told me that the young Empress was influencing her husband to continue the war and gain a victory. I delivered my instructions as cabled by Adee on March 27 and she drew nearer and never took her eyes off the Czar. When I pronounced the words, 'At a proper season, when the two warring nations are willing, the President would gladly use his impartial good offices toward the realization of an honorable and lasting peace alike advantageous to the parties and beneficial to the world,' his Majesty looked embarrassed and then said: 'I am very glad to hear it,' but instantly turned the conversation upon another subject, never alluding to it again."

I also find, on Page 171 of the same very interesting volume, that Mr. Meyer's biographer, in speaking of his correspondence with the President, remarks: "The grave state of Russia, clearly foreshadowing its disasters under the strain of a general war, is constantly observed"—a proof of the ambassador's close observation of existing conditions and sagacity in drawing therefrom the necessary conclusions, a sagacity in which the high functionaries, not to call them statesmen, of our government showed themselves so sadly deficient.

Soon after we had become settled at the embassy at Washington the news from Russia began to assume a more and more threatening character. It was no longer the premonitory rumbling of a coming but still distant storm. It was the beginning of the Russian Revolution! The curtain had definitely risen on the first act of the most awful tragedy the world has ever seen.

In order to convey to the reader an understanding of the sinister meaning, as it presented itself from the beginning to the author of these reminiscences, of the tragic events of which in the sequel it became his fate to be a witness, it will be necessary to examine the remote and deep-lying causes which, in his opinion, were leading up to the inevitable final catastrophe that all human effort was powerless to avert.

Among these causes we have in the first place to consider the national psychology of the great Russian race, the dominant race in the conglomerate of races and creeds that went to constitute the body politic of the Russian Empire that was. The most illuminating elucidation of this point I find in an article published some time ago in the New York Evening Post and due to the pen of a distinguished countryman of mine, Count Alexander Soltykoff. I could not, I think, do any better than to quote in part what he has to say on the subject. After stating his conviction that the whole character of the Russian nation, as shown in the course of Russia's development, will prevent any restoration of order as long as Russians, of whatever party, are alone intrusted with the work, he continues:

"On what idea of Russian national character is this conviction based? On two ideas which are entirely contrary to one another, and yet both are entirely true. These oppositions in Russian character are one of the most surprising facts of national psychology. There is, first, a peaceful, contemplative, self-denying, mystically inclined Russia. Of this Russia a striking delineation is given in the famous picture Holy Russia, of our painter Nesteroff. There is a second Russia which is as savage, unscrupulous and bloodthirsty as the first Russia is holy. This is the Russia not of the painter Nesteroff, but the Russia of elemental chaos; the Russia of the savage Cossack anarchy of olden time; of the present day madness; of the rebel Pugatcheff; of the wholesale country-mansion burnings known as illuminations in 1905 and 1918; a Russia of robbery, intoxication, greed and wickedness, which is Byzantine to the marrow and full of every corruption and injustice; the Russia of the mass murders of Ivan the Terrible and the mass terror of Lenine. The weak and resigned Russia of Nesteroff and the raging and blasphemous Russia of Lenine are equally genuine faces of the same double-headed nation. That fact runs through all our history, beginning with our Scythian forerunners, whose character was such that they were given the rôle of executioners in Greek tragedy, but who were also good-natured and generous and had distinct artistic instincts. The anarchical inconsistencies of the Russian national character to-day are nothing but the ancient chaos of Scythia. Nearly all Russian characteristics make for oppositions, anarchy, and chaos. The Russian likes primitive, rudimentary and mechanical things. He detests moderation, which he regards as compulsion, while order seems to him violence, and power arbitrariness. He does not like civilization, which is order and subordination; and the only equality he understands is the equality of chaos."

These characteristics, though too widely generalized and presented by Count Soltykoff in an exaggerated, lurid form, are nevertheless substantially true and go far toward explaining why at the very moment the restraining power of the state—let us call it Monarchy or Autocracy or Czarism—was suppressed the nation lapsed at once into a condition of mild anarchy, seemingly innocuous in the beginning—which accounts for the pæans of rapture with which the bloodless revolution, the triumph of democracy and the dawn of liberty were hailed by public opinion all over the world—but which was bound, fatally, unavoidably, to end in the unspeakable horrors of the bloody terrorism in whose deadly grip Russia has been agonizing ever since.

But these national characteristics do not throw a sufficient light on the causes which created conditions so exceptionally favorable to the success of the criminal activity of our revolutionary parties. These causes must be sought for partly in the general trend of the country's historical development, partly in the rather communistic doctrine adopted as the basic principle of the agrarian reform, as well as in the introduction of universal military service and in the direction of the government policies pursued ever since the epoch of the great reforms of the Emperor Alexander II.

(Continued on Page 169)

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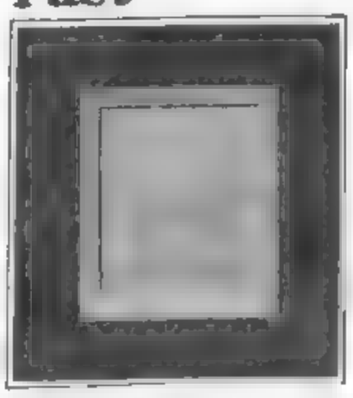

Window Screen is practically everlasting.

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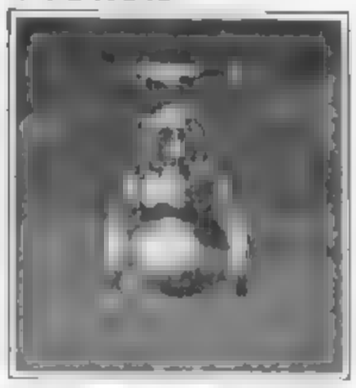

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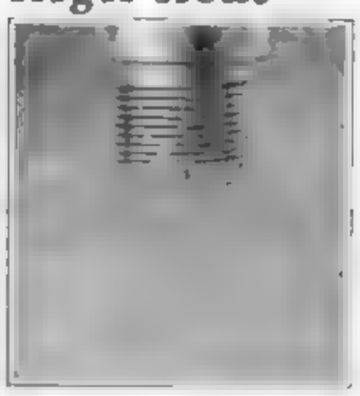

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(Continued from Page 166)

Russia's historical development as a European Power dates, properly speaking, only from the time of Peter the Great. That truly great monarch's political genius made him realize that his country's salvation could lie only in its thorough Europeanization and its definitive breaking loose from the fetters of its barbaric and Byzantine past. He set to work with an energy and consistence second only to the savage ruthlessness of a Lenine, and by creating an all-powerful bureaucracy on the Prussian model and an efficient army, as well as by forcing upon a part of the upper crust of the people a thin veneer of western civilization and habits, he succeeded in the end in causing Russia to be accepted on a footing of equality as a member of the family of European nations.

But in reaching the goal of his ambition he had unwittingly laid the foundation of a condition the logical development of which was to become one of the chief elements making for the country's downfall and ruin—the sharply defined division of the nation into two classes: On top, the educated class, or Intelligentzia, comprising all educated people, officials, business and professional men as well as revolutionary socialists and anarchists; and, below, the masses, the bulk of the nation and its mainstay, the peasantry steeped in darkness and ignorance. As time went on and western culture was sinking deeper roots and penetrating into wider circles of the upper crust, leaving the masses almost untouched, the gulf dividing the two numerically monstrously unequal parts of the nation was becoming ever more impassable, creating between them an atmosphere of mutual noncomprehension, fruitful of ineradicable distrust, undying hatred and bitter contempt.

And when at the moment of the supreme crisis of the country's history the childish incompetence and helpless imbecility of the then ruling bureaucracy had let slip from its palsied hands the reins of power, it was that same fateful veil of noncomprehension which obscured the vision of their still more incompetent and still more helpless successors, and caused them to suffer the reins of power to be seized by a sinister mountebank of socialism, with the result that after his speedy and ignominious collapse the nation found itself helplessly abandoned to the tender mercies of a crew of fanatic visionaries with their following of murderous bandits who have turned a once great and prosperous empire into a primitive wilderness of barbarism, a prison, a lunatic asylum and a slaughterhouse.

The reader may have been astounded at my comprising in the same class with professional and business people such extreme elements as officialdom, including reactionary obscurantism on one side, and revolutionary parties, including socialists and anarchists, on the other. The explanation, however, is a simple one. They all are part and parcel of the Intelligentzia as well as of the nation and of the race to which they belong, and have therefore an equal share in essential national or racial characteristics; such, for instance, as a certain proneness to anarchy, as Count Soltykoff rightly points out in his above-quoted article. If anarchy can be at work below it can also function above. That that was the case has been amply proved. Such an institution as the notorious Okhranka—in English "Bureau of Protection" or "of Public Safety"—invested with almost unlimited discretionary powers, the character of whose truly anarchic activity has been sufficiently stigmatized by the proved fact that it used to have in its employ agents like the phenomenal villain Azeff, who was making it a practice to organize murders of grand dukes and ministers, and at the same time to betray perpetrators of these crimes and their accomplices to the secret police—has undoubtedly, by exciting public indignation and exasperation to fever heat, contributed powerfully toward creating a situation relief from which seemed to many well-meaning and loyal people possible only through a revolutionary overthrow of the government.

It has, moreover, demonstrated its own utter inefficiency since all these Lenines, Trotzkys, Zinovieffs and other Bolshevist leaders, whatever their revolutionary pseudonyms may be, have at one time or other been in the clutches of the Okhranka, been inhabitants of Russian state prisons or been political exiles in Siberia, from which they apparently have not had any great difficulty in escaping; a circumstance which, by the way, seems to justify some doubts as to the veracity of many of the stories of the frightful cruelties said to have been practiced on political prisoners and exiles in Russia and Siberia, stories which for years have been assiduously spread in this and other countries by Russian revolutionists and their friends.

This proneness to anarchy noted by Count Soltykoff as a national characteristic—which at the extremities of the social scale is apt to take the form at one end of open revolt against all law and order, and at the other of lawless tyranny—manifests itself in the mentality of the nation as a whole, in its present stage of political development, as an absence of that reverence for and unquestioning submission to the majesty of the law which alone can render a nation fit for a republican form of government as it should be; that is to say, a government of laws and not of men.

One of the consequences of the historical development of the nation, with its enforced and artificially fostered assimilation of western culture and civilization, aside from the complete cultural separation of the classes from the masses, has been the creation and the gradual growth of what must be called an intellectual proletariat. From the very beginning of Peter the Great's reformatory activity the necessity made itself felt to provide for a constant supply of the requisite human material competent to fill the ranks of the newly created bureaucracy, which at first was organized and functioned with the aid and under the supervision of foreigners. To fill this want various educational establishments, colleges and universities were being gradually founded and endowed with special privileges, opening to their graduates access to positions in the civil service, for the occupancy of which the possession by candidates for office of a college or university degree was made compulsory. The chances of securing permanent salaried positions in the civil service, as well as an ample supply of small scholarships, enabling even the poorest students to struggle through a course of studies, attracted to the universities a constantly growing number of youths, such as in other countries would have gone into trade or business.

The result was that the supply of duly patented candidates for positions in the government service began to outrun the demand to an ever-increasing extent, and that numberless young men without qualifications for any other career were being left to shift for themselves, penniless and embittered by failure to secure the coveted prize, filling the ranks of a disgruntled intellectual proletariat, ready to fall an easy prey to the blandishments of revolutionary agitators of every description.

Given the proneness of the national mentality to a certain vague idealism, it is not to be wondered at that they should have felt particularly attracted to the new faith, which is taking the place of the waning belief in revealed religion with its promises of eternal bliss beyond the grave by holding out to suffering humanity the assurance of felicity to be attained here and now by the simple process of socialization of the means of production and the abolition of private property. It was thus that our universities had to some extent become the breeding places for the rank and file of the army of revolutionary socialism, which with truly religious fanaticism was working at the destruction of the social fabric of the state in order to erect on its ruins the fantastic structure of its socialistic Utopia. The realization of this wild dream in oceans of the blood and tears of a once great nation the world is witnessing at present, seemingly unconscious of its sinister meaning and formidable menace to our race and to civilization.

If now we turn to the examination of the conditions which have rendered it possible for the revolutionary parties to raise in revolt the immense but inert and inarticulate mass of the peasantry—the bulk and mainstay of the nation—the root of the evil will be discovered in the agrarian reform which accompanied the emancipation of the serfs, little more than half a century ago, and in the basic principles on which the reform was planned.

In the first place the reform recognized in principle the right of serfs to the ownership of some part of the land they had been tilling for centuries in the service of their masters. Now the adoption of this principle meant on one hand an invasion of the right of property in the land, however

Bubble Grains At Bedtime

Foods Easy to Digest

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are not for breakfasts only. Serve them for luncheons and suppers. Float in every bowl of milk.

These are bubble grains, airy, crisp and toasted, puffed to eight times normal size. No other dainty in existence makes the milk dish so enticing.

Every Food Cell Blasted

Consider Puffed Wheat. Here is whole wheat made delightful, both in texture and in taste.

Under Prof. Anderson's process, every food cell is exploded. Digestion is made easy and complete.

It supplies whole-wheat nutrition. It does not tax the stomach. It makes milk inviting, and every child should drink a pint a day.

Serve as a breakfast dainty. Mix with your fruits. But don't forget that Puffed Grains also form the ideal bedtime dish.

Puffed Grains are the greatest of grain foods and the most enticing. Serve all three kinds. Let children revel in them.

Try Melted Butter

on the grains some morning. Add cream then, if you wish. This adds a new delight.

Puffed Wheat

Puffed Rice

Corn Puffs

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

A New Pancake Delight

Now we make a pancake flour mixed with ground Puffed Rice and other flours, with a nut-like taste—the finest pancakes ever served. The flour is self-raising. Simply add milk or water. Ask your grocer for Puffed Rice Pancake Flour and you'll have a new delight.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

BEEMAN'S
ORIGINAL PEPSIN CHEWING GUM

Health, the Greatest Human Asset

Good health is essential to the enjoyment of life and to the efficient conduct of our business affairs.

Dyspepsia and other mild forms of indigestion are oftentimes the forerunners in undermining the health of men and women.

Beeman's Original Pepsin Gum has been found generally effective in maintaining good digestion.

American Chicle Company
New York Cleveland
Chicago Kansas City
San Francisco Rochester

acquired, whether by inheritance of ancestral land grants, dating back sometimes hundreds of years, or by purchase, thereby subverting the very idea of the inviolability of a right which is the foundation of the structure of all civilized society, and on the other hand it did not go far enough to satisfy the conception by the serfs of their rights as illustrated by the familiar slogan applied to their relations to their masters: "We are yours, but the land is ours."

Serfdom having been abolished there were no more masters, and consequently the land—all the land, not merely a small part of it—they thought was to become theirs. It was easy to see what a hold this conception of their rights, in its indisputably logical simplicity, was bound to have on the untutored minds of the peasantry. Therefore when they found that they had been deceived in their expectations and when they realized, moreover, that whatever little land had been allotted to them instead of being a free gift would have to be redeemed by annual payments, it was but natural that they should have concluded that such cruel injustice could have been inflicted on them only through the treachery and deceit of faithless officials acting under the influence of their powerful greedy landlords in evident defiance and frustration of the benevolent intentions of an all-gracious and all-merciful Czar.

This psychological side of the agrarian problem and the consequences of the short-sighted and imprudent way it had been dealt with by the government did not escape the attention of that shrewd observor of Russian conditions, Mr. E. H. Wilcox, whose judgment was seldom at fault except when it was blinded by his patriotic desire to find in Russia what he was looking for and had mistaken for the people's real feelings, the fervid enthusiasm for the war displayed by the Duma leaders and that part of the Intelligentzia which was hoping for the collapse of the autocracy and the introduction of a parliamentary régime as an outcome of the war, whether victorious or otherwise. This is what he has to say on the subject, quoting from pages 2 and 3 of his interesting book Russia's Ruin:

"It was in this way that the peasants reconciled the acute sense of grievance under which they lived with their feeling of superstitious reverence toward the Czars. That reconciliation, which was the most serious impediment to the propaganda carried on in the villages by the Social-Revolutionaries, was first undermined by the direct action of the Czars themselves. On their accessions to the throne, both Alexander III and Nicholas II told the deputations which brought them the homage of the peasants that the popular expectation of the new reign opening with a general land partition was without foundation; and, in order that the lesson might not escape the attention of those for whom it was meant, a picture of the Czar pronouncing it was placarded in every village. In this way it was first brought home to the peasants that the Czar himself was opposed to what they regarded as their right; and the Social-Revolutionaries were not slow in working upon their newly awakened consciousness."

In their criminal propaganda among the peasantry the Social-Revolutionaries, by concealing from their victims the fact, as easily capable of proof as a simple arithmetic problem, that there is not in the country enough arable land in the possession of large and medium landowners to produce, if equally divided among all the peasants, an increase of their holdings of more than one or at the utmost two acres in each individual case, are guilty of the same deception which constitutes the fundamental fallacy of socialistic doctrine, always carefully slurred over—the belief in the possibility of assuring an increase of the permanent material well-being of the many by the socialization of the accumulated wealth of the few or by the prevention of its accumulation, a belief which appeals so powerfully to one of the basest, but, alas, ineradicable instincts of mankind.

Another feature of the plan adopted in the settlement of the agrarian question at the time of the emancipation of the serfs led to the most disastrous consequences, inasmuch as it was the direct cause of a gradual and most serious impoverishment of the peasantry, of a marked deterioration of agriculture and a corresponding decrease of its productiveness over an immense expanse of arable land in the possession of the peasantry. It consisted in the allotment of the land taken from the estate owners, not to individual peasants in personal ownership but to their village communities in communal ownership.

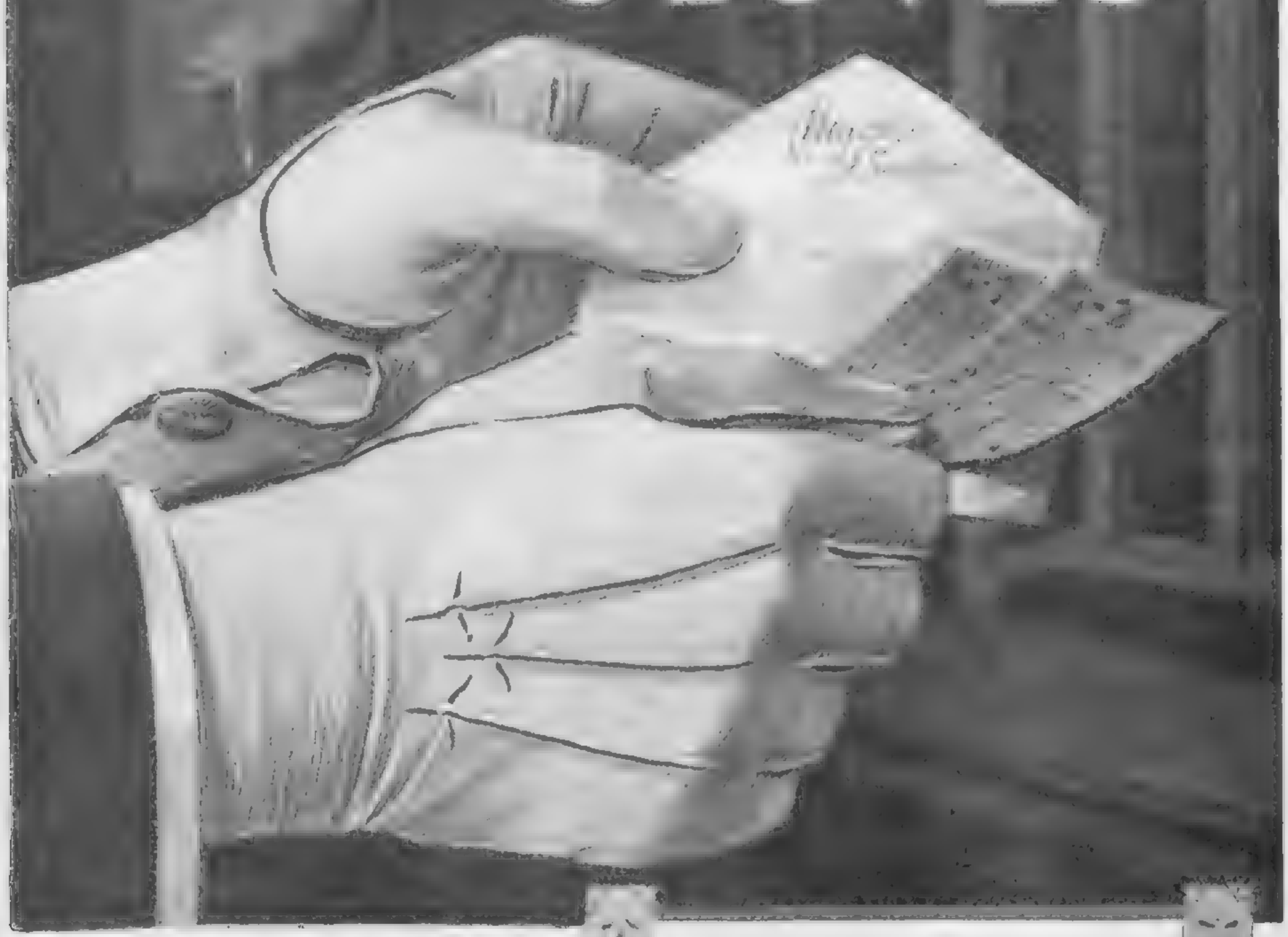
In devising this plan the statesmen who fathered it had seemingly a double object in view: First—and, so to speak, incidentally—to facilitate the collection of the taxes destined to cover the interest and amortization of the bonds which had to be issued to the estate owners in redemption of their lands allotted to the peasantry; and secondly—this was evidently the main point—to prevent the formation of a rural landless proletariat by assuring to every peasant an inalienable share in the communal property. The originators of this plan, inspired apparently by that dreamy idealism, tainted with vague socialistic or communistic leanings so characteristic of the national mentality, had evidently lost sight of a simple circumstance which was obviously bound in the long run not only to defeat the main object they had in view but also to render even superficial culture of the soil by time-honored traditional methods more and more difficult and any attempts at improved intensive culture a matter of sheer impossibility—I mean the gradual increase of the population belonging to a naturally prolific race, which would unavoidably necessitate from time to time a redistribution of the individual shares in the common property allotted to the members of the commune, and their ultimate parceling into strips of land of such diminutive dimensions as to render them unfit for any kind of cultivation. It is needless to insist on the dangerous character of the discontent which the gradual impoverishment of the peasantry, mainly due to this medieval system of communal land tenure, was due to breed.

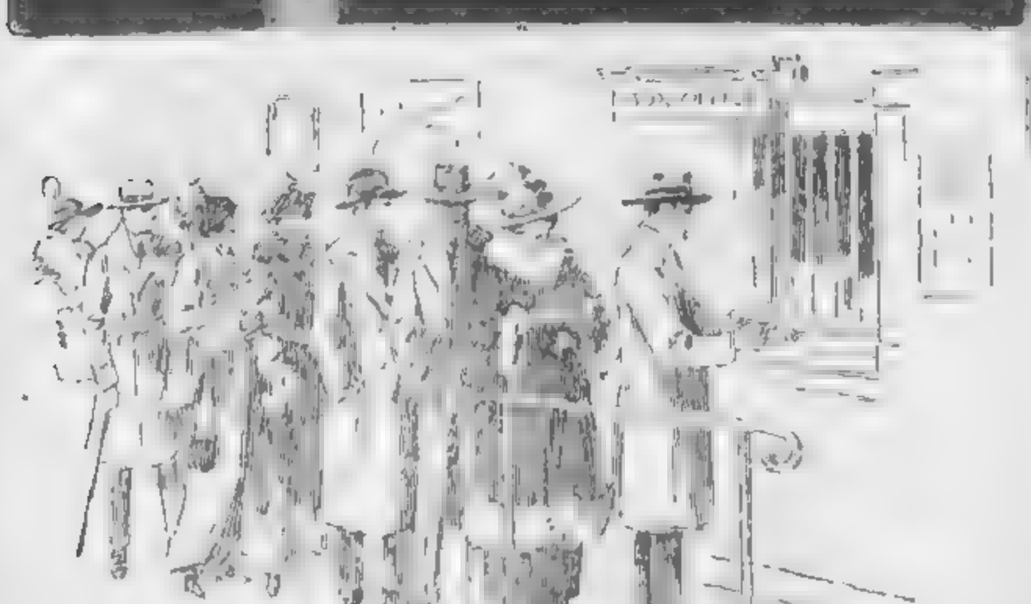
I have mentioned above the introduction of universal short-time military service as one of the contributory causes facilitating a successful revolution. This assertion would hardly be accepted as conclusive without some further explanation. In olden days, when our comparatively small standing army was a strictly professional one, it could, though drafted by conscription from a rather peaceful peasantry, be drilled, thanks to the length of compulsory service—twenty-five years—of the conscripts, into an extremely efficient, in those days perhaps the most efficient fighting force in Europe, and could be implicitly relied upon to render any successful revolutionary movement a matter of impossibility. Not so, however, our modern army, of enormous size, drafted for a short-term service from a peasantry seething with discontent and hatred of the class to which its officers belong; it could not only not be relied on for the repression of a serious revolutionary outbreak but constituted a very dangerous element which, as subsequent events have demonstrated, was likely at any time to take an active part in a revolution or even to initiate one itself.

Such was the threatening aspect of the situation when Count Witte was appealed to, shortly after his return from the peace conference at Portsmouth, to take hold of affairs with which the government of the day had shown itself incompetent to deal.

Editor's Note—This is the fourteenth of a series of articles by Baron Rosen. The next will appear in an early issue.

HANSEN GLOVES





—facility

One of the best things about a Hansen Glove is the facility it gives your fingers—the easy play, the sure hold.

When you wear a Hansen you enjoy the satisfaction of infallible style with the comfort of a glove exactly planned for the time, place and use required.

Write for the Book of Gloves. You will find this dress model fully described. Also a wide variety for motoring, sport, work, etc. Select your favorites, then call on your dealer.

O. C. HANSEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
100-G Detroit Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

With the ordinary range "Pot Watching" takes up 70% of a housewife's time.

A New Way to Cook

It ends cooking guesswork and kitchen drudgery

Formerly women had to depend upon guesswork in determining their oven heat.

The result was that often cooking skill and careful mixing went for naught. Foods were underdone or overdone or burned. There were lucky and unlucky baking days.

And, too, women had to spend long tiring hours in the kitchen watching and stirring foods. Hours that took the pleasure out of cooking.

The fact that most women are anxious and nervous when they bake shows that there is an element of chance when baking.

44 temperatures at your command

All that is now ended. The "LORAIN" Oven Heat Regulator has shown women a new way to cook. A way that makes *every* day a *lucky* day. A way that frees you from pot watching and gives you many extra hours each day.

The "LORAIN" Oven Heat Regulator is a simple device that places 44 oven temperatures at your command. You set the wheel at the temperature required for the best results. The heat never varies. Your cooking is always done just right. You can bake loaf after loaf of bread not one of which will vary in color or in texture.

Cook a whole meal at one time

And most wonderful of all, with this magic device foods formerly cooked on the top burners are cooked in the oven. You can cook a whole meal unwatched in the oven at one time. You set the wheel of the "LORAIN" and then you know exactly when your meal will be done. And you forget about it until then.

The "LORAIN" has revolutionized cooking. It has shown women how to cook better, easier and without waste. Surely no woman will be content to cook the old time way now.

AMERICAN STOVE CO., 12 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World

The "LORAIN" cooks a whole meal in the oven at one time in three to six hours to suit your convenience.

You save time, you save work, you save food, and you save gas—all this soon pays for the "LORAIN" and your stove many times over.

Write for our free book

Listed at the left are the six famous stoves equipped with the "LORAIN." The dealers for these stoves will demonstrate the "LORAIN" for you. Operate it yourself. Then you will be convinced.

Write us today for our FREE book "An Easier Day's Work." It is the most valuable book of its kind ever written. Every woman should read it.

Only These Famous Stoves are Equipped with the "LORAIN"

CLARK JEWEL—*George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.*
DANGLER—*Dangler Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio*
DIRECT ACTION—*National Stove Co. Div., Lorain, Ohio*
NEW PROCESS—*New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio*
QUICK MEAL—*Quick Meal Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.*
RELIABLE—*Reliable Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio*

BIG SHOWMEN

(Continued from Page 23)

Three seasons he stayed with the farmer, then struck for more pay, was refused and walked ten miles into Pontiac, where he found work round a hotel. Two months later Frederick H. Bailey and Benjamin Stevens, advance agents of the Robinson & Lake show, came to Pontiac. Bailey was much taken with young McGinnis and took him along with him. The name of McGinnis was dropped. From then on he was known as a Bailey and his career as a showman had begun. He stayed on with the show, doing various jobs, wintering in Cincinnati and sometimes in winter doing billposting and once in a while the waiting act. For a time during the Civil War he was a sutler's clerk with the army and discharged his duties with credit and ability. After the war he found his way back to the show business again.

In 1873 he invested his savings in a quarter interest in the Hemming, Cooper & Whitby show. The next year Whitby was killed while collecting tickets at the door and Bailey acquired his interest. The year following he bought out Hemming's rights and it was then known as the Cooper & Bailey show. In 1876 Mr. Bailey took the show to Australia, coming home by the way of South America. After the return of the Cooper & Bailey show to the United States there commenced a bitter rivalry between it and that of Barnum. It was so bitter that it bid fair to be financially disastrous to both. Just at the critical moment in the Cooper & Bailey show a big female elephant gave birth to a baby elephant, the first ever born in captivity. Mr. Barnum was quick to see the enormous advantage it would give his competitors and he wired them an offer of a hundred thousand dollars for it. Bailey also grasped the opportunity. He refused the offer, and as soon as he reached the territory of his rival he covered everything in sight with paper headed, "What Barnum thinks of the baby elephant," and followed with a reproduction of Barnum's telegram offering the big price for the youngster. It brought him immense business and for once Barnum was beaten at his own specialty—publicity.

W. W. Cole—1873

By the end of the season Barnum was very anxious to make peace, so much so that he offered J. L. Hutchinson an interest in his show without money if he could induce Bailey to join hands with him. Hutchinson took hold of the matter and was successful. The firm then became Barnum, Bailey & Hutchinson. Subsequently Hutchinson retired. Bailey bought out what was left of the Cooper interest and the combination became Barnum & Bailey. "The Greatest" had been formed.

The Partners Contrasted

From the moment the junction was effected innovation was the order. The practical management of the show slipped as a matter of course into the hands of the junior partner, and he began a series of new and novel undertakings in the show line which have made the name Barnum & Bailey more widely known than any amusement aggregation that ever existed; and though Barnum and Bailey are both dead and the circus has been owned for more than ten years by the Ringlings, it is still known to the public as the Barnum & Bailey show.

I joined Barnum & Bailey soon after the fire at the Bridgeport winter quarters in which most of the animals perished. I was living in St. Louis when Mr. Bailey telegraphed that he would like to have me take charge of a menagerie for him. After I had accepted his offer he sent me word to find and buy four white mules and bring them east with me. I was two or three weeks finding four that matched sufficiently well, but at last satisfied myself. That summer I was frequently away from the show buying animals to add to the menagerie.

There was a striking contrast between Barnum and Bailey. Barnum was a big, strong man; Bailey was small and thin; Barnum was seldom troubled; Bailey was always anxious. There was never a man who loved publicity more than Barnum, while Bailey disliked personal notoriety to such an extent that he seldom permitted the use of his photograph. He enjoyed best being the great silent power that made the show go and grow. Barnum was seldom round and paid little or no attention to details. Bailey was the first man to appear in the morning and no detail was too small for him to consider. He took especial delight in waking men up on a Sunday morning and getting them busy.

Mr. Bailey was generous with his superintendents and foremen, and would spend any amount of money to keep the show up to the standard he had set for it, but he objected to paying the workingman much or raising his pay, holding that it spoiled him. No matter how often or under what circumstances he passed one, he would give him a ride. He considered Friday his lucky day and would start new projects then if possible. He liked to be able to begin the season by moving from Bridgeport to Madison Square Garden in New York on a Friday. It was Mr. Bailey who did away with the custom of putting the names of individual performers on his posters. Now the billboards only tell of the wonders of the show, not of individuals.

A Tardy Bonus

Mr. Bailey came often to the menagerie and always discussed special matters with me. One season an emu was taken sick while we were on the road. Mr. Bailey was positive it was going to die.

I said to him one day when he had been unusually sure it was nearly done for: "Mr. Bailey, that bird will live to go into winter quarters."

"Conklin," he replied, "if that bird lives to get back to Bridgeport I'll give you a nice present."

After a time the bird became as well as ever.

Mr. Bailey seemed to have forgotten what he had said and I did not mention it.

After we had got nicely settled in winter quarters, one day when he was going round the building with me and we had stopped in front of the emu's cage, I observed: "Mr. Bailey, there's your bird."

He made no reply, but the next time he came to Bridgeport I said the same thing. He paid no attention, but the third time it happened he turned to me and said: "By the way, Conklin, didn't I promise you something in connection with this bird?" I admitted that he had and when he went away I was fifty dollars richer.

Frequently between the afternoon and evening performances some of the men would gather in groups and play checkers. Though Mr. Bailey never joined in the game, he enjoyed watching it, and it was no unusual sight to see him seated where he could watch each move, chewing away on an elastic band and slowly turning his pocket knife between a thumb and forefinger. He never had anything to say about the game; in fact, he seldom spoke to anyone round the show except on business, but if one of the players lost his temper Mr. Bailey would laugh heartily.

Mr. Bailey was always nervous about storms, especially when the performance was going on. If it began to look black he would sit outside on some convenient wagon and watch the clouds. Every canvas foreman and every superintendent who came

DISTRIBUTORS

Atlanta	R. O. Campbell Coal Co.
Baltimore	The Philip Carey Co.
Birmingham	Young & Vann Supply Co.
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New York	The Philip Carey Co
Omaha	National Supply Co.
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Portland	American Roofing Co.
Providence	The Philip Carey Co.
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St. Louis	The Philip Carey Co.
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San Francisco	Pacific Blue Print Co.
San Francisco	West American Mfg. Co.
Seattle	Standard Supply Co.
Spokane	Nott Mercantile Co.
Tacoma	Savage Supply Co.
Tucson	Cameron & Barkley Co.
Tulsa	The Carey Co.
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Vancouver, B. C.	Taylor Engineering & Mfg. Co. Ltd.
Washington	American Roofing Co.
Wilmington	Building Products & Coal Co. Ltd.
Winnipeg	The Philip Carey Co.

WE USE STA-SO NON FADING SLATE ROOM SURFACE

ON OUR SHINGLES

CAREY shingles are so long lasting and beautiful that they are used on the finest churches, residences and public buildings.

They cost so much less to buy, lay and maintain, and they give so many more years of wear per dollar of cost that they are used on inexpensive buildings as well.

They do not rot, the nail heads that fasten them do not rust off, they do not dry out, curl or split, ice action does not cause them to chip, wind does not loosen them.

This is because the body of the shingle is made of wool felt saturated and built up with Carey tempered asphalt which protects the nail heads and makes the shingle elastic, flexible and permanently water-proof.

Carey Shingles meet the requirements of building laws and fire underwriters. They are surfaced with crushed slate which is spark-proof.

They are offered in red or green shades—the natural *fadeless* slate colors. They require no paint to keep them permanently beautiful.

Prospective Builders—
Ask for Booklet "N"

DEALERS—Write for Booklet "B" on the Carey Building and Insulating Materials—and Successful Sales Plans.

THE PHILIP CAREY COMPANY

500–520 Wayne Ave., Lockland, Cincinnati, Ohio

Built-Up Roofs	Insulating Papers	Wall Board
Asfaltslate Shingles	85% Magnesia Pipe	Roof Paints
Roll Roofings	and Boiler Coverings	Damp-Proofing Comp'ds

GIRARD

DO YOU think better when you smoke? Most smokers feel that they do. And this feeling is based on physiological fact.

The enjoyment and satisfaction, the atmosphere of contentment have a direct influence on the mental processes—the mind works more naturally, more easily.

Why rob yourself of half the benefit by smoking the wrong kind of cigars?

The Girard gives you all the pleasure and more, but with no come-back on your nerves, your heart or your digestion.

A mellow, full-flavored Havana smoke, the cigar above all for health and pleasure combined.

Sold by progressive dealers everywhere.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf, Philadelphia
Established 18 years

within speaking distance of him he would call to and ask, "What do you think of it?"

If they replied that it looked bad he would turn the knife faster and chew harder on the rubber band and just as soon as he felt the wind begin to blow he would shout, "Conklin, get the elephants outside."

Mr. Bailey, like Mr. Barnum, died while the show was in Madison Square Garden. Both left us in the month of April, Mr. Barnum on the seventh and Mr. Bailey on the eleventh. But Mr. Bailey outlived his partner fifteen years, his death not occurring until 1906. Another singular thing about the important dates of their lives was that Mr. Bailey's birthday was on July fourth and Mr. Barnum's on the fifth of the same month.

Mr. Bailey's death was the result of the bite of some sort of an insect. He had gone early to the Garden to superintend the placing of earth that was being brought in to make a ring. While there something bit him on the nose. Either the bite of the insect was poisonous or it became infected, for trouble developed soon after, erysipelas set in, and in a few days he was dead.

I saw Mr. Bailey for the last time on the afternoon before he gave up to his illness. He overheard me discussing the arrangement of the cages with one of the superintendents and called us both into the office saying, "Perhaps I can help you." He showed the same amount of interest as usual and gave me directions to put more animals in the cages than I had. We little thought as we left the office that he was a mortally sick man, but it was only a few days later that we went to Mount Vernon to attend his funeral.

In the spring of 1875 W. W. Cole bought my cage of lions from Pogey O'Brien and I was sold along with the lions. That is, it was a part of the bargain that I was to go to Cole when the lions did, perform them, superintend his menagerie and train his elephants. Besides the lions, Pogey sold him four other cages of animals, an elephant and a miscellaneous collection of parade wagons and circus equipment. With one man to help me care for the animals I started for the South.

At New Orleans we were met by Oscar Hyatt, an agent of Cole's, who told us that Cole and the show were at Galveston and we were to join it there. I found that Hyatt had engaged transportation for us on a steamer called the Gussie, belonging to the Morgan Line. The five cages of animals were lashed to the upper deck, the wagons put down in the hold, and my helper and I, with Queen Anne, the elephant, were put into the steerage. Amongst other freight on board there was a lot of flour in barrels and the captain had the deck hands pile a lot of the barrels up round Queen Anne so that they made a sort of box stall, which separated her from the immigrants.

When the boat was ready to cast off Hyatt handed me a dollar and a half to pay for meals, explaining that he could give me no more as he was broke; wished me good luck and promptly disappeared. As it was a three-day trip it did not look as though we would live very high, but I found the captain was interested in the animals; so each day when I went up to care for them I gave a little performance for his benefit and as a result had a stateroom and all I wanted to eat.

An Elephant Whitewasher

I was wakened in the middle of the second night by an uproar in the steerage and knew by the sound that Queen Anne was in some way involved, and I hurried down to see what was the matter. Much to my astonishment the first thing I could distinguish in the almost total darkness were groups of white figures huddled in every available corner. Seemingly the immigrants had suddenly been turned into ghosts.

The explanation of the mystery was soon found. Queen Anne had broken open some of the barrels and tried to eat the flour. The moisture in her trunk had made a sticky paste of it which soon became uncomfortable, and in her attempt to clear it out she had not only created a panic among the immigrants but covered them with flour as well. Apparently she enjoyed the commotion, for when I got to her she was still amusing herself by filling her trunk with flour and blowing it all over the foreigners. I soon put a stop to her fun and after some difficulty got the steerage calmed down.

We reached Galveston at nine o'clock at night. I had never been there before, had never seen Cole and there was no one to meet me. I went ashore and learned on inquiry that the show was some distance out of the town on the beach. I finally found it, and on asking for Mr. Cole had a tall, sad, scholarly looking man pointed out to me. I introduced myself, and after greeting me good-naturedly and asking about the things in my care he turned me over to Al Richards, another of his agents. Richards went back to the boat with me and we got the stuff off and out to the show and then he took me into the town and put me up at a hotel. I was dead tired, but I had scarcely blown out my candle before I felt something that induced me to strike a light. I saw quite enough to convince me that I could sleep better elsewhere. I dressed again as quickly as possible and made my way back to the show on the beach and slept the rest of the night in the band wagon. The next day I told Cole of my experience. He was indignant and gave Richards a stiff laying out for it, and as a result I was furnished with first-class hotel accommodations.

We started out that season from Galveston billed as W. W. Cole's New York and New Orleans Circus and Menagerie. Cole was a pioneer in the art of using great quantities of printer's ink in advertising a show and he was also one of the first—if not the first -to use lithographed posters and led all his competitors by putting up 100-sheet bills to advertise his attractions.

Stuffing Whales and Public

In those days towns were not equipped with permanent billboards as now and the owner of a show not only had to provide advertising matter but he must have built in each town a board to display it. Cole's billboard announcements never belittled his show or failed to attract a large amount of attention, which sometimes reacted unpleasantly. Such was the case with his much-advertised stuffed whale, which drew heavily until the public discovered that it was simply a clever fake made of papier-maché. This knowledge created so much resentment that in order to show again another season in the region where the whale had been exhibited Cole had to change the name and appearance of the show and in some towns suppress certain acts, for if the people had realized that it was the same show they would have wrecked the whole outfit.

Previous to going on the road with Cole I had traveled only with a wagon show, but when we started out from Galveston we went by rail. Though it was a decided improvement over wagon travel, it was far from being what it is to-day. We had no cars of our own, no sleepers, no through trains. The roads were not of uniform gauge and each junction point meant the changing of all our stuff from one train to another. Frequently we were routed out twice in one night to make a shift, but even under such difficulties there were more opportunities to sleep than with a wagon show. We carried planks which we laid along on top of the seat backs, making a platform on which to spread our beds.

Cole was born in New York City in a house on Houston Street in 1847. He came of a race of show people. The father was a contortionist. The mother before marriage was a Cooke, a member of the famous circus family of the same name in Scotland. She was a "high school" rider and wire walker of considerable reputation. When young Cole was a few years old his father died. Later on his mother married Miles Orton, another circus man, who had a small show of his own. Orton was what was known as a four-and-six-horse rider. Cole and his mother traveled with Orton and his show. Here Cole learned the rudiments of the show business, trying his hand at one time and another at all the various angles of it. He had not been long with the Orton show before he began running a gambling device for himself in the side show called a "spindle and eight-die case." He was very successful with it and made a lot of money from the start.

After Orton had been living with Cole's mother a few years he became enamored of the snake charmer and his wife left him, got a divorce and took back the name of Cole. Then she and her son started out with a small show of their own. At first they had no animals. Later they hired some for one season from a man in Detroit and a fellow by the name of Paulschoff went with them to perform the lions. It was the next season that Cole bought a

(Concluded on Page 177)

Suits that are pressed frequently and cleaned occasionally wear 25 to 50 per cent longer.

How to make your *old* suit last

"It is not every man that can afford to wear a shabby coat," Robert Colton once wrote.

The words hold as true now as when first written, three-quarters of a century ago.

Nevertheless it is needful today to make the old suit last—though not at the expense of becoming tattered.

Between the costliness of clothing at the one extreme, and shabbiness of it at the other, there is a middle ground where economy and good appearance meet.

You can find this "middle ground" at your dry cleaner's. He can tune up your old clothes and preserve your new.

Every person realizes the business advantage and the social value of clothes well cleaned and neatly pressed, but there is more in these details than improvement of "looks" alone.

Ask your tailor or your clothier. He will inform you that apparel frequently pressed, and cleaned at intervals of two or three months, will wear from 25 to 50 per cent longer than clothes that are not so considerately cared for.

There is a sound reason for this. You wash your linen when it becomes soiled—it is a matter of self respect and personal hygiene, of course, but it is also true that if left unwashed your shirts would wear out much more quickly.

Perspiration, oils, grease, and fruit juices have a corrosive effect; dust and dirt have a grinding action—your outer clothing needs purging of these equally as much as does your linen.

The cleansing gasoline baths of the dry cleaner, and the pressing of the presser, with hot steam working through the fabric, have a sterilizing action—your apparel is made as immaculate outside as inside, it keeps its shape better, and it is saved from tell-tale shininess.

The old suit will last longer, and your new suit will do double duty if you will more frequently patronize the modern cleaner and the modern presser. Get started on the road to clothes economy by calling on your dry cleaner today.

"Send it to the Dry Cleaner"

The American Laundry Machinery Company, *Executive Offices:* **Cincinnati**

GARFORD

Garfords give *Low Cost Ton-Mile* because they serve economically for long hours *and keep on doing it.*

Garford

Lima, Ohio

A GARFORD FOR EVERY PURPOSE—1½ TO 6 TON CAPACITY

TRUCKS

(Concluded from Page 174)

number of cages of animals from Pogey O'Brien, started a menagerie of his own and I went to him.

Cole's show was very successful from the start. It was a fixed policy with him to hunt new territory. He not only carefully studied the map, but he kept close note of conditions in different sections of the country and tried to keep his show in the most prosperous. He also closely watched the development of new regions and often billed a town before the railroad into it was completed in order to be the first one to show there. His show was the first to travel over the Southern Pacific from Los Angeles to El Paso and it was also the first to make a tour over the Northern Pacific, taking in the Puget Sound country. He took his show to New Zealand and Australia in 1880, returning to San Francisco in the spring of 1881.

Cole looked the least like a showman of any person I ever saw engaged in the business. He much more resembled a clergyman or a scholar or even a poet. In fact I have known him to be mistaken for a minister.

I never knew anyone who disliked to be known so much as he did. He would never tend door, though his mother and Uncle Henry did almost every day, and he issued strict orders to his men that if any person asked which was Mr. Cole to say they did not know. It was no idle command, as many who disobeyed it found to their sorrow. Pictures of him are very rare. The one I have was taken in 1876 and was given me by his mother.

The Cole show was very different from all others in that it was very democratic. It was known far and wide as the "home show." Cole used to eat with the men in the cook tent. The tables were all set alike. The laborers fared as well as the performers. I have often seen Cole sitting on a trunk in the baggage car munching a great slab of pie, watching some of his men gamble and laughing when they fell out over their losses. Cole had the reputation of being tight and by many of his men he was called Chilly Billy. Some of the canvasmen called him "the man with the brass collar." Nevertheless, for a number of years his mother had a Christmas tree for all the show that was at the winter quarters, and she and her son both put something on the tree for each one.

It was customary with his show for the members of the band to sell tickets for the concert which took place after the show was over at night. They were not required to turn over their receipts to Cole until the next day. Frequently they got to playing poker after the concert, and some would lose their own money and Cole's too. The next morning they would be rushing round trying to borrow enough from their friends to settle with Cole. He, knowing their predicament, used to watch them and laugh and have lots of sport at their expense. As the sums rarely ran more than fifteen to twenty-five dollars they were usually able to fix the matter up.

Jumbo's Private Stove

Cole built the Delphi Theater in Chicago and ran it two seasons, then sold it to the United States for a post-office site. He had me ship an elephant from Utica, New York, for the opening.

It was in the winter and the weather was so cold that I had to take the elephant into a blacksmith shop on the way to the train to warm it up, and we put a stove in the box car in which we shipped it.

Cole was unusually devoted to his mother. She was here, there and everywhere about the show looking into and after things. Her coming into the menagerie and interfering with things annoyed me greatly until I got to know her well. She would take feed out of cages and put it into others, regardless of how much or how little I had been giving the inmates, and tell the men to do various things.

Finally one day I got so nettled I went to Cole about it.

"Mr. Cole, I'm going to get through," I told him. "I'm going to quit the show. I can't stand it to have anyone coming round and interfering with my animals."

He wanted to know all about it, so I told him in detail.

When I was through he said to me: "Mr. Conklin, that's my mother and she can do just as she wants to. Don't you pay any attention to it. If she puts hay in where you don't want it, why, as soon as she is gone have your men take it out. But whatever she wants to do let her do it. If she comes in and tells you to kill one of the animals you kill it and I'll stand back of you."

I did as he told me and Mrs. Cole and I later became the best of friends.

She said to me once: "Conklin, don't ever leave Will. As long as Will has a show you stay with him"—and I did.

Cole was not married until 1885. On Christmas Day of that year he wedded Miss Margaret Koble, of Quincy, Illinois. He gave a big dinner to the show to celebrate the event. His wife never traveled with the show and after a few years she got Cole to give up the show business. Relations between the wife and the mother were not cordial and the mother did not live in the son's family, but his attention to her was constant and loyal and they were seen riding together almost daily.

Cole died of pneumonia at his winter home in the Biltmore Hotel, Madison Avenue and Forty-third Street, New York City, on March 10, 1915. His estate was estimated at more than five million dollars. In his will he left five thousand dollars to the Trinity Episcopal Church of Paterson, New Jersey, as a memorial to his mother, who was actively connected with it for thirty-five years.

There were also bequests to other churches, hospitals and various charitable organizations.

Mr. Bailey's death back in 1906 left the great show without a head for the first time. William Washington Cole took charge of it for the rest of that season. During the summer it was sold to the Ringling Brothers. One day Otto Ringling came and arranged with me to stay in charge of the menagerie after he and his brothers took over the show. That fall we returned to the winter quarters in Bridgeport.

When the horses were in their stalls, the animals in their places and the wagons backed under cover it became the property of the Ringlings.

A Last Look

For various reasons, among which my poor health was chief, I left the show in the spring of 1907. We went to New York as usual for the opening in the Madison Square Garden and from there to Brooklyn. It was then that I decided to leave; so one day I told Otto Ringling that I was going to quit the show. He urged me not to, but I insisted. However, I agreed to stay the week out in order to give him an opportunity to arrange for someone to take my place.

It was finally decided that John Patterson, an elephant man, who had been with the Ringlings some time, should be raised to the position.

Saturday night came. It was not only the end of the week but the end of the stop in Brooklyn. The next day the show would be away over in Jersey, starting on its summer tour. There was the usual rush of the crowd through the menagerie as the doors were opened. I watched it swell and surge, slacken and die out. When the band struck up for the grand entrance I blew my whistle and the boys began to put up the side doors to the cages and drop and tie the covers. The led stock was made ready. The elephants came hurrying out from their act, were stripped of their saddles and tied in pairs. The boss canvasman's shrill whistle sounded and the side wall of the menagerie tent dropped.

I looked everything over to see that it was lined up properly, stepped over to Patterson and said: "Here's the men and the stuff. They're yours now."

I stood back and watched them move out—the led stock first, then the elephants, followed by the cages. Soon they were all gone. Again Happy Jack blew his whistle and the tent top came down. Accustomed hands unlaced it quickly, stowed it and the poles aboard the wagons and presently they too were gone. The ground where the great menagerie had stood was clear and deserted. I paused a moment. Cracks of light showed through the big top where the show was going on. Otto Ringling came across the fields, stopped, said good night and passed on. There came a blare of the band. I turned and walked slowly toward my lodgings. My career as a showman was over.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Mr. Conklin.

"YES, I smoke Cinco cigars because they're so pleasantly mild, because they burn right, because tomorrow's will be just like today's, because, in short, they're so uniformly good—so enjoyable.

"Cinco is the product of 70 years of Eisenlohr experience in cigar making, and its established leadership is the result of quality."

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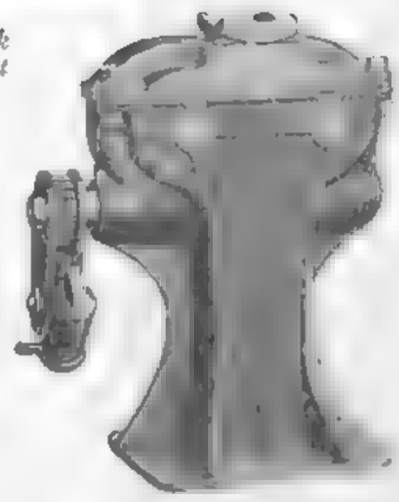
On all Acme Trucks the No. 2 Five-Ton Rees Truck Jack has been adopted as Standard Lifting Tool Equipment

REES
DOUBLE WORM GEAR DRIVE
JACK



THE makers of the famous Acme Truck early recognized that it was just plain good business to supply a jack that really stood up and *performed*. Acme is one of the growing number of prominent truck and passenger car manufacturers who, after conclusive tests, have adopted Rees Jacks as standard tool equipment.

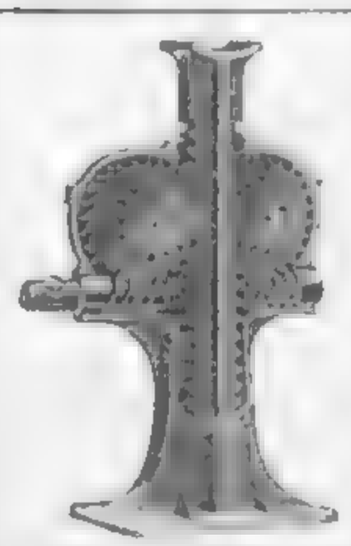
The hearty acceptance of Rees Jacks by manufacturers and motorists alike is the unprejudiced reward of merit.

This is full recognition of the superior efficiency of the *double worm gear drive* principle as here adapted for lifting purposes.

It indicates that the Jack is becoming properly considered *individually* as the most important equipment tool.

Rees Jacks are sturdily constructed and eminently dependable. They lift their full rated capacity easily and rapidly with one man operating them, and have an ample overload capacity for meeting emergencies safely.

There are Rees Jacks for every lifting purpose. If your dealer does not have them in stock write for descriptive literature and prices.



THE simple design of only four working parts embodied in Rees Jacks is illustrated here. It is a cut-away view of the Passenger Car model. A convenient folding handle permits the operation of this Rees from a sl[illegible] position. [illegible] $9.00 west of the Rockies, $9.50.

EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS

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Manufacturers of Rees Double Worm Gear Drive Jacks for Passenger Cars, Trucks, Railway and Industrial Purposes

TUTT AND MR. TUTT

(Continued from Page 34)

The next nearest will receive *free* one of our best pair of "Nobby Spring Pants"!
The next nearest will receive *free* one of our best "Nobby Waistcoats"!
The next five nearest will receive *free* one pair of our best "Nobby Suspenders"!
Absolutely free to all! ! !
WILLIAM GOOKIN, Proprietor.

Skinny the Tramp and the murder trial were temporarily forgotten. The sign was evidently creating a huge sensation. Toggery Bill had never been known to give anything away before; and he was doing a brisk trade while the onlookers figured astutely upon the amount of cash the barrel probably contained.

As the day wore on Willie became desperate. If Meachem carried out his threat and turned him over to the constable the judge would surely send him to the reformatory, and he would never see Betty and her mother again! No more eels, no more wasps, no more stamps!

Curse the stamps, anyway; they were to blame for his present parlous state! They told awful stories about the reformatory, worse than the poor farm. It would be much better to be a high-class, respectable murderer in a regular state's prison. Perhaps the part of prudence would be to run away. If the gypsies had only been there he would have had his fortune told. "Let the cards decide!" That had been a line that struck his fancy in the last melodrama at the Mohawk Palace. But the gypsies were in the sunny southland—at least, that was where they had said they were going.

"Let the cards decide!" But suppose there weren't any cards? There must surely be some way of deciding what to do! There was always chance. He would leave it to chance. At the bottom of his pallet under the stairs—in the box where he preserved the relics of the bear, the seed pearl, the water from the River Jordan and the celebrated talisman—lay also a tangible evidence of Willie's primitive intelligence. For though he was clever he was also superstitious to a degree. These superstitions were partially instinctive, partially acquired from the gypsies and Skinny the Tramp, and partially of his own invention. Among these last was his belief in the infallibility of what he called his leader. This was a complicated affair constructed out of a broken bamboo arrow found in the rubbish heap back of Meachem's, a piece of fishline and a horse chestnut. When in doubt what to do or where to go, one had simply to whirl the machine round one's head, utter the formula "Poliko-boliko-milliky-me-ping-pong—wack!" and let fly. Wherever the arrow pointed when it fell, there you must go—and if you went far enough you would always find a treasure ultimately; according to Skinny the Tramp, a crock of gold. He had acquired the celluloid button in this fashion—along with a lot of other rubbish.

Willie removed the leader from its resting place and went out into the back yard. Drawing a circle about him with the arrow he whirled it according to rule, muttered "Poliko-boliko," and so on, and threw it with all his might. The chestnut, operating according to the laws of centrifugal force, at a tangent, made it gyrate in a curiously disjointed fashion and it disappeared hurtling over the woodhouse in the direction of Main Street. Willie followed. The arrow pointed indubitably toward the store window of Toggery Bill. And there he found the crock of gold.

Does not this narrative unquestionably indicate the part played by chance in human affairs? Read further and perceive how it demonstrates that other, but no less important, thesis that no man who possesses a sense of humor can be truly bad.

When Mr. Meachem opened his side door the next morning he discovered lying across the threshold an envelope bearing upon its left-hand upper corner the inscription:

PHŒNIX HOUSE
Pottsville, N. Y.
Leading Hotel in the
Mohawk Valley
Rooms $1.50 and Up

Inside was six dollars in new one-dollar bills, and nine dollars in halves, quarters, dimes, and nickels, with a sheet of paper bearing the words: "For the stamps. W. Toothaker."

For a moment Mr. Meachem's face betrayed no symptom of his inner thought; then a look of intense satisfaction enwreathed his features. Hastily he retreated inside and closed the door. Then he stealthily went into his store and peered through the curtains across the street. There was a jagged hole in Toggery Bill's window, the barrel of money was gone, and in place of the original sign appeared another in a strange humpbacked scrawling chirography, strikingly similar to that of the letter in his pocket:

"There was ixacktly ayteen dollars and seventy-too cents in the barl. I no becuz I got neerest and hav got it all."

Mr. Tutt was still asleep at ten minutes past nine o'clock, when a hurried knock upon his bedroom door partially roused him.

"Yes, Your Honor!" mumbled the old lawyer. "Yes, certainly ——"

"Mr. Tutt! Mr. Tutt!" gasped a shrill treble through the keyhole. "Mr. Gookin had Willie arrested and put in the lockup along with Skinny the Tramp! He says Willie committed burglary on his window an' took the barrel of money! And Willie wants to see you!"

"What's all this?" exclaimed Mr. Tutt, lifting himself upon his elbow. "Is that you, Betty? Heavens! It's after nine o'clock!"

"Mr. Gookin says he's going to send Willie to prison for ten years!" she cried tremulously. "You won't let him, will you, Mr. Tutt?"

"Certainly not! Certainly not!" he replied, swinging his old legs out of bed. "What did Willie do?"

"Mr. Gookin says he took his barrel of money!"

"What barrel of money?"

"The one he put in the window of his store."

"Why does he think Willie took it?"

"'Cause Willie left a sign."

Betty heard a gurgle from the direction of the washstand.

"You tell Willie," directed Mr. Tutt in tones indicating the active use of a towel, "that I'll defend him, and not to worry. I'll be over at the jail in less than ten minutes."

"All right!" she answered delightedly. "Thanks awfully! I'll go over and tell him, and then I'll come back and get you!"

There was nobody in the dining room when Mr. Tutt hurried downstairs three minutes later, and he was obliged to go out to the kitchen to ask Mrs. Best for a cup of coffee.

"I'm afraid Willie's done something terrible this time!" said she. "But I never supposed he'd take anything that didn't belong to him."

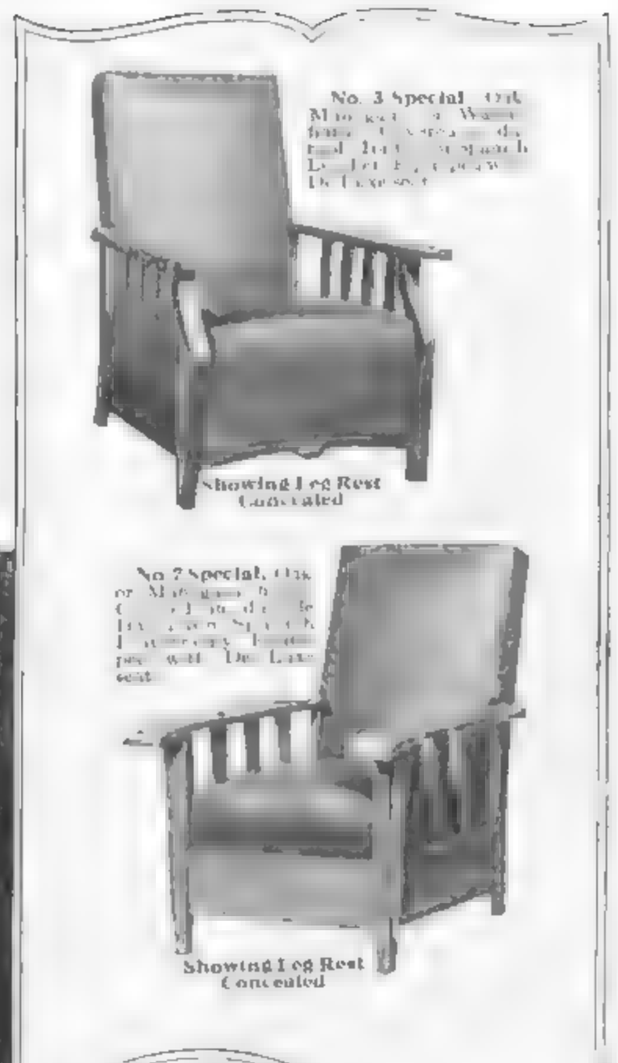
"Well, don't forget that he's presumed to be innocent until proven otherwise!" he reminded her. "Besides, he may not have had any criminal intent!"

"I guess Willie always has that!" she sighed.

Never had such excitement been known in Pottsville as that caused by the dual bill of Skinny the Tramp's murder trial and Willie Toothaker's arrest for burglary. Toggery Bill's ambition to start something had been gratified beyond his most reckless imaginings. For the sum of eighteen dollars and seventy-two cents and a comparatively small bill from the glazier he had succeeded in making his show window an attraction drawing fully as well as the courthouse, and indeed momentarily dwarfing it. For Willie's sign appealed strongly to the Mohawk Valley sense of humor and nobody really liked Toggery Bill. Indeed the whole town now seethed with anecdotes about the erring William and his whimsical ways, as well as with rather uncomplimentary reminiscences of Mr. Gookin, his pride, malice and general uncharitableness. After all, there was only about nineteen dollars in the barrel! A plain skin! And the throng that gaped about the shattered window followed jeeringly as Toggery Bill pompously descended his steps and strutted smugly toward the courthouse to act in his capacity of complainant against Willie on the charge of burglary.

Genial old Judge Tompkins, from Lockport, who rejoiced in several small grandsons of his own, had been fully informed of all the circumstances of the case by the time he went to court. Already he had

(Continued on Page 181)



Unusual Comfort in an Unusual Chair

ONE of the best things you can do for your tired mind and body is to drop *one* into an interesting book and the *other* into a Royal Easy Chair. The Royal is known everywhere as the "World's Easiest Easy Chair."

Concealed in the right arm of the chair is a Push Button. This button, lightly pressed, unlocks the back, which reclines with your weight to any comfortable angle; or automatically rises. And, in any position, it is securely locked when the finger is removed from the button.

The Push Button enables the occupant to change position *without* rising from the chair. It's patented—and exclusive; so is the Leg Rest—concealed when not in use.

These two Royal features have joined with luxuriously comfortable upholstery to chase out body and brain fag. They permit you to stretch out those weary limbs, relax all over, and rest as never before—in a chair. Which is why Royals are rightly called the "World's Easiest Easy Chairs."

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Exceptional in Value.

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(Continued from Page 178)

formed an attachment for Mr. Tutt, and the two had passed several genial evenings together during the progress of the Turkey Hollow case. He had not anticipated, however, that Willie would have retained such distinguished counsel. Yet when he came upon the bench and Prosecutor Mason stepped forward with Toggery Bill to swear to the complaint he saw Mr. Tutt rise and take the trembling Willie by the hand.

"This," announced Squire Mason, "is a complaint for burglary against one William Toothaker, now present, for burglary in the first degree. It is made before Your Honor in your capacity of committing magistrate."

"Who represents the defendant?" inquired Judge Tompkins over his spectacles.

"I do!" said Mr. Tutt amid suppressed enthusiasm from the benches.

"When do you wish to be heard?"

"Now!" answered Mr. Tutt decidedly.

Toggery Bill looked apprehensively at Prosecutor Mason. He was not anxious to have the case disposed of immediately as he wished to make the excitement last as long as possible. But the squire only shrugged his shoulders.

"The defendant is an infant," announced Mr. Tutt. "He should not be detained in confinement a moment longer than is necessary!" he declared, amid echoes of "That's so!" "Hear it now!" "Good for you!"

Judge Tompkins looked severely round and rapped for order.

"I will take the matter up now and dispose of it before proceeding with the case on trial."

So Toggery Bill swelling like a blue pouter pigeon was sworn and told his story, identified the placard left by Willie in the window, and testified to the loss of his barrel of money. Then he turned complacently to Mr. Tutt.

"Now you can ask me anything you want," said he with confidence.

"I have only three questions, Mr. Gookin," answered the lawyer with elaborate politeness, while silence fell upon the multitude.

"Did you put a false bottom in your barrel in order to make it appear that it was full of money when in fact it was not?"

Toggery Bill grew slightly red. A suppressed hiss writhed along the rear benches. He glared indignantly at Mr. Tutt, whom he had hitherto regarded as his friend.

"Why, ye-es," he admitted.

"Hm! Did you put a sign in your window asking people how much money there was in the barrel?"

"Yes; sure. Here it is!" Toggery Bill drew it from his pocket.

"I offer the sign in evidence," said Mr. Tutt.

"Receive it," said the judge shortly.

"One more question: Did you see the defendant take a stamp out of Meachem's showcase?"

"No, but I saw him run after one!" retorted Gookin.

Mr. Tutt hesitated.

"I'm afraid I'll have to ask a fourth question," he apologized. He turned fiercely upon Toggery Bill. "Didn't you tell Mr. Meachem there that Toothaker took the stamp out of the case?"

Gookin looked angrily at the proprietor of the notion store.

"He may have taken it that way!" he answered lamely. "What's that got to do with it anyhow?"

"If you wait a few moments you may find out," replied the lawyer.

Slowly, quietly, dramatically Mr. Tutt narrated the story of Willie's misadventure with the Dom Pedro triangulares, omitting no detail, and picturing vividly every emotion experienced by the infant defendant, while the bearded inhabitants of the Mohawk Valley hung on his words, gazed at one another significantly, and muttered that b'goah it was just like a boy an' you couldn't blame a kid fer playin' tricks, an' that this here Toggery Bill and that feller Meachem were nuthin' better'n a pair of gol-durn crooks anyhow!

And then Mr. Tutt, with a twinkle in his eye that only Judge Tompkins could see, suddenly waved his long arms in the air and burst into such an eloquent though technical plea for the release of Willie Toothaker that Squire Mason stared at him open-mouthed and the crowd in the court room burst from time to time into audible appreciation, even if they all realized that it was tosh, as indeed it was.

"Crime?" His repudiation was an echoing challenge to legal combat. "My client guilty of a crime? Far from it! The very opposite! He was performing a public service—that of showing up a fraud—a miserable piece of deception, imposition, trickery, chicanery, artifice, duplicity and imposture—whereby this man Gookin hoped to line his pockets with the hard-earned dollars of his fellow townsmen. Did he not shamelessly try to make them believe that his barrel was full of money? Did he not thus induce the honest, trusting inhabitants of Pottsville to give their valuable time to trying to calculate the amount of something that was not there? Thus, Your Honor, my client not only had no criminal intent but, in fact, had a meritorious motive in doing what he did—if, in fact, he did it!"

"That's so!" nodded a senile octogenarian from Somerset Corners. "Yes, sir-ree!" And he spat judicially in the adjacent strawberry box filled with sawdust.

"Secondly," continued Mr. Tutt impressively, "let us examine the position of this man Gookin. What did he, in fact, do? Why, he invited the world to do the very thing that is now charged against my client as a crime. There can be no larceny or burglary without a trespass; and there can be no trespass where there is a consent on the part of the owner. What sign did Gookin put in his wondow? 'Whoever comes nearest will get it all!' 'Who comes nearest' means of course 'he who enters and removes it.' One could not remove it—get nearest to it—without breaking the window. Nothing could be clearer. It was a test of the public's perspicacity and wit solved by one of Pottsville's youngest citizens. In fact, this man Gookin agreed in writing that whoever got next to the money might keep it, and he is now estopped to deny that such was his intention, for the words of a written contract cannot be varied by parol evidence!"

"Hear! Hear!" came from several directions.

"But"—and here Mr. Tutt turned with a denunciatory gesture toward where Mr. Meachem sat shrinking on the corner of a neighboring bench—"but if any crime has been committed here it was perpetrated by the rascal who sought to blackmail my innocent and helpless client by means of the lie invented by the wretched Gookin, whose life is one of falsehood. Meachem, himself deceived by Gookin, seized the supposed opportunity to make the false charge against my client and to threaten that unless he paid him a sum of money far in excess of the value of the missing postage stamp he would have him haled away to prison—and this was the inciting cause of my client's severing the Gordian knot of the problem presented by Gookin's money barrel as he did—if, in fact, he did it."

There was an undisguised murmur of surprise and contempt from among the audience, who with one accord peered at Meachem to see how he would take it.

"Say, judge, maybe Meachem put Willie up to it so's he could get his money!" hoarsely whispered the proprietor of the Mohawk Palace, who regarded himself as an *amicus curiæ*.

Judge Tompkins glanced inquiringly at Prosecutor Mason.

"This last is a rather serious charge," he remarked gravely. "In fact, I regard it as more serious than the one immediately before me."

The squire pursed his lips weightily.

"It certainly is!" he agreed. "But at best you'd only have Willie's word for it."

"Wouldn't you take Willie's word?" asked His Honor urbanely. "You've known him ever since he wore knee breeches."

"Course he would!" came from all sides. "Sure! Course he would."

"Yes—I reckon I would," cautiously admitted the squire, under this public pressure.

Building Up Arches With Inserts

Most foot troubles result from dislocated bones. Relief comes when the bones are restored to normal position.

As normal feet vary greatly, no two arches are alike. Unless the support used is the exact shape of the arch, one bad condition is merely replaced by another, possibly worse. Furthermore the change back to normal should be made gradually.

This requires a support which can be made to conform to the exact shape of the arch, and can be easily and frequently adjusted.

The Wizard Lightfoot Arch Builder does this perfectly. Beneath these all-leather insoles are over-lapping pockets, so located that inserts of any desired thickness can be inserted in exactly the right place to support the dislocated bones in normal position. Adjustments are simply made by shifting inserts or changing their thickness.

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Wizard Lightfoot Corrective Insoles are sold by leading dealers everywhere. Usually where they are sold there is an expert who has made a study of fitting them. If there is no such dealer near you, write the Wizard Foot Appliance Company, 1704 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo., or 935 Marbridge Bldg., New York City. Ask for "Orthopraxy of the Foot"—a simple treatise on foot troubles. No charge.

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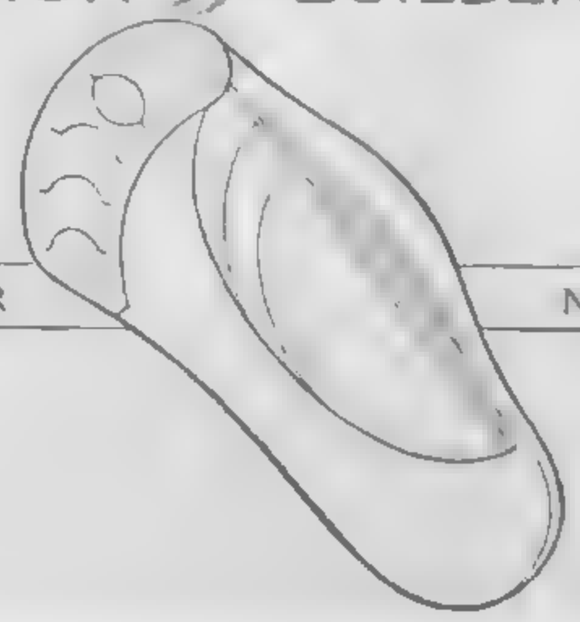

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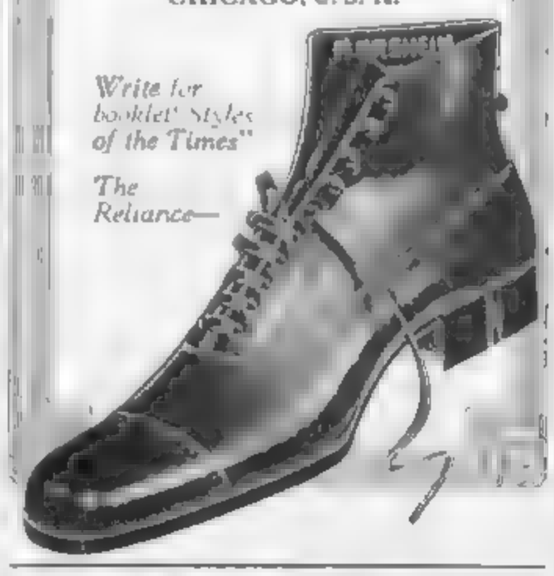

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"Willie," inquired His Honor, "do you wish to make a charge of blackmail against Mr. Meachem?"

Willie shivered and stared fixedly at Mr. Tutt. It was obvious that the term paralyzed his powers of speech.

"I don't want to make charges agin' nobody!" he quavered finally.

Judge Tompkins moistened his lower lip and meditatively surveyed the court room.

"Citizens of Pottsville," said he, "we have here an illustration of the complicated, far-reaching and extraordinary results which often follow from a single and comparatively trifling distortion of the truth. The charge of burglary brought against this young man is technically supported by some evidence, though it may well be that he had no actual criminal intent. See 'what a tangled web we weave, when first we practice to deceive.' It is alleged by the defendant that the complainant, Gookin, falsely accused the defendant of larceny to Mr. Meachem—thus laying himself open to a civil suit for damages for defamation of the defendant's character; and that Mr. Meachem thereupon sought to compound a felony and to blackmail the defendant into paying him money; he by so doing inducing a state of fear in the mind of a boy of previously good character, which led the latter to commit a crime ——"

"If, in fact, he committed it," interjected Mr. Tutt warningly.

The judge smiled.

"'If, in fact, he committed it'" he amended. "It seems to me"—and here he lowered his voice and looked first at Meachem, then at Squire Mason and finally at Toggery Bill—"that the interests of the public do not demand a further judicial investigation of this unfortunate affair. If Mr. Gookin sees fit to withdraw the complaint I will dismiss the proceeding; otherwise I shall instruct the district attorney to entertain a charge of blackmail against Mr. Meachem and shall appoint Mr. Tutt, if he desires it, a guardian *ad litem* to bring an action for damages against Mr. Gookin on behalf of the defendant. I do not pretend to say that these charges would or could be sustained. But what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. If justice is to be done let it be done to all hands. Am I right?"

"Bully for you, judge!" cried a voice, while the citizens of Pottsville showed their approval in the various ways characteristic of the Mohawk Valley.

Squire Mason beckoned to Toggery Bill and the two held a whispered conversation during which Mr. Gookin was heard to inquire plaintively whether he was going to get his money back. At this Meachem, who had said nothing up to that point, pulled out an envelope.

"Here's fifteen dollars I found on my doorstep this morning," he mumbled. "If you think it belongs to you I—well, you kin have it."

Judge Tompkins busied himself ostentatiously with the examination of his docket. Presently he raised his eyes. Toggery Bill was stuffing something into his pocket.

"Well?" inquired His Honor.

"The charge against William Toothaker is withdrawn," Squire Mason informed him.

"The defendant is discharged," nodded Judge Tompkins. "May I have a word with you, Mr. Tutt?" And as the old lawyer approached the bench he remarked, "I think your client is wasted on Pottsville."

"So do I!" agreed Mr. Tutt. "Step up here, Willie. What are you going to do now?"

Willie looked doubtful.

"I dunno," he answered. Then an inspiration came to him. "I'd like to work for you—if you'd let me! I could come back here sometimes, couldn't I? And I hate the Phœnix House and"—he looked round furtively—"the constable, an' Mr. Gookin. I'd do anything you asked me, and you needn't pay me one cent!"

Mr. Tutt laid both his long bony hands on Willie's thin little shoulders.

"You haven't any father or mother?"

"No, sir," answered Willie.

Mr. Tutt whispered something to the judge about night schools and electrical engineering.

"I'm going to turn you over to Mr. Tutt," said the latter finally. "Maybe he'll make you a scientist, but I tell him you're ingenious enough to be a criminal lawyer!"

There was a confused scuffling of shoes outside in the hallway and Constable Higgins hurried up the aisle and bent over the dais.

"The jury's agreed on a verdict," he whispered to the judge so everybody could hear him. "And it's an acquittal!"

Mr. Tutt ran his arm under his erstwhile client's chin and drew back the red tousled head until he could smile down into the gray-blue eyes.

"Then we can go home!" said he. "Come along, Willie."

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More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly

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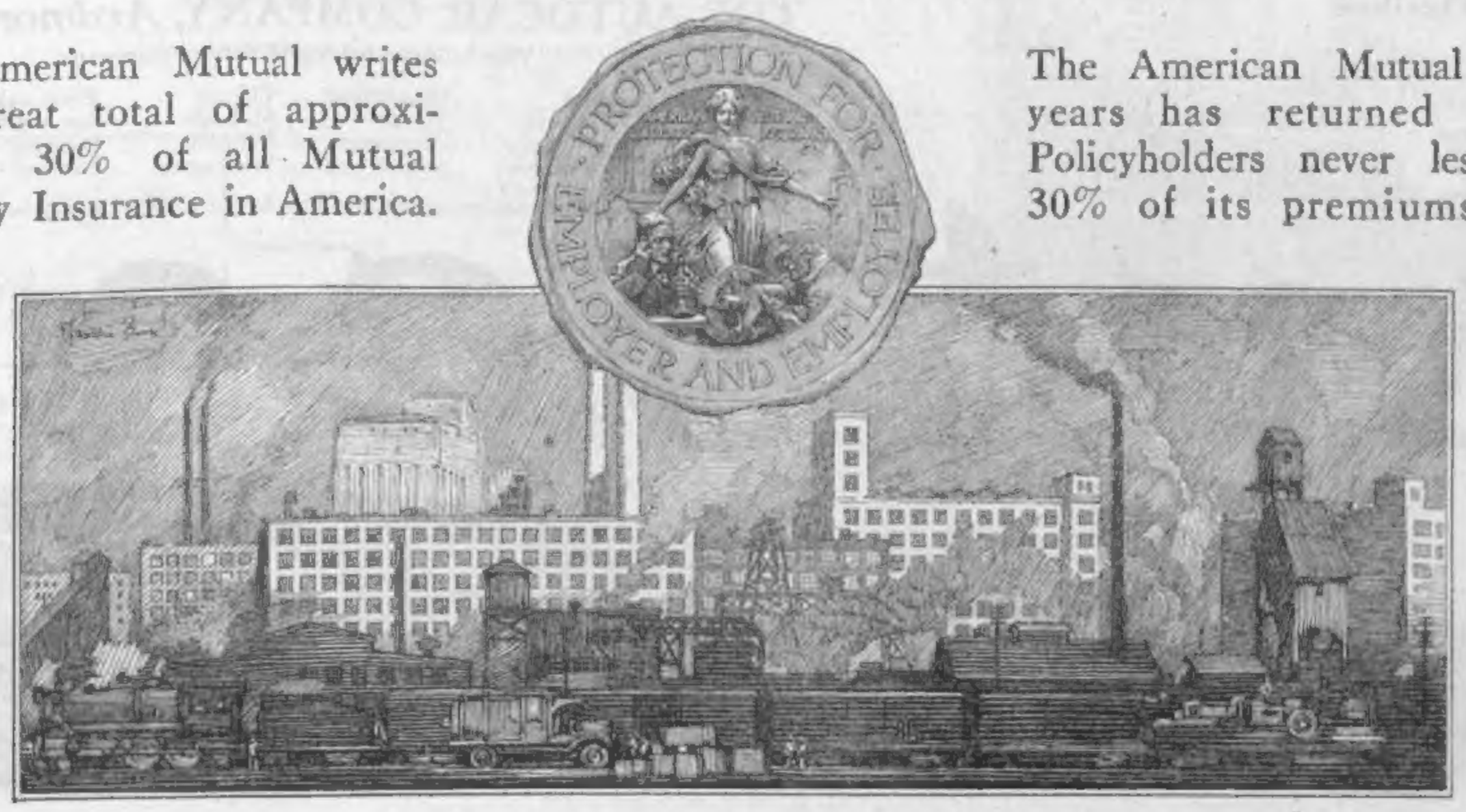

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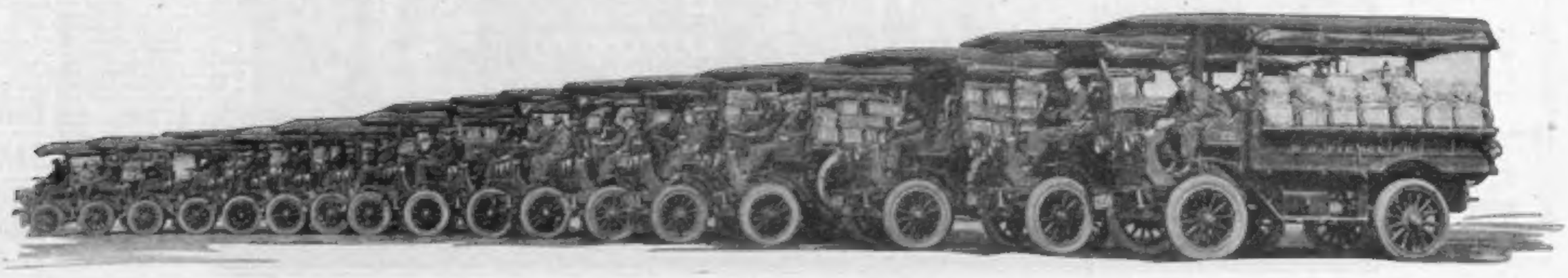

The Chef's Secret

A Natural Sauce That All Homes Can Use

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As an Appetizer

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Always Garnish Fish With Lemons
Make a Luscious Lemon Pie
Makes the Best Tea Better

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